

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

November
25c

ARE
the STARS
FREAKS?

Discovering
HOLLYWOOD'S
REAL SOPHISTICATE
— ANN HARDING

COMPLETE STORY OF WILL ROGERS' FUNNIEST FILM

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MAY 1944

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TRY these modern cough-breakers. They have the authority! They get results! They'll check a bad coughing spell in one minute by your watch. It isn't just their fascinating flavor alone that won the public to Cough Drop Life Savers. They have a lively, delightful medicating action fully as effective as spraying your throat.

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MENTHOL

Cough Drop LIFE SAVERS

IN THE HANDY ROLL PACKAGE

Job sister

He didn't believe in marriage but she believed in him! Reckless, seeking the flower of life in barren thrills. A girl and a boy, rival reporters—till the girl is taken for a ride—a dynamic modern drama with a tremendous climax. With lovely Linda Watkins and the brilliant young star, James Dunn, who recently made a sensational picture debut in the most popular picture of the year, *Bad Girl*.



THE CISCO KID

O. Henry's lovable bandit at his old tricks again—pursued and thwarted by the happy warrior of the law, Sergeant Micky Dunn. A picture as exciting and romantic as that well-remembered FOX epic, *In Old Arizona*—the first all-talking outdoor sound picture ever made. In *The Cisco Kid*, Warner Baxter and Edmund Lowe are re-united in a wild, free action-thriller of the outdoors—another screen masterpiece by

FOX



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The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, *Editor*

Alma Whitaker, *Western Editor*Frank J. Carroll, *Art Director*

November, 1931

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Vol. XXIV, No. 1

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THESE

Good times

LAST ALL THE YEAR 'ROUND!



What if vacation days are over? There are plenty of good times to be had! And you don't have to leave town for them either! They're at the nearest theatre to you that plays Paramount Pictures regularly and often. You get great entertainment—change, adventure, rest, relaxation—what we all of us need, all the time!

So don't lose that holiday feeling! Have your good times all the year 'round. And when you go, make it a family affair! There are Paramount Pictures for all—young and old alike—and they were never better than now! Watch for your theatre announcements. "If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town!"

Paramount
PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR,



Pictures
PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK



Herbert Marshall and Claudette Colbert in "Secrets of a Secretary." You'll enjoy this film chiefly because of the splendid work of the cast. And you'll go for Herbert Marshall in a big way—that's our prediction, anyway.

REVUETTES

Good, better, best—choose your screen fare from our honest, authoritative list

Class A:

★ **AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY.** *Paramount.* A powerful film from the Theodore Dreiser novel. Phillips Holmes, Sylvia Sidney and Frances Dee give praiseworthy performances.

★ **BAD GIRL.** *Fox.* A human document in celluloid. Sally Eilers and James Dunn offer potent performances you won't forget. See it.*

★ **BOUGHT.** *Warner Brothers.* Constance Bennett at her best. The film is grand entertainment. You'll like Ben Lyon and Richard Bennett, too.*

★ **NEWLY RICH.** *Paramount.* Take the kiddies and have a good time with Mitzi Green, Edna Mae Oliver, Jackie Searl and Louise Fazenda. It's a howl.

★ **REBOUND.** *RKO-Pathé.* Sparkling, sophisticated yarn about a philandering husband and a modern wife. Ina Claire and Robert Ames perform adroitly; in fact, the whole cast is good.

★ **SON OF INDIA.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* This is something! Ramon Novarro plays an East Indian who loves an American girl. Nice romance with Ramon at his best, and you'll be talking about Madge Evans.

★ **STREET SCENE.** *United Artists.* The sidewalks of New York—drama, comedy and pathos. Sylvia Sidney, William Collier, Jr., and Estelle Taylor handle their rôles with skill.*

★ **THE COMMON LAW.** *RKO-Pathé.* This film is put over through the sheer force of Constance Bennett's personality. Joel McCrea makes a likable hero.

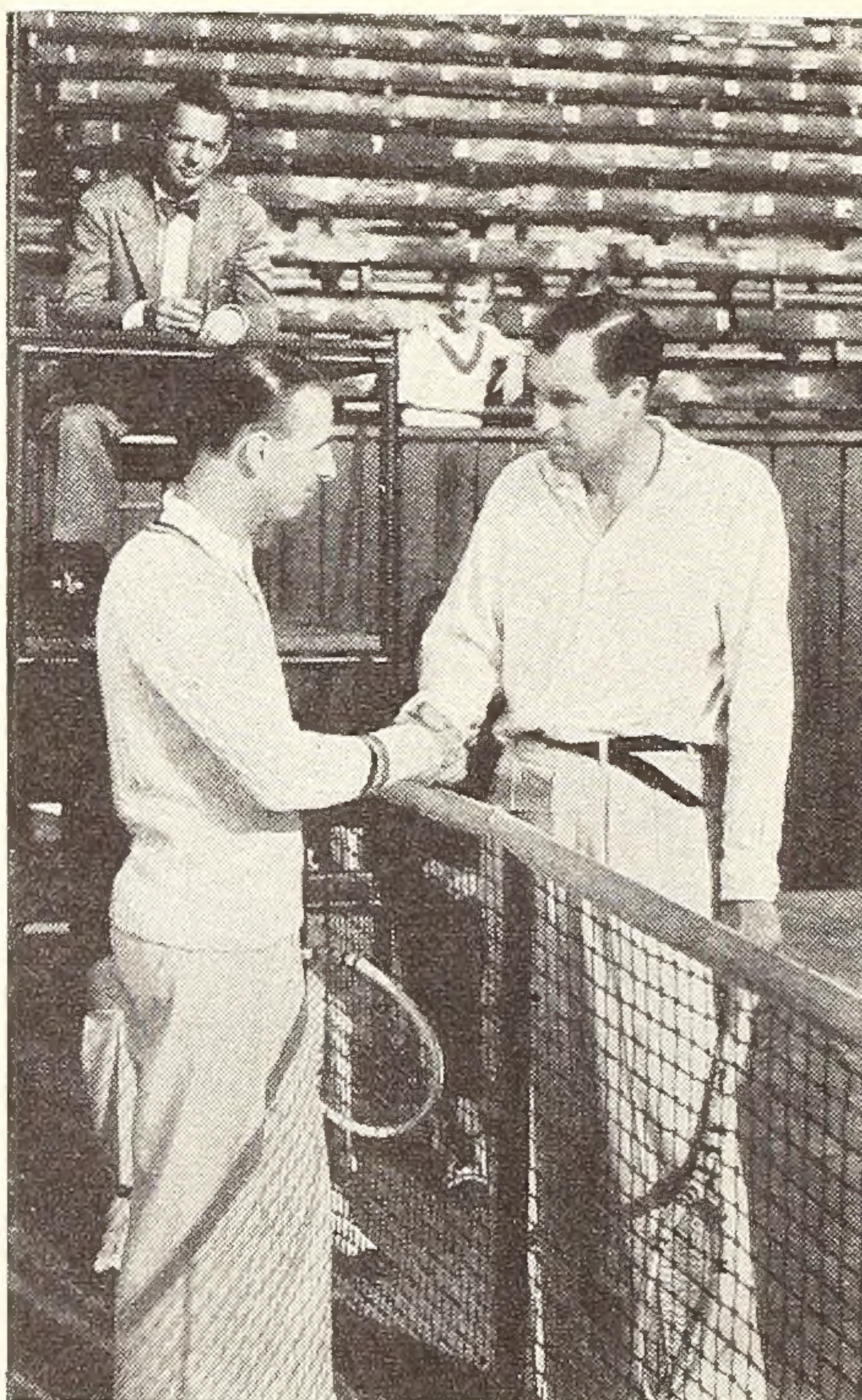
★ **THE LAST FLIGHT.** *First National.* A knockout film of four warbirds and a girl. Richard Barthelmess and Helen Chandler head a splendid cast. Different! Don't miss it.*

★ **THE MAN IN POSSESSION.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* He's Robert Montgomery and nobody will complain. It's quite racy—but nice—so's Irene Purcell.

★ **THE SQUAW MAN.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* You've seen this one in silent form and you'll enjoy it with speech. Lupe Velez, Warner Baxter, Eleanor Boardman and Roland Young acquit themselves admirably.

★ **THIS MODERN AGE.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Fine "mother and daughter" drama with Joan Crawford giving a great performance. Pauline Frederick, as the mother, makes a splendid come-back. With Neil Hamilton and Monroe Owsley.*

★ **TRANSATLANTIC.** *Fox.* Fascinating melodrama of the goings-on aboard an ocean liner. Eddie Lowe turns in a corking job. Lois Moran, Myrna Loy and Greta Nissen are beautifully present.*



Get your tennis technique from Tilden! The great player has made three fast-moving short features for Metro. Don't miss them.

★ **YOUNG AS YOU FEEL.** *Fox.* Another hilarious Will Rogers film. Will is teamed with Fifi Dorsay again. Lucien Littlefield deserves honorable mention.

Class B:

★ **DAUGHTER OF THE DRAGON.** *Paramount.* Another Dr. Fu Manchu melodrama with Warner Oland. Anna May Wong's Oriental beauty and fine acting make you forget the weak plot. Sessue Hayakawa plays a Chinese detective.*

★ **GUILTY HANDS.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* An interesting murder story with a surprise ending. Lionel Barrymore, Madge Evans and Kay Francis are the principals.

★ **HONEYMOON LANE.** *Sono Art.* A gay comedy with a few songs and Eddie Dowling, Ray Dooley and June Collyer.

★ **HUCKLEBERRY FINN.** *Paramount.* Pleasant screen entertainment for everybody. Jackie Coogan, Junior Durkin, Mitzi Green and Jackie Searl at their best.

★ **MEN ARE LIKE THAT.** *Columbia.* A woman scorned—but all ends well. Laura La Plante is the scorned woman and John Wayne the scorner. Fair.

★ **PARDON US.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy in a full length feature. It's funny but not in a class with their clever shorts.*

★ **POLITICS.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Here's a Marie Dressler-Polly Moran comedy classic. All about Marie running for Mayor. Roscoe Ates' stuttering cops many laughs.*

★ **SECRETS OF A SECRETARY.** *Paramount.* A film treat—not because of the story, but because of the splendid work of the players—Claudette Colbert and two new and exciting men—Herbert Marshall and Georges Metaxa.

* Reviewed in this issue.

★ These pictures have been selected by Delight Evans as worthy of SCREENLAND's seal of approval.

(Continued on page 128)

WARNER BROS.
present—

**WILLIAM
POWELL**

as

The man men remembered
and women couldn't forget
in

The **ROAD to SINGAPORE**

**DORIS KENYON
MARIAN MARSH**

Based on a play by Roland Pertwee
from a story by Denise Robins

Directed by
ALFRED E. GREEN

A greater William Powell—more intriguing than ever before . . . See him as Warner Bros. present him: Suave gentleman! Debonair lover! . . . See him at the glamorous height of his dramatic power, in a story of tropic nights; of love under a languorous moon; and of a key given but not used . . . See him experiment with love in *The Road to Singapore*—the finest screen play of his career—a great Warner Bros. production worthy of William Powell's talents . . .



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A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE

HOOTS and HOORAYS!

What do you like? And what don't you? Be your own critic and tell us all about it!

CONFIDENTIAL, IF NOT CONSTRUCTIVE

(First Prize Letter)

The men I meet are so banal
Compared to movie heroes—
And who prefers a common chap
To palpitating Pierrots?
I'd like a boy friend who combines
The charm of Gary Cooper,
Charles Bickford's ruggedness and nerve,
And Beery's pluck as trouper;
The *savoir-faire* of Fredric March,
Will Rogers' wisdom witty,
With Ronald Colman's pleasing voice,
Novarro's profile pretty;
Paul Lukas' dignity and art,
Bill Powell's calmness splendid,
The *joie de vivre* of Mickey Mouse,
In perfect union blended.
But if there's no such paragon,
I know two cinemactors
Who illustrate delightfully
Perfection's foremost factors.
I'd like Clark Gable through the week—
He'd brighten up blue Mondays—
And give me Warner Baxter, please,
For holidays and Sundays.

Effa E. Preston,
119 Livingston Ave.,
New Brunswick, N. J.

MY PRAYER TO MR. PRODUCER

(Second Prize Letter)

Oh, Mr. Producer, why have you given us lately tragedy after tragedy? Why have you taken life so seriously? Don't you realize that we go to the movies, pay our dollars for entertainment, in order to forget our burdens, forget that life is full of tragedies?

In "The Finger Points," Barthelmess is killed.

In "Svengali," John Barrymore and the heroine die.

"Aloha" ends with a terrible death.

In "The Maltese Falcon" Bebe Daniels goes to jail.

"East Lynne" ends with the death of Ann Harding.

I pray thee, Mr. Producer:

Give us "A Cure for the Blues," and let us forget "A Gentleman's Fate."

"Let Us Be Gay," and away with those "American Tragedies."

"Laughter" is what we want, and no "Public Enemy."

Give us laughs for our money, instead of tears!

Mary Cú,
850 Santol Interior,
Santamesa, Manila,
Philippine Islands.



Here's how Clark Gable "supports" Garbo in "Susan Lenox." The fans are strong for Clark—and Garbo retains her frosty eminence.

HAPPINESS IN EVERY BOX OFFICE

(Third Prize Letter)

I am seventy years old, and look it. But my mind is as young as it was fifty years ago when I married and started out on a hard, unhappy road. No beauty shop could ever iron the wrinkles from my face, but the movies are fast smoothing them from my heart.

In the last few years, now that I have leisure and a few dollars that I may spend without dictation, I go to the motion picture theatre several times a week, where I buy a one-way ticket to youth—to travel, romance and true love—all the things I missed as a girl. In the motion picture house I find education, inspiration, consolation and happiness.

So long as I have good health, imagina-

tion and the talking picture, I shall daily give thanks for the privilege of living in this marvelous age!

Amelia Adler,
6012 Echo St.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

THE CLASSICS HAVE CLASS

(Fourth Prize Letter)

Quite frequently we see a letter denouncing the practice of refilming old movie successes. New talent and new plays should have all due consideration, but that does not mean that the younger generation should not enjoy the old motion picture classics.

Who would advocate the abolition of circuses just because he was no longer thrilled by the elephants; or destroying all of Shakespeare's works when he had finished them; or barring great paintings from the art galleries after he had enjoyed them?

The stage has not lost popularity because it presents revivals of old plays with new casts. So let us have the old dramatic successes remade. There are plenty of new releases for those who want them. Let's have, particularly, Greta Garbo in "Camille" and Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess in "Broken Blossoms."

Minnie Folkerth,
R. F. D. No. 1,
Winchester, Ind.

Let's hear your Hoorays for the good and your Hoots for the not so good! But write sincerely and constructively, whether praising or blaming. There's a \$20 prize for the best letter each month, and additional prizes of \$15, \$10 and \$5. Letters should be not more than 150 words and should reach us by the 10th of each month. Address Hoots and Hoorays, SCREENLAND, 45 W. 45th St., New York City.

(Continued on page 94)

THE ONE AND ONLY
GRETA GARBO IN THE
ARMS OF FASCINATING
CLARK GABLE! WHAT
A PAIR OF SCREEN
LOVERS THEY MAKE!

GRETA

GARBO



Sold by her father, she runs away.



The circus owner shows his true colors!

magnificently thrilling in
David Graham Phillips classic love story—

SUSAN LENOX

(HER FALL AND RISE)

with an all-star cast including

CLARK GABLE Jean HERSHOLT
John MILJAN

A ROBERT Z. LEONARD Production

Get ready for the supreme, exotic thrill of your picture-going days! Here truly is gorgeous Greta Garbo in the picture that will make you forget all her previous triumphs. Come and be thrilled!



METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

Write to the Stars as follows:

Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Richard Arlen	Mitzi Green
William Austin	Phillips Holmes
George Bancroft	Miriam Hopkins
Eleanor Boardman	Carole Lombard
Clive Brook	Paul Lukas
Nancy Carroll	Fredric March
Maurice Chevalier	Georges Metaxa
Claudette Colbert	Rosita Moreno
Jackie Coogan	Barry Norton
Robert Coogan	Warner Oland
Gary Cooper	Eugene Pallette
Frances Dee	Charles Rogers
Marlene Dietrich	Jackie Searl
Leon Errol	Sylvia Sydney
Stuart Erwin	Peggy Shannon
Skeets Gallagher	Charles Starrett
Wynne Gibson	Lilyan Tashman
Harry Green	Regis Toomey

RKO-Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Robert Armstrong	Alan Hale
Constance Bennett	Ann Harding
Bill Boyd	Eddie Quillan
James Gleason	Fred Scott
Russell Gleason	Helen Twelvetrees

Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Lewis Ayres	Rose Hobart
Rex Bell	Dorothy Janis
John Boles	Myrna Kennedy
John Mack Brown	Barbara Kent
Mae Clark	Mary Nolan
Kathryn Crawford	Eddie Phillips
Robert Ellis	Slim Summerville
Sidney Fox	Genevieve Tobin
Jean Hersholt	Lupe Velez
John Wray	

United Artists Studios, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

Don Alvarado	Al Jolson
William Boyd	Evelyn Laye
Eddie Cantor	Chester Morris
Charlie Chaplin	Pat O'Brien
Ronald Colman	Mary Pickford
Douglas Fairbanks	Gilbert Roland
William Farnum	Gloria Swanson
Norma Talmadge	



Vicki Baum, who divides her efforts among the novel, the stage and the screen. She wrote "Grand Hotel."

Tiffany Studios, 4516 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.

Gertrude Astor	Lloyd Hughes
Mischa Auer	Paul Hurst
Leo Carrillo	Ralph Ince
Helene Chadwick	Jeannette Loff
Helen Chandler	Wallace MacDonald
Dorothy Christy	Ken Maynard
June Collyer	Blanche Mehaffey
Marion Douglas	Una Merkel
George Fawcett	Geneva Mitchell
Carmelita Geraghty	Charlie Murray
Albert Gran	Jason Robards
Ralph Graves	George Sidney
Hale Hamilton	Bob Steele
Neil Hamilton	Thelma Todd

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.

William Collier, Jr.	Bert Lytell
Richard Cromwell	Joan Peers
Constance Cummings	Dorothy Revier
Jack Holt	Loretta Sayers
Buck Jones	Barbara Stanwyck

Send Birthday Wishes to These November Stars:

Laura La Plante	November	1st.
Ford Sterling	November	3rd.
Buster Keaton	November	4th.
Joel McCrea	November	5th.
Jack Oakie	November	12th.
Lewis Stone	November	15th.
Nancy Carroll	November	19th.
Reginald Denny	November	20th.
Rosetta Duncan	November	23rd.
Corinne Griffith	November	25th.
Frances Dee	November	26th.
Rod La Rocque	November	29th.

Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Charley Chase	Harry Langdon
Mickey Daniels	Stan Laurel
Oliver Hardy	Our Gang
Ed Kennedy	ZaSu Pitts
Mary Kornman	Thelma Todd

Educational Studios, 7250 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.

Marjorie Beebe	Eleanor Hunt
Ann Christy	Patsy O'Leary
Andy Clyde	Daphne Pollard
Harry Gribbon	Lincoln Stedman
Nick Stuart	

Sono Art-World Wide, Metropolitan Studios, 1041 Las Palmas Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Ruth Roland	Edward Everett
Eddie Dowling	Horton

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Astrid Allwyn	Kent Douglass
William Bakewell	Marie Dressler
Lionel Barrymore	Cliff Edwards
Wallace Beery	Madge Evans
Charles Bickford	Julia Faye
Lillian Bond	Lynne Fontanne
Edwina Booth	Clark Gable
Harry Carey	Greta Garbo
Jackie Cooper	John Gilbert
Joan Crawford	Gavin Gordon
Marion Davies	William Haines
Reginald Denny	Neil Hamilton



Another new girl—Astrid Allwyn—formerly of the stage, now at the Metro Studios.

Hedda Hopper	Ramon Novarro
Leila Hyams	Ivor Novello
Dorothy Jordan	Edward Nugent
Buster Keaton	Anita Page
Gwen Lee	Marie Prevost
Barbara Leonard	Esther Ralston
Alfred Lunt	Duncan Renaldo
Joan Marsh	Norma Shearer
Adolphe Menjou	Gus Shy
John Miljan	Lewis Stone
Ray Millande	Lawrence Tibbett
Grace Moore	Ernest Torrence
Polly Moran	Raquel Torres
Karen Morley	Lester Vail
Conrad Nagel	Roland Young

Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Henry Armetta	Ivan Lebedeff
Mary Astor	Dorothy Lee
Evelyn Brent	Everett Marshall
Sue Carol	Joel McCrea
Joseph Cawthorn	Jack Mulhall
Betty Compson	Pola Negri
Lily Damita	Edna Mae Oliver
Bebe Daniels	Roberta Robinson
Dolores Del Rio	Lowell Sherman
Richard Dix	Ned Sparks
Irene Dunne	Leni Stengel
Jobyna Howland	Hugh Trevor
Arline Judge	Bert Wheeler
Arthur Lake	Robert Woolsey

Warner-First National Studios, Burbank, California.

Robert Allen	Laura Lee
George Arliss	Winnie Lightner
John Barrymore	Lucien Littlefield
Richard Barthelmess	Lotti Lodi
Joan Blondell	Ben Lyon
Joe E. Brown	Dorothy Mackaill
James Cagney	Mae Madison
Ruth Chatterton	David Manners
Bebe Daniels	Marilyn Miller
Claudia Dell	Ona Munson
Irene Delroy	Marian Nixon
Doug Fairbanks, Jr.	Dorothy Peterson
Gladys Ford	Walter Pidgeon
Kay Francis	William Powell
James Hall	James Rennie
Walter Huston	Otis Skinner
Leon Janney	Polly Walters
Evalyn Knapp	H. B. Warner
Fred Kohler	Edward Woods
Loretta Young	

(Continued on page 129)



**CREATORS OF IMMORTAL "CIMARRON"
BRING YOU THE FABULOUS STORY OF MODERN
CLARION VOICE TO WARN A GODLESS GENERATION!**

**PUT IT IMMEDIATELY
ON YOUR
CURRENT MOVIE LIST**

Super-drama that strides
boldly from out the ranks of
routine productions and lays
bare the amazing story of
many of today's young
moderns . . .

The growing boy and girl... lashed
to the Twentieth Century Juggernaut
of Mad Ideals . . . are the
most dramatic figures of our
whirlwind civilization.

**GRAND ENTERTAINMENT THAT
STRIKES STRAIGHT TO YOUR
HEART . . . and assuredly not a
gang picture!**

Directed by Wesley Ruggles
From a story by Howard Estabrook
The cast includes:
Eric Linder, Ben Alexander, Arline
Judge, Roberta Gale, Rochelle
Hudson, Beryl Mercer



**"ARE
THESE
OUR
CHILDREN?"**

RKO RADIO PICTURE

ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee

Sylvia Sidney

She's the Girl of the Month. She scores in "An American Tragedy" and "Street Scene"—powerful pictures which she brightens with her quaintness, her talent, her charming, crooked smile. Miss Vee Dee tells you and you and, yes, you about Sylvia here, directly below.



Jimmy, Sylvia Sidney Fan. Something tells me and if I'm wrong, don't stop me, that this is Sylvia Sidney month—showers of letters from her newly acquired fans, all wanting information about the exquisite and very smart little Sylvia. What an actress she is! She was born in New York City in 1910. She has blue-green eyes and dark brown hair, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 104 pounds. Sylvia was on the stage at the age of eight years and was a sensation on Broadway in "Crime" at seventeen. She was put in "City Streets" with Gary Cooper, replacing Clara Bow who was ill at the time production started—made good, and was signed by Paramount. She plays opposite Phillips Holmes in "An American Tragedy" and "Confessions of a Co-Ed." Her new one is "Street Scene" for United Artists. Permanent studio address, Paramount.

Anna J. R. Thanks for the invitation and the next time I fly over your city, I'll drop down on you—look out below! The principals in "The Pagan" with Ramon Novarro were Renee Adoree, Dorothy Janis and Donald Crisp. Dorothy is not related to Elsie Janis. Dorothy's real name is Dorothy Penelope Jones.

Elsie, M. Lack of space prevents explanation of various angles of Bela Lugosi's screen portrayals—why not use your own imagination which would be as good a guess as mine? Bela was born Oct. 20, 1888, in Lugos, Hungary. He is 6 feet 1½ inches tall, weighs 177 pounds and has brown hair and grey eyes. He has had 20 years stage experience and 15 years of screen work. His latest releases are "The Black Camel,"

with Warner Oland and Sally Eilers; "Women of all Nations," and "Broadminded."

A. I. R., Bombay, India. Still they come—questions from Greenland's icy mountains and India's coral strand and the great open spaces of Chicago and New York. You are not trespassing on my time, A. I. R., and I hope you come again. Your favorite old-timer, Herbert Rawlinson, hasn't made a picture for a long time. He has been acting on the stage of late. Herbert was born in Brighton, England, but he doesn't say when. He has brown curly hair, blue eyes, is 6 feet tall, weighs 165 pounds. Sylvia Beecher appeared with Maurice Chevalier in "Innocents of Paris," but as far as I know, that was her only film.

An Interested Girl. If Richard Dix has been saving his pennies as all good movie stars should, he probably has a home or two tucked away in the west, but I haven't his home 'phone number. He was born July 18, 1894, in St. Paul, Minn. His real name is Ernest Carlton Brimmer. He has never married. But they do opine he is interested in his new leading lady, Shirley Grey, who acted with him in "The Public Defender."

Dorothy L. Marjorie White is one of my reasons for going to the movies, too. Her latest releases are "Women of all Nations," "Broadminded," with Ona Munson and Joe E. Brown, and "The Black Camel." Thanks for the tip about Marjorie's sister Thelma, who has been appearing on the Broadway stage and has signed up with Warners to make shorts.

Ask the Answer Girl your questions; she will answer in this department. But please be patient and await your turn. See Page 95 for the casts of current films. Turn to Page 10 for the addresses of the stars. Kindly consult these service departments before asking your questions

Mrs. C. W. Pay scant attention to those unkind rumors about your favorites. Let's not believe half of what we see and forget all we hear and strike a happy medium. Jeanette MacDonald has not made a musical talking picture lately because the producers have decided the fans do not want music. No one has been substituting for Jeanette in her recent films. She was gorgeous in "Annabelle's Affairs" and take my word for it, you saw Jeanette herself as the lovely Annabelle. The musical pictures are coming back before long and your favorite will be signed for a part to suit her splendid voice, or I'm a dead gosling. See Jeanette's story on Page 26, in this issue. It's good.

Irene and Gladys. Ruth Lee Taylor was married on March 17, 1930, to Paul S. Zuckerman of New York City. She hasn't appeared in a picture since her marriage, announcing at that time her retirement from films. She's the happy mama of a baby son. So—you win, Gladys.

Miss Rose M. E. Did you know that Clark Gable tried pictures when they were silent in the days when Valentino was the reigning Apollo of the screen and was told that he was "not the type for pictures?" Wouldn't that just burn up the producers who turned him down, to see the money roll into the box office when Clark's name is now up in the big lights? Clark also helped put his home town, Cadiz, Ohio, on the map. He was born Feb. 1, 1901; is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 190 pounds and has brown hair and grey eyes. His first screen appearance was in 1930 in "The Painted Desert," followed by "Dance, Fools, Dance," "The Easiest Way," "The Finger Points," "The Secret Six," "A Free Soul," "Laughing Sinners," and "Susan Lenox." Yes—he's married.

Louise and Katherine B. David Manners was the husband of Suzanne Bushnell. Ramon Novarro has had many lovely girls as leading ladies but the sweet-hearting was for screen rights only. His latest screen love is Madge Evans in "Son of India." Sorry to disappoint you, but Ramon is not engaged to Dorothy Jordan—or anyone else.

Joy J. You're one of the nice girls who can sit through a picture and let the cast

(Continued on page 96)



SAMUEL GOLDWYN Presents

EDDIE CANTOR

in

Palmy Days

with CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD

GREATEST laugh show on earth . . .
see Eddie Cantor *making love* to the
daughter of the American Doughnut King
... see Eddie Cantor's lesson in *dunking*
... see Eddie Cantor as an *efficiency expert*
... see Eddie Cantor exposing the fake
fortune telling racket. **Q** But there's even
more than *comedy* to Palmy Days . . . it's
the *successor* to "*Whoopee*" . . . from Samuel
Goldwyn . . . with more comedy songs . . .
more *glorious* girls, costumes, settings . . .
and more of those Eddie Cantor *laughs*.

AN EDWARD SUTHERLAND PRODUCTION.

A UNITED ARTISTS PICTURE

OUT-WHOOPEES 'WHOOPEE'

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.



*Hi,
Jimmy!*

*HERE'S
Our
Honor
Page
for being the
Good Boy
of
"Bad Girl"*

James Dunn, we welcome you as the answer to "New Men Wanted in Hollywood." You're the man of the moment—and if you keep up the good work, you're going to be a permanent screen sensation.

WANT to know about James Dunn? He was born in New York City on November 2, about thirty years ago; educated in New Rochelle, N. Y. His father was a stock broker. Leaving school, Jimmy joined his dad in business and remained three years. Meanwhile he also worked as extra at the Paramount studios in Long Island. In 1927 he decided definitely to be an actor and joined the "Night Stick" company, playing the rôle of an "under cover" cop. Then he joined a stock company

at Englewood, New Jersey, remaining with it 37 weeks. Later he played in stock in Winnipeg, Canada. His outstanding stage appearance was with Helen Morgan in "Sweet Adeline," on Broadway. His picture experience was confined to extra bits and shorts until he signed his Fox contract and reported at the west coast studio May 7, 1931. He has been married, but isn't now; plays golf and swims; early ambition was to become a mechanical engineer; once sold lunch wagons. Jimmy is six feet tall; his hair is dark brown, his eyes blue.



"Bad Girl" and her boy! Sally Eilers and James Dunn give exquisite performances in this heart-warming picturization of Viña Delmar's best-selling book and play, directed so sympathetically by Frank Borzage. Sally, we want you to feel that you are sharing Jimmy's Honor Page. You deserve one of your own and you'll be getting it one of these days.

Well, Jimmy—how does it feel to be the new star sensation of pictures? Young Dunn is busy answering calls of congratulation—but he had better ring off and attend to that fan mail that is already piling up on his desk. The wages of fame is writer's cramp in Hollywood. At the Fox studio they say that James Dunn has attracted more attention than any find in years. One picture—and he's at the top. Not since Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell scored in "Seventh Heaven" have the fans adopted a new star so spontaneously. By the way, Jimmy will play opposite Janet in a new picture soon.



The Editor's Page

I Want You to Meet—

DON'T you wish you had had a chance to meet and to know Garbo when she first came over here?

Of course you do. You and you and you and me. But most of us never dreamed that the tall Swedish girl would be a sensation. And so, few of us paid much attention to her—until she was famous, and then it was too late. For Garbo had gone into the silences by that time, and she hasn't come out yet. And quite right, too. It's a good act.

But we're not making the same mistake again. No, sir—and ma'am, as Clark Gable would say. This time we are playing safe. When a new foreign star hits our shores we are ready for her. We welcome her with open minds, arms, and faces, look her over for any signs of Garbo similarity, and get out the red carpets.

And in this case, not in vain. Lil Dagover, the very latest—and that's her real name, Mr. Ripley—has all the earmarks of a Sensation. Incidentally, her ears, as well as her back, are the toast of two continents. They're insured, too. She wears her hair off her ears and her evening gowns—well, it's a beautiful back. But—she's not like Garbo. Not in the least like Garbo. Or Dietrich. Or Landi. Or Bankhead. Or Negri. She's—like Lil Dagover. Which is a lot where she came from.

She is a really eminent actress in Europe—the original *Nun* in Max Reinhardt's "The Miracle"—*Beauty* in "Everywoman"—parts like that. She saves all her acting for the camera. And that's what she is—an actress. She is the finest foreign actress of them all. She has never traded on her personality. Not that she doesn't have one. But she has a quaint idea that an actress should act.

It will be a novelty. I don't know how we'll take it. I hope we'll like her acting so that she can get by



Dagover—the latest star to come over from Europe to star in Hollywood films. She is not in the least like Garbo, being dark instead of blonde, slight rather than tall, and sprightly, not moody. But you'll like her anyway.

on her art alone. But in case that doesn't work, well—Lil can try to live it down, forget she's an actress, and rely on the good old sure-fire methods of personality appeal. She has plenty of that, too.

Dagover is a rather amazing person. Rather small—slight—elfin—deep, unfathomable eyes—elegant nose—subtle mouth. Continental charmer—oh, yes; and more than slightly sirenish. But she can't fool me. I know she's just a nice, good-natured girl. I met her soon after she landed. She'd been awakened in her suite on the Ile de France at seven o'clock that morning—called "Entrée!" expecting to see the stewardess; instead, in barged five strange men. Lil shrieked. They smiled—and began to set up cameras and fire questions. The ship-news boys, who climb in a cutter and meet the liners at Quarantine, to corner the celebrities before they can escape. How did Miss Dagover like America? they wanted to know. And from then on, Lil had no private life to speak of.

Later, at her hotel, more cameramen. "Let's have the back, Miss Dagover," one of them suggested. Lil obligingly draped an ermine wrap she'd just unpacked around her famous figure, and the cameras caught glimpses of the Dagover shoulders, insured for a goodly sum. What an introduction to America!

Is she complaining? No—she's flattered. If a little bewildered by it all. It seems we do this sort of publicity thing so well over here. Nothing like it in Europe. A celebrated actress over there has some home life. She isn't followed by photographers and pursued by reporters wherever she goes, and asked to turn handsprings before breakfast, unveil her shoulders at lunch, and talk over the radio for her dinner. But Lil is getting used to it. She likes it.

They expected to see a bored, tired, disillusioned prima donna—or a wildcat. Imagine their surprise

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

Lil Dagover—Not Another Garbo!

to meet a charming, gracious, humorous lady who approved of her hotel rooms, liked the food, welcomed interviews, went to flower shows, press luncheons, and beamed "Wunderbar!"

She was born in Madioen, Java, Dutch East Indies. Her father was a German, her mother French. She has lived in Germany since she was six. Made her first dramatic appearance at the age of twelve in "Joan of Arc," and everybody was in tears—of mirth, she suspects. Signed her first film contract with no previous training. Combined screen with stage, scoring in Max Reinhardt's productions. She has played a wide range of rôles. Her favorite part so far has been Catherine of Russia. She is often cast as a queen. But she can play waifs as well. She's an actress, I tell you.

Dagover's first picture in this country will be either "I Spy," from the novel of that title, by Baroness Carla Jessen; or "The Night Watch," from a play. It hasn't been decided as I write this. Her screen favorites are Garbo, Gish, Chaplin, Richard Barthelmess, and the late Milton Sills. She met Dorothy Mackaill while Dorothy was doing Germany and likes her. Her first director in Hollywood will be William Dieterle, a fellow countryman who made "The Last Flight."

Lil's English is *sehr gut*, with only a slight accent. And this she can lose in a short time if her producers decide she should.

She left a home in Berlin, a country house, nine dogs, two cats, a little monkey, and an owl. The first thing she intends to do in Hollywood is to invest in a dog and a cat. She's five feet six, weighs 103 pounds, has green-brown eyes and dark brown hair, which she wears in a long bob—not Garbo-fashion, but off her ears. And—she's a vegetarian. You see, she likes vegetables.

She is married. "Do you think it is wise to admit it?" she asked. She had been told

that to mention such a thing was old-fashioned. Her husband is George Witt, and, like Rudi Sieber, Dietrich's husband, he is a director. The Witts have a daughter, Eve Marie. She is ten years old and her mother believes she will be an actress some day. If Lil makes a success over here, she will doubtless send for Eve Marie—as Marlene sent for *her* little Maria.

Already one of her old German pictures has been revived, brushed up and presented as Dagover's first American appearance. Lil isn't so pleased—she says it's not a very good picture, so don't judge her by it. (And what, I wonder, will La Tashman, who has been Hollywood's one and only "Lil" for so long, do when the Dagover arrives to share the title?)

All in all, you had better preserve this piece about her. It will save Miss Vee Dee a lot of trouble later on. Because after her first film is released, you will want to know all about Lil Dagover. And you can't say I didn't warn you.

D. E.



The profile shows Lil wearing one of those Eugenie hats and her most queenly expression. Her favorite rôle, by the way, was Catherine the Great, of Russia. She is often cast to play a queen. But she likes any part that gives her an opportunity to act. The girl in the bathing suit? Lil again. She can look little and appealing, or regal and impressive. She's an actress!

*We stared at Swanson then—
we're still staring! Why?*

Are the Stars Freaks?

*Lilyan Tashman
has Hollywood
chattering about
her new red and
white beach house
with its exotic fur-
nishings.*



Does
the Admiration
Lavished on the Stars
Make Them Exhibitionists?

HOLLYWOOD is the home of the million dollar freaks. If the stars were not freaks, according to some scientists, they would not be stars.

Personality comes from an abnormal mind. A normal, ordinary person does not radiate that mysterious magnetism we call personality-plus. Genius does, and the same is true of some lunatics and imbeciles.

Many a freak is born to blush unseen. Not so with those children of Fate who crash the portals of the movie kingdom. A score of men will stop and stare fascinated at the village idiot while the learned professor sitting on his porch would get only a passing glance. A half-mad soap-box orator draws a bigger crowd out in the hot sun

than a minister in his comfortable, peaceful church.

Just as the village idiot draws the crowds, so do the stars when they're on parade. The premiere of any picture in the film colony proves it. Thousands of persons forget their dinner and stand against the ropes outside a theatre for hours waiting to see the stars arrive, blurt out a "Hello everybody—wish you were here" at the mike and swish on into the packed auditorium where Lizzie Tish's latest epic of the screen, "Her Vows Asunder," will have its initial showing.

Hollywood is famous for the erratic behaviour of its stars. If they were not erratic they would probably be working in some obscure town—unseen and unknown.

By
Harry
Wilson



Look at Garbo! No matter what the poor girl does, people talk. And crowds rush to see her.

Stars might be likened to the mysterious satchel carried by the stranger in the street. This is because the unusual rivets public attention as does anything uncertain and liable to explode in an unexpected way.

Are the stars freaks? Is genius as mad as some learned scientists, alienists and psycho-analysts would have us believe? (Continued on page 115)

Dorothy Lee would do her imitation of Robert Woolsey in a crowded hotel lobby if she felt like it! Dorothy comes right out and admits she's a freak. "Sure I am—I can't help it!" she says.



Ann Harding—
she has popular-
ized the *new*
kind of sophisti-
cation.



Ann has a new screen
lover in her next pic-
ture, "Devotion"—
Leslie Howard. Here
is a scene from the
Harding film.

So you thought Ann was a Quaint, Old-fashioned Housewife Person! You've read what Ann herself calls "All that funny Victorian Gush that has been shovelled on me!" Now Here's a *Real* Story! It gives you, for the first time, the Actual Ann Harding. Prepare for a Shock! But you'll Like It!



Discovering Hollywood's *Real* Sophisticate~ Ann Harding!

By Ben Maddox

SOPHISTICATE!

The most flattering one-word description in today's lexicon. The complimentary adjective applicable only to the most charming, intelligent, up-to-the-minute young women. And a term which has taken on a new meaning with the advent of Ann Harding!

She has popularized the *new* kind of sophistication.

So, if you would be in the mode trend, you will cast aside yesterday's quaint, old-fashioned, dictionary idea

and become a *real* sophisticate as we understand the definition now.

Recall how Webster was wont to define a sophisticate? "One who is artificial, deluding, involved, subtle, without directness, simplicity, or naturalness." What a far cry from today's conception! Words, you see, are changing as fast as the times.

In all Hollywood there is no more sophisticated woman than Ann Harding. Off-screen she is actually the most modern of all our stars. Her conversation sparkles with clever slang and keen observations; every moment with her is one of infinite possibilities. Never a dull one, for she insists upon being a *real* sophisticate, this season's style, the absolute opposite of everything Webster's antediluvians were.

It is amazing that so many writers have missed the essence of Ann Harding. They are so dazzled by the Hollywood phenomenon of her being married and living happily ever after that they portray her as a complacent, self-satisfied housewife type. Nothing could be further from the truth.

"I don't know why they do it!" Ann laughs. "Certainly I don't harp on the happy home theme. I give them all kinds of leads, but somehow every interview comes out in the same mold. All this funny Victorian gush has been shovelled on me!"

"My idea of a sophisticate is one who can take care of herself and one whose most passionate ambition is to live and let live. *Be yourself!* Be gay, lively, and daring, but use common sense! Don't waste your life pretending to be something you aren't. If people don't like you *as is*, well—what difference does it make in the end? You can find someone who does."

Crowd-resistance is the particular quality which, in my mind, marks Ann as the foremost of our young moderns. The old-fashioned sophisticate was a slave to the Parisian fashions, was lavish with make-up, did all sorts of extreme and crazy things and affected poses of an ultra nature to attract attention. The reaction in favor of sincerity has made the Harding characteristics today's vogue.

"I don't tread on anyone's toes," explains Ann, "and I don't crave to dictate the morals, manners, and

Ann says frankly: "If I felt like leading a wild life, I would. Heaven and Hell, in my way of reasoning, are just the morning after!"





"A woman who says she cannot maintain her ideals and work in pictures or on the stage simply has no ideals to maintain! I've never had to park mine."

"I never was bothered by any monkey business, for I was concerned in selling only my ability as an actress. I let it be understood that if I wasn't liked in a purely professional way, I was ready to go back to punching a typewriter!"



customs of others. I expect to be free from such supervision myself. My theory of conduct is, *The unfortified shall not be attacked*. I've a naïve faith that all will come out well. If it doesn't, it just wasn't meant to be, and what good would a lot of temperament have been? I speak my mind when the occasion demands, but I don't go around with a chip on my shoulder.

"Being, actual living, is more important, to me, at least, than doing. I think it a great mistake to put your nose to the grindstone so closely that you miss out on everything which makes life enjoyable. The only thing you'll accomplish is rubbing off your nose! That's why I believe it's a mistake for young actresses to devote every minute to the furtherance of their careers. Life passes them by. Unconscious growth of ability is better anyway. I myself never set a goal. I decided to become an actress. I do each assignment as best I can, without worrying about whether I'm a great artiste or not. If I develop into one, that will be grand. If I don't, well—what does it matter?"

Ann's immunity to the glitter of Hollywood is proof that she is a *real* sophisticate of the first water. She and her husband designed their lovely hill-top home themselves, without benefit of architect or interior decorator. As a result it has more comfort and is done in better taste than the houses whose owners lack the courage to be

"When Harry and I were married, we did not expect it to last—we said, 'This will probably bust up in a couple of years!' Permanence just crept in. By not expecting the impossible we have stumbled into a bit of personal paradise."



themselves. They have a swimming pool, tennis court, and private talkie projection room. Their estate is primarily for themselves, no roadhouse effect.

"I have never found it necessary to follow the crowd in order to get along," Ann philosophized recently at lunch. She has just moved into a beautiful dressing-room suite at Pathé, and we were eating in her own private dining-room.

"What everybody else is doing doesn't interest me. I get bored with mass movement. I'm always going against traffic, as it were. Not, mind you, because I want to stand out as an individualist or to attract attention. I hate to be stared at or to be conspicuous. It is just an innate desire to be myself."

"When I began on the stage I used to go around to the casting offices *as is*. I don't care to tinker with nature, so I never bobbed or bleached my hair. Personally, I never liked short skirts, so I never wore them. As a result, I was more or less of a mystery, the strange exception to the rule of how an actress should look."

"I never was bothered by any monkey business, for I was concerned in selling only my ability as an actress. I let it be understood that if I wasn't liked in a purely professional way, I was ready to go back to punching a typewriter."

"When I came to Hollywood I was told that I'd have to be sensational, make a great splash if I

"I was married happily, and had my baby, when I entered pictures. What's more, I was prouder of that than anything else, and I saw no reason for hiding the fact. And nearly every fan letter I get sends love to my little girl!"



wanted to reach stardom. Well, gaudiness is against my nature. I preferred to be myself, *and it worked!* A woman who says she cannot maintain her ideals and work in pictures simply hasn't any to maintain. I've never had to park mine!"

Dashing about town in her new cream-colored roadster, or in her husband's new sedan, Ann is the personification of today's speed-loving woman. Because every other star of her importance has a chauffeur is no reason why she must follow suit. She and her husband want to run their cars and their sporty green airplane themselves.

"The good old laws of conduct get you the furthest. I was married, happily, and had a baby when I entered pictures. What's more, I was prouder of that than anything else, and I saw no reason for hiding the fact. And do you know that nearly every fan letter I get sends love to my little girl?"

"There have been millions of lines of bunk written about *paying the price* for a career. Every woman sets her own standards and there is no necessity for her to let them slide.

"I have no sense of morals. What is sin? Drinking and promiscuous love affairs? I suppose such actions would qualify. Well, if I felt like leading a wild life I would. But doing wrong just isn't fun for me because it's contrary to common sense! Leading a fast life automatically reacts against one. So why court obvious disaster? I belong to no established church. Heaven and Hell, in my way of reasoning, are just the morning after. I could never get any fun out of doing something which would make me sick or remorseful the next day!

"Being sophisticated in the old-fashioned sense must have been a terrible bore," imagines Ann, the woman who cannot be dazzled by popular fads. For instance, she has her rings set in yellow gold rather than platinum. She likes yellow gold best, so why should she follow the crowd?

"It surely must have been a lot of needless trouble to strike a pose every time you stepped out of your house. You chose your story and then were stuck with it! There certainly wasn't anything exciting about such a life. But being a sophisticate today is to be alive, open-minded, free from tabus, unimpressed by conventions, governed by common sense. It's a glorious adventure!

"My secret for happiness is being content with one's lot. Not to wish for the moon, so that if you get a star you'll be surprised and appreciative. The things written about my marriage make it appear a dreadfully prosaic existence. But to be happy does not mean to be dull! It means, for us, the possession of a capacity for enjoyment.

"Every day of our married life is begun with the feeling that something exciting may happen. When we were married we did not expect it to last. We were lonely, both concerned with getting stage jobs in New York, and were swell friends. We still are! So we began by realizing that most marriages are not successful. Most lovers delude themselves into thinking they are different from every other couple, that no love was ever as wonderful as theirs. We assumed that we weren't any different from anyone else. Said, 'This will probably bust up in a couple of years.' Permanence just crept in. By not expecting the impossible we have stumbled into a bit of personal paradise."

Joan Crawford, one of Ann's best friends in Hollywood, paid a lovely tribute to the *real* sophisticate of the screen one day when she and I were talking.

"I cherish Ann's companionship more than (Continued on page 127)





Crash! This is what happened to Dick Grace during the filming of a recent picture. He was hauled out of the wreckage with five ribs and other bones broken. But it was all in a day's work for Dick!

"I can't stop. It's in my blood," says the sole survivor of the "Squadron of Death."

HE LAUGHS at DEATH!

Daredevil Dick Grace prepares for the "Plunge of Death"—his most dangerous flying stunt for films. What is his life worth?

By

James M. Fidler

LAST living member of the nine flying daredevils who organized the "Squadron of Death" and for the past several years have given theatre-goers tremendous thrills in air pictures, Dick Grace is about to embark on what he terms the most dangerous stunt of his career. Dick was a civilian flyer for four years, spent two years overseas in the war service of Uncle Sam, and has since been a stunt flyer for eleven years, principally in and around Hollywood. He has had forty-one accidents, thirty-four of which were staged deliberately for the benefit of grinding motion picture cameras.

When Grace admits he is about to attempt his most dangerous stunt, he is making a remarkable statement!

This story is being written a few days before he commences work in "The Lost Squadron," an air epic in which he will attempt not one but *three* crack-ups. It is the last of the three, the ocean plunge, on which Hollywood is offering five-to-one odds Dick will join his eight dead brothers of the "Squadron of Death."

This stunt will be an airplane dive, straight down into the cold waters of the Pacific ocean. He will be traveling at the rate of one hundred miles an hour and will be strapped in the cockpit. The scene will be staged three miles offshore, where the water is two hundred feet deep. Don't overlook the fact that two hundred feet, *straight down*, is a terrific depth. It is not possible for an unprotected human body to sink half that far and exist. Should Grace fail to extricate himself from the wreckage before it reaches a depth of one hundred feet, his body, as it rises to the surface, will explode like a penny balloon inflated with too much air.

Is it any wonder Hollywood is wagering five to one Grace will not live to see this thrill flashed on a screen?

"Motion picture producers demanded a new thrill," Grace said to me today (I can't help interposing that "today" because, like the majority, I do not think any man can do this new stunt and live). "After days of investigation, I decided that an airplane dive is the only

thing that hasn't been done yet."

The cameras will be stationed on a barge and Grace will fly directly at them. Just before he crashes into the boat, he will go into a Schandell dive, which is a half loop and zoom, and will plunge into the water within fifteen feet of the barge and at a speed of approximately one hundred miles an hour. He will have no landmark to guide his dive; he must guess accurately, and his only aid will be to fix imaginary lines running from the ends of the barge and strike the water at a point where these lines meet.

The entire stunt will take place in less than ten seconds and Grace will play a lone hand. There will be no rescue crew nearby to rush to the plane and pull him out; the ship will be two hundred feet under water. Dick must escape without air or die at the bottom of the Pacific ocean. In order to properly execute the stunt and live, he must remember to do all of the following things in ten seconds:

Ascertain exactly the spot for his dive.

Remove his flying goggles, which would be shattered by the impact and would blind him.

Maneuver his plane into crack-up position.

Pull the gas throttle back and cut down the motor.

Go into the dive, shut off the motor and take a half breath preparatory to plunging beneath the surface.

Dive full speed into the ocean, at the same instant draw his feet back in case the motor is knocked into the cockpit by concussion.

Release three straps that hold him in the plane. One strap will cross his



Back on the job—after breaking his neck in a smash. What a man!

knees, another his chest and the third will bind his shoulders.

Escape from the submerged plane and fight to the surface.

Unless Grace executes every one of these items within that ten second period, he is almost certain to die. Even if he does them, thereby almost miraculously saving his life, there are still many possible contingencies that would make the scene unavailable for use in the picture, making it necessary for Grace to go through the entire stunt all over again!

For instance, a strong wind current may sweep his plane offline, thus preventing him from hitting the water at the right spot. Or the dipping of the barge on the water may throw the battery of cameras out of range just at the wrong moment, wasting the entire action and necessitating a "retake."

So that Grace will have to rely not only upon his own consummate skill, but upon the kindly co-operation of the elements as well. And if that co-operation is not forthcoming, it will be necessary for him to perform the same stunt, and face the same risks, all over again!

Is it surprising that Hollywood is betting five to one Grace will never live through this stunt?

Every precaution will be taken to photograph the stunt without error. Thirty cameras will be trained on the scene and all will be motor-driven because in the past it has been proven that cameramen sometimes are hypnotized into inactivity and fail to crank on hazardous stunts.

As Grace plotted his every move in his terrific (*Continued on page 99*)

Grace employs a well-organized rescue crew, ready to leap into action after each smash. It includes an ambulance interne and a surgeon, a man to work a fire extinguisher, one to cut him loose from wreckage, and two special policemen to hold back crowds.





"Hold it!" says the cameraman (referring to the expression, not the nightie). Some of Jeanette's rôles have been ever so Continental! Remember "The Love Parade"?

BODY *and* SOLO

Well equipped in both departments, Jeanette MacDonald continues to demonstrate that she's very much alive

By
Mortimer Franklin

Nevertheless, there is an element of paradox in the way the career of this screen soprano, with her rather straight-laced heritage (to complete the picture she was born in Philadelphia) has shaped itself. For her most successful rôles have generally been thought by her partisans—not excepting herself—to have been those that portrayed the gay, sophisticated and not at all straight-laced doings of high-born ladies in mythical European kingdoms. After frolicking her carefree and not always heavily clothed way through

such comedies as these, Jeanette almost found herself denying that she was going to appear in a picture to be called, "Lingerie Longer, Letty"!

One of her fondest hopes is to be starred in "The Merry Widow"—a picture that would seem eminently suited to the MacDonald chassis and voice.

Just now Miss MacDonald is engaged upon a tour of Europe, making personal—well, reasonably personal—appearances in London, Paris, Hamburg, Berlin and other cities. Besides the usual reasons for making such a tour, Jeanette has a very special one. She has wanted for some time to confront both the authors and the audience of certain picturesque tales that have been circulating with her as their heroine on the other side of the water.

"Such as?" I prompted.

"Well, you know," she replied calmly, "I'm not really me at all. That is, I'm dead—committed suicide."

I moved away uneasily. So that was what some people meant when they spoke of the "haunting quality" of her acting!

"Shot yourself, eh?" I commented. Always best to humor a ghost.

"Well, come to think of it," she reflected, "I'm not quite certain whether I did it that way or just took a one-way hop to the bottom of some convenient river. Europe is just full of convenient rivers, you know. At any rate, I ended It All, whatever It (Continued on page 126)

"HOW about getting married?" I asked Jeanette MacDonald casually one day.

"Thank you, gentle sir," she answered some fifteen minutes later, when she had stopped laughing, "but I am already bespoken to Robert Ritchie, my manager."

"That's what I mean," I hastened to explain. How about your getting married to Mr. Ritchie? Has the date—"

"Has the date been set? Ho, ho, *has* the date been set? My dear," caroled Jeanette. "Certainly it's been set—on an average of twice a week by the butcher, the baker, and the lighting fixtures manufacturer, not to mention the elevator boy, the plumber and the gardener. In fact, we've about decided to let everybody else do the date-setting, and one of these days we'll just go ahead and get married!"

Jeanette MacDonald's real name—you'd never guess—is Jeanette MacDonald. Intimate friends call her "Jeanette," while others call her just plain "Jeanette." As a matter of fact, there is quite as much English, Irish and Welsh as there is Scotch in her makeup, thus constituting her, as it were, a candidate for the title of "Miss United Kingdom." "Sometimes," she confided, "it seems as though the different nationalities in my background vie for the upper hand."

And after all, one thinks, contemplating her red-gold hair and sea-green eyes, vie not?

The Lunts GO CINEMA

Hollywood welcomes
Broadway's best bets,
Alfred and Lynn.
And so will you!

By
Ada Patterson

"THE first time I saw her I was so struck by her charms that I fell downstairs!"

Alfred Lunt formed the third point of a triangle at the table of their attractive home on East Thirty-sixth Street, New York. Rather far east, in beckoning distance of Long Island Sound, as is today's fashion in Manhattan. It was not an ominous triangle, for I was the unappalling third point. He looked meditatively at a lithe woman with extraordinarily alive dark eyes. The most alive eyes I know. Usually there's a smile in their middle distance. Always they glow with an unsleeping intelligence.

"You wore a long, gray cloak and a little gray hat. You seemed all eyes between the hat and the cloak."

"Poof!" The smile in Lynn Fontanne's eyes became mocking imps. "I have no recollection of the gray things. I seldom wear gray. It isn't becoming. I'm glad you don't hold me accountable for breaking your leg."

"She's spoofing," said her tall, graver-eyed spouse.

"Anyway, we are quits, for I met him at a London crush years before, and he won't remember it."

"I saw her, slightly—once before I fell down the stage stairs at sight of her. She had a red nose and was playing a reluctant bride in 'The Wooing of Eve.' I thought she was a damned good actress but I had no yearning to see that sob sister again."

"The time we met, which we have no trouble in recalling," smiled Lynn, "was when I went up to him on the stage to talk of a bit of business in a scene we were to play together. It was in a stock company in Washington where we were trying out some plays. 'Mr. Lunt,' I said, 'I am Lynn Fontanne.' He was sitting

Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt, stars of the New York Theatre Guild, make their screen debut in 'The Guardsman.' Above, their off-stage smiles. Right, the Lunts, in character, kidding with Robert Montgomery on the Metro lot.



with a lot of books in his lap. He got up and all the books fell with a crash. But before that I had heard him read some lines on the stage and asked who he was. I said, 'He has the most beautiful speaking voice I ever heard.' I still think so. That was at the Hudson Theatre in New York while we heard some plays being read that we were to try out in Washington. It was at the Hudson Theatre this person thinks I so disconcerted him that he fell downstairs."

The man whom Cupid tripped held forth his tea cup for a second filling. His complacency unruffled, he smiled across the table at his Lady Disdain. "At all events we got on remarkably well, for three days after my tumble downstairs, sore shinned though I was, we were driving about the streets of Washington in the afternoon hearing each other's rôle. It was the only time we had for we rehearsed (Continued on page 112)



Will Rogers in his new picture plays Earl Tinker, safety razormagnate, who takes his family on a world cruise and encounters adventure and romance—plenty!

BUSINESS *and* PLEASURE

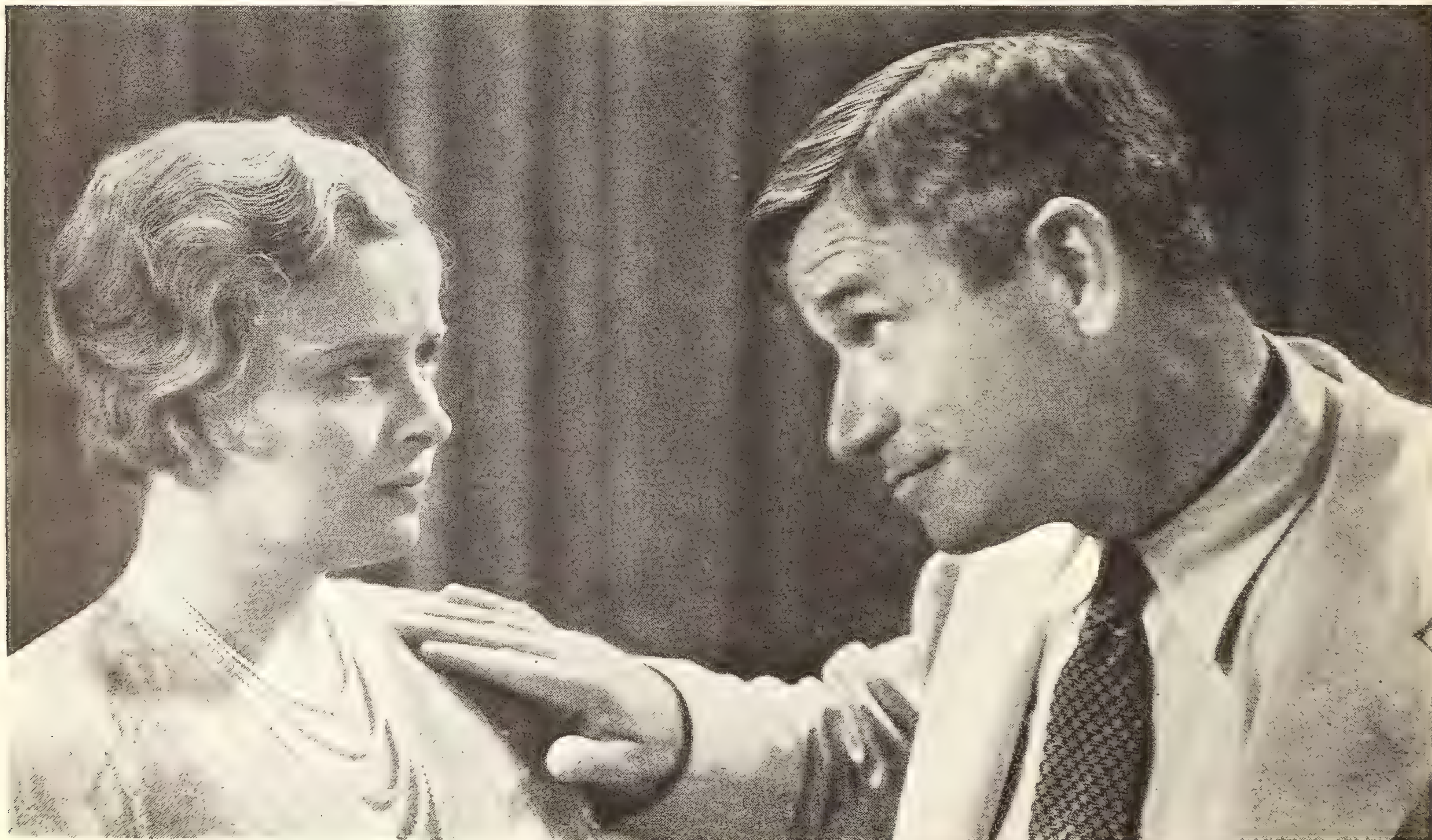
From Booth Tarkington's Novel
"The Plutocrat"

FOR twenty-five years Earl Tinker had devoted himself to making safety razors and blades. His picture was known throughout the world, but he, personally, had seldom been seen outside of Topeka, or New York, where his company had offices, and a few summer places where his wife had made him spend

short vacations. He liked Topeka and the safety razor business. Nothing else mattered much, except Olivia, his daughter, who had reached twenty with a craving for romance and a much pleasanter disposition than her mother.

Tinker admitted she had inherited her good looks from her mother, but her pleasant temperament—well, that was distinctly a Tinker trait, although he said little about it around the palatial Tinker home. There were plenty of other things for Mrs. Tinker to argue about.

The twenty-fifth annual report of the Tinker Safety



"Where have you been?" demanded Mrs. Tinker. "Why, nowhere, Mama—just sitting around quietly," protested Mr. Tinker. "Now, honey—" "Don't 'honey' me!" she snapped. "You've been playing poker again!" "No use trying to fool you, Mama!"

Will in his New Rôle—
a Gay Blade Cutting
Up In Damascus. Read
and Laugh!

"Say, you haven't seen my wife, have you?" Tinker asked Madame Momora. Her voice was soft and caressing as she answered: "But yes—and she seemed angry."



Intrigue—Excitement—Love—a Mysterious
Lady—and Will Rogers at his Best

Razor Company wasn't what it should have been. Those Straight-back people had done some smart advertising on their new model and the competition was beginning to hurt—not Tinker himself, be it understood. He could have retired any time with a seven-figure fortune, but he didn't want to retire, and he still wanted the stockholders' dividends to prove that the Tinker razors were the best razors that ever trimmed a whisker.

He could have held a sales conference. And he might have outlined a program with his advertising agency, but he did neither. He argued to himself that Damascus steel had a reputation that dated back to the Middle Ages and beyond, and that the thing to do would be to find out more about it—a merger possibly; or purchase of

the manufacturing rights—anything, so long as he had it. He decided to go to Damascus, or wherever it was Damascus steel came from. He was a bit vague about it.

When he brought home the steamship literature on a Mediterranean cruise Mrs. Tinker perked up as though she had made a new social conquest in Topeka. Olivia wasn't so enthusiastic. She didn't want to leave her latest boy friend for three months.

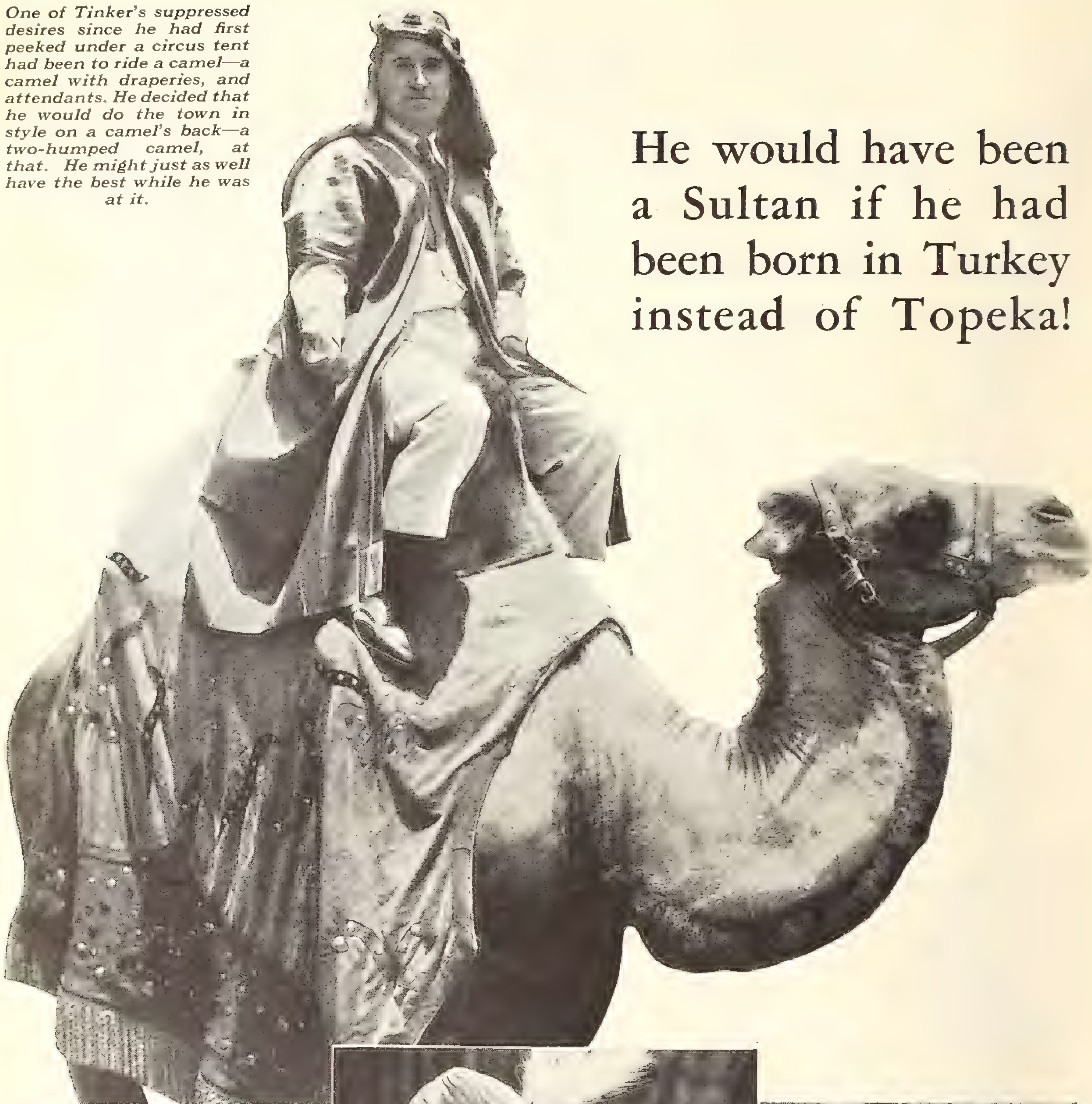
Colored pictures of deserts and oases with palm trees, and romantic seaports with camels instead of flivvers parked at the corners stirred Mrs. Tinker's enthusiasm. The more she read, the better she liked the idea. The legend: "The S. S. Duumvir—Sail With Ease On Quiet Seas" settled the matter as far as she was concerned. Olivia did not have a vote.

Those "quiet seas" ended at Sandy Hook right after the pilot had been put overboard. The S. S. Duumvir sailed, but not with "ease." It rolled to the right, and then it rolled the other way. The bow went up and then it went down, and the stern did the same thing. It was a great sight from the deck, but most of the passengers didn't see it. They sprawled in their beds and bunks and groaned, and wondered why they had ever left firm land.

Tinker paid periodical visits to the stateroom of his wife and daughter and tried to be sympathetic. Usually

One of Tinker's suppressed desires since he had first peeked under a circus tent had been to ride a camel—a camel with draperies, and attendants. He decided that he would do the town in style on a camel's back—a two-humped camel, at that. He might just as well have the best while he was at it.

He would have been a Sultan if he had been born in Turkey instead of Topeka!



The young playwright and Olivia, Tinker's pretty daughter, find romance on their own.

"Your husband is going to leave you," the Great Mystic told Mrs. Tinker. "I see a dark woman—a vampire!"

The leader cried, "Infidel, you are my prisoner!" "Is this a hold-up?" asked Tinker.

he found her wailing, "Oh, I'll die—I'll die—I will die!"

As usual, he didn't argue with her, but a young man in the next stateroom, in the same condition, wasn't so philosophic. He hoped she would, before he passed out. Fellow sufferers from this ailment have no sympathy for each other.

Each time Tinker came back he was more cheerful. They had passed the twelve-mile limit and the bartender was a good sailor.

"Hello, honey," he called in the late afternoon, "how's baby?"

"Go away—go far away," replied Mrs. Tinker weakly.

He was mildly surprised. "Oh—excuse me, baby," he apologized.

"Don't call me baby!" she commanded, trying to rise on one elbow.

Tinker approached Olivia. "Ain't you feelin' any better?"

"You let Olivia alone," exploded Mrs. Tinker.

He became a bit annoyed. "Well, my glory—I only asked her how she felt. Can't I even ask her—"

Mrs. Tinker cut him short. "Where have you been all this time, anyway? Out looking the lady passengers over?"

The attack was short-lived. She sank back on her pillow.

"Oh, Earl, I'm so sick! This business trip of yours will be the death of all of us."

Olivia craved silence. "Papa," she called, "will you please go out of here? Go wherever you want to, just so you go. Go and get seasick."

Tinker grinned. He became boastful. "Who, me? Say, you got to wish worse than that on me before you get me down. I feel like a two-year-old."

Olivia turned her back toward him. A loud pounding on the wall from the adjoining stateroom interrupted.

"Must be that young feller, Ogle, next door," he commented. "I'll see what he wants."

He grabbed a small bottle from a dresser and went out. He strolled into Ogle's stateroom without knocking.

"This stuff may help you," he suggested, holding out the

"Business and Pleasure"

is based on the novel, "The Plutocrat," by Booth Tarkington. A Fox picture, with adaptation and dialogue by William Conselman and Gene Towne. Fictionized by J. M. Jerauld. Directed by David Butler with the following cast of characters:

<i>Earl Tinker</i>	Will Rogers
<i>Madame Momora</i>	Jetta Goudal
<i>Lawrence Ogle</i>	Joel McCrea
<i>Mrs. Tinker</i>	Dorothy Peterson
<i>Olivia Tinker</i>	Peggy Ross
<i>Arthur Jones</i>	Cyril Ring
<i>Ben Wackstle</i>	Jed Prouty
<i>P. D. Weatheright</i>	Oscar Apfel
<i>Charlie Turner</i>	Vernon Dent

bottle sympathetically to Ogle.

Ogle was too surprised to speak. Anyway, he didn't feel like speaking, but Tinker didn't mind. He had not expected him to be cheerful.

"Tinker's the name," he continued cheerfully. "'Tinker Tempered Blades Make Good Tempered Shavers.'"

"Oh, they do, do they!" said Ogle grimly.

Tinker decided his popularity with seasick passengers had reached the zero point. He was mildly apologetic as he continued: "I heard you rap on the wall and figured you might want some-

thing. Anything I can do for you? Just speak up!"

"No!"

"You'll get over it."

At that moment Ogle hoped he wouldn't. He paid no attention as Tinker closed the door behind him.

* * *

In the dining salon that evening Tinker gazed around at the empty chairs and was lonesome.

Things brightened the next day, however. The sea was calmer. Passengers began to come on deck. Tinker found somebody besides the bartender to talk to in the smoking room. It was a big help. In fact, companionship was such a big help that he organized a quartet. All four of the singers liked the music. There was no applause from others in the smoking room.

Ogle and a young friend named Jones were distinctly annoyed. It interrupted their discussion of Ogle's new play, "The Pastoral Scene," which Ogle had just described as a "colossal success," meaning that it had run two weeks.

"Surprising, isn't it?" remarked Ogle. "When I wrote it I never dreamed it would be popular. It proves there is a sophisticated and intelligent public for the better type of thing."

Jones was a bit envious. "You'll probably sell it to the movies for a fortune."

"The movies?" Ogle was disdainful. "Please—don't even mention 'The Pastoral Scene' in the same breath with the movies."

Jones didn't—that is, not
(Continued on page 104)



Madame Momora really liked Tinker. She led the party into the desert to rescue him.



Tinker reached for the Chief's beard and jerked one hair loose. "Is that one hair worth five dollars to you?" he asked.



"Mama," said Tinker, "I own the Damascus steel process." So Mama forgave and forgot.

AFTER SUCCESS~ WHAT?

How's the View
from the Top?

By

Alma Whitaker



What about Gloria Swanson?

She says: "I simply cannot envision myself a gray-haired grandmother." (Neither can we, Gloria!) "I should die if I were inactive. I must make all the pictures I can now, before it's too late."

ONE of the embarrassments of arriving at the top is that there is nowhere to go but down!

The journey upward is fraught with adventure, anxiety, hopes, fears, struggles. The first \$5,000 fur coat, the first \$10,000 car, the first \$100,000 house, the rise from no help at all to retinues of bootlicking servitors, the name spread in grand electric signs, one's smallest deed or action recorded as front page news, the plaudits of the populace—these all have a triumphant glamour.

But when stars have achieved all this, fate has a curious trick of complicating the situation, of halting progress, of bringing them to a dead end. Where can they go from there? For just how long can they go on making better and finer pictures, gilding the lily, refining the gold?

While fame and glory are at their height, no star can ever believe it must end. The mere thought of retirement makes them shiver. Yet the life at the top, under the most favorable circumstances, in this picture game seems to be five years. Often it's much shorter.

Mary Pickford has enjoyed longer fame and public affection than most can boast. Yet Mary isn't at all sure where she can go from here.

"I shall always want to have something to do with pictures, even if I don't act in them. The production end, perhaps. I don't know."

But Mary is still thinking in terms of acting, in terms of stardom. She cannot really bring her mind down to deciding just what she will do with her life when her starring days have ceased. Mary is as independent as any one can hope to be in this game. She could make a million dollar picture tomorrow if she wanted to. But she knows it must be a better and more remarkable picture than

Where Do These Stars Go From Here?

ever before. It won't do just to equal past achievements. She must surpass them or start on the downward trail, professionally speaking.

Norma Talmadge used to talk of the stage. She felt that she could travel onward and upward from pictures *via* the legitimate theatre. So far it hasn't worked out like that. Norma held her place at the top a long time, but now—where, how does one proceed now? All paths, any paths, seem to lead down the other side of the mountain.

Gloria Swanson is in the same pickle. Gloria knows that pictures of the same caliber that won her success won't do now. They must be better, more brilliant pictures. Those she has appeared in lately did not quite make that improved grade. What was the matter with them? They were quite as good as many of the pictures upon which Gloria rose to glory. But much is demanded of those at the top. So Gloria toys with the idea of a villa in France and maybe making one picture a year.

"But I simply cannot envision myself a gray-haired grandmother," she sighs. "I should die if I were inactive. I must make all the pictures I can now, before it's too late."

So then there's the hunt for bigger and better stories,



Consider Mary Pickford

"I shall always want to have something to do with pictures, even if I don't act in them," says Mary. "The production end, perhaps." But Mary is still thinking in terms of stardom.

which seem strangely coy. And it's a dire calamity when a picture is merely so-so. If it isn't a wow it's a failure as far as those at the top are concerned.

Colleen Moore, caught on a tired day, a couple of years ago, said she'd love to retire. She wanted to see the world. She had dozens of jolly things mapped out to do with her John. But her John failed her, things went wrong, and now Colleen cannot quite keep pictures out of her mind. But she dare not return to the screen in anything inferior. The top, the top—such a difficult place to proceed from.

Of course, the intelligent thing is to retire in a blaze of glory at the peak of fame. But the stars never can believe they have reached that top from which no further heights can be achieved. Look at Mae Murray, reasonably happily married in spite of the recent "lovers' quarrel" with her Prince David. She has a dear baby, ample means, a pleasant position to bask in—yet

Mae wants of all things to continue her career, is willing to quarrel with her husband about it, is even willing to stoop to lesser rôles in order, as she believes, to make new conquests.

It's so infinitely harder for the beauties. It takes a
(Continued on page 121)



Big Bill Hart

Bill is rich, Bill doesn't need to work, but being out of the game sears his soul.



Beautiful Norma Talmadge

She held her place at the top a long time. She used to talk of the stage, but so far it hasn't worked out like that.



Conway Tearle

Conway Tearle's modest comeback was small consolation to a once great star.

Restless Little Red-Head



By
Morton King

Why hasn't pretty Peggy Shannon a boy friend? Answer: she hasn't had time. But wait!

THE most incredible girl in Hollywood!

She has been in town three months, risen to fame in three pictures, and has more screen work scheduled for the immediate future, and yet—you don't have to believe it, but it's true—she has no boy friend, hasn't been to a single party, and lives all alone in a big apartment house.

This hermit-like existence goes even farther: she hasn't been to a picture show or any kind of a show, hasn't played bridge, backgammon, or even worked a crossword puzzle.

To increase the mystery, she's exceptionally pretty, with full, red, kissable lips, long red hair and blue eyes that sparkle with fun, betokening a gay, vivacious temperament. In short, the type of girl who likes to play.

That's Peggy Shannon, Paramount's latest discovery, who has Hollywood studios, New York offices, and many fans all hot and bothered about her personality.

Then why this strange mode of living? Doesn't Peggy like people, or what? Well, you see, it's like this, as Peggy explained it to me. It's a long story, but an interesting one, so here goes.

The little Irish red-head was playing in stock in Brooklyn (through the tunnel or over the bridge from New York) when somebody offered her a dramatic part on



Peggy—three times! Top, today; right, her first close-up; above, not so long ago.

Broadway. She rehearsed three weeks and the show ran two weeks, whereupon she looked for work again—and got it.

Whereupon she rehearsed for three weeks and the show ran two weeks. Repeat this fifteen times over a period of two years and you have a situation that would have discouraged anyone else.

The shows were failures without exception. But was Peggy? Say, how do you suppose she managed to get fifteen chances in such a short time? The girl was good. And Broadway producers see all shows before they fold up and steal away into oblivion. They liked her work and so she was offered parts and succeeded, through the sheer intensity of her emotions, in building up a name for herself in New York theatrical circles. It takes a successful play to put over a player and Peggy didn't happen to

pull a winner out of the box.

She wasn't starred anyway. She was either the ingenue or the leading woman and sometimes the other woman.

Along about flop number fifteen, Paramount decided to enlarge its stock company, so a lot of the promising material on Broadway came in for screen tests. One of them was Peggy Shannon. Now when the officials saw that test they didn't leap into the air in ecstasy and proclaim a new star on the horizon or anything like that.

But they did recognize talent, (*Continued on page 117*)



"It's the thrill of a Phyfe-time," grins Sally Eilers, as Hal Phyfe prepares to enshrine her in his collection of Hollywood portraits.

A Camera Artist's Album

Hal Phyfe was a famous portrait photographer in New York, but even New York didn't offer sufficient beauty or distinction to try his talents. So off he went to Hollywood—and this remarkable collection of character studies is the result. Note the masterly use of light and shadow, the delicate shadings of expression, the living quality of these portraits—proofs that photography, in the hands of a true expert, can attain to the dignity of a genuine art. Study these pictures—and enjoy camera portraiture at its best!



Sally Eilers



ART PYRE

Charles Farrell

Janet Gaynor



Peta Kusile



401 81111

Joan Bennett



George W. Gray.



Sally O'Hair -



Yvonne Pelletier

AL. DAVIS



2.11.

Mrs. Marsh



El Brendel



Una Merkel.



Donald Hillaway



HAL DWYCE

James Blum



Nora Lane



Elissa Landi



Edmund Louie.



HAL PRYFE

Margaret Churchill.

Why HELEN MARRIED AGAIN

By
*Helen
Harrison*



The Jack Woodys have a unique idea of happiness. It's to be left alone together!

ATINY, flexible circlet of diamonds—
A gorgeous and glamorous bride—
A handsome and dashing benedict—
“Meet the wife!” Helen Twelvetrees-Woody!

Not so many seasons past—as debs go—Helen Jurgens of Brooklyn, New York, was attending the American Academy of Dramatic Arts and in the throes of her muse, youth and romance, up and married a co-student—Clark Twelvetrees, whose ambition was acting—and whose vehement occupation was love!

Three years later, in Hollywood, Helen Twelvetrees, beautiful, talented motion picture star, having secured a divorce, slips away and ever so quietly (too quietly for the avid press) marries Jack Woody, wealthy realtor, gay, gifted and *genuine*.

Did you ask why Helen Twelvetrees married a business man?

Because, as she quite simply will tell you, “Jack happened to *be* a business man!” Helen would have married Jack had he been a scene shifter, a stoker—or—my dear, an actor!

But Jack, somehow, for all his being the image of Chevalier, couldn’t have been anything else *but* a business man. He, in the early thirties, has all the stability of the Rock of Gibraltar and the constancy of a postage stamp!

There is a security about him, a firm, wholesome appeal that is the complement to a personality as fragile and ethereal as Helen’s little heart-shaped face. Small wonder, then, that after a career as tempestuous as her own, with the broken remains of a

girlhood romance, she should find requited love and the fulfillment of a secret longing with affable Jack Woody.

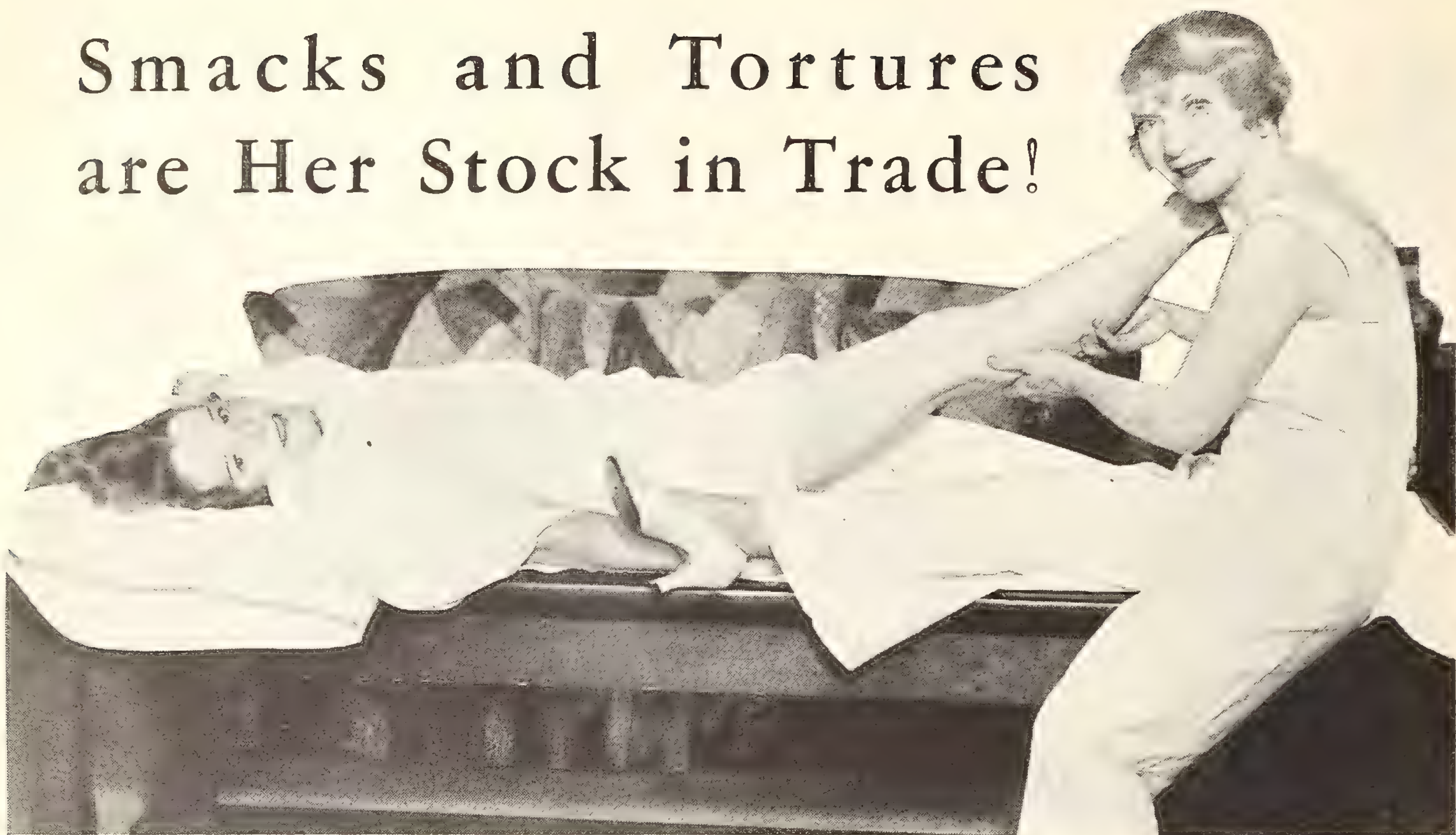
To understand Helen as she is, and not as she seems, we must do a flashback to a prologue.

A little golden-haired youngster attending the Brooklyn Heights Seminary nourished a fond dream. Not long after, she was attending the Art Students League and realizing her young hopes. Her beauty, however, found her more and more becoming the artist’s model, and indeed it was Mr. Crandall, for whom she posed, who was instrumental in securing a connection for her with the Stuart Walker Stock Company. This apprenticeship she considers the most valuable of her career, and it was as the result of her tireless efforts in stock that she obtained important rôles in “An American Tragedy,” “Yen,” “Roulette,” “Broadway,” “Elmer Gantry” and other New York productions.

Early in 1929 she was brought to Hollywood by Fox to play the feminine lead in “The Ghost Talks.” At that trying time when dialogue was injected into the films, Helen, who had the then rare advantage of a perfect articulation, was cast in a rôle requiring a lisp! She groans at the recollection of fulfilling her part—not wisely, but indeed, “too well.” For her, “The Ghost *Lisped*”—and it became a real ghost, one that turned up frequently and unexpectedly—for Hollywood. *en masse*, believed the impediment to be real! Poor Helen—it was only later, in her spontaneous successes, which, you will recall, were “Her Man,” “Millie” and “A Woman of Experience,” that this ghost was laid—for good (Continued on page 100)

**Doctor, lawyer, Indian, bootlegger—
Helen would have none of them. She chose a business man because—well, read the story!**

Smacks and Tortures are Her Stock in Trade!



Sylvia at work! The "victim" is pretty little Constance Cummings, who owes her present perfect proportions to Sylvia's treatments. She pounds 'em—and the pounds roll off! She insults them—and they love it!

SHE INSULTS *the* STARS

About Sylvia, Hollywood's Beloved Villainess

By Gene Levant

A PACKAGE of especially devastating dynamite! That's your first impression of Sylvia Ulbeck, the only person in moviedom who consistently dares to say "No," and lives on to worry about income tax. Seeing her at work—conscientiously maltreating both screen stars and directors alike, putting them through worse tortures than those of the Spanish Inquisition, and making them like it—you are certain about the dynamite. For Sylvia, be it known, is filmland's famous masseuse.

Tiny and blonde, but with a heart and personality more colossal than that of an Amazon, Little Sylvia, as Hollywood affectionately calls her, thrives on the imperfections of the "perfect."

Norma Shearer, Gloria Swanson, Herbert Brenon, Ina Claire, Constance Bennett or Douglas Fairbanks, they are all the same to her, although she admits that some



Since SCREENLAND gave her her first magazine story, Sylvia Ulbeck has become nationally known. The famous masseuse has been making the beauties of the screen more beautiful for years, but now she is a celebrity herself, with folks fighting for her treatments. Little, lithe, pretty, Sylvia is loved and feared by her patients. They swear by her—she swears at them! Read more about her.

yell louder than others when she smacks and pounds them. But the louder they yell the louder she cusses them. And that, too, they seem to like, because while Sylvia's particular brand of cussing is vitriolic in its intensity, it is amusing and delightful instead of offensive. Uttered with her inimitable Norwegian accent, her curses became blessings, musical and soothing.

"They're a bunch of very foolish, spoiled children," she said, "these people who come to me to remove fat and to stimulate their flesh. They think I'm a thousand devils when I start to work on them, and I do feel vicious when I see how some of them have let themselves run down."

"I don't 'yes' them, or hand them any banana oil about how good they are. They come to me with drooping shoulders and a sloppy manner of walking. I know what's wrong with them before they say a

word. I say, 'What th' hell! You look terrible! Pull up those shoulders and pull in your stomach! Turn in your toes!' They love it."

Only one other person dared in Hollywood to say invariably exactly what she thought, irrespective of where the chips might fall. That was Texas Guinan, long since returned to her beloved Broadway. In fact, Sylvia reminds one a lot of the Guinan. It is easy to imagine the little masseuse opening the door to Mary Pickford or Ruth Chatterton and saying, "Come in, Sucker, and take a load off your feet."

Proof of her popularity can easily be seen in the vast array of photographs that cover every inch of wall space in her work rooms, all of them endearingly autographed by the male and female great of the land. Her private 'phone rings almost continuously. Because, when Hollywood looks in the mirror and sees its figure going rapidly all wrong, it doesn't cry and moan—it 'phones Sylvia. Never is there a waiting list of less than twenty-five, and many of them come from far more distant points than Beverly Hills or Malibu Beach.

Almost as much fan mail arrives for Sylvia as though she were a picture star, herself. These letters come from every point of the compass. A recent one from a lady of Jerusalem announces her intention of coming to Hollywood for Sylvia's treatments. Another is even now on her way from Shanghai, after cabling Sylvia for an appointment.

"I don't swear at and insult people just to be smart and daring," she explained. "These stars have never heard anything but praise and soft soap, and they need someone like me to startle them out of their complac-



"Art in bally old London was never like this!" says Alice Baker, English stage actress, as she becomes more sylph-like under the skilful whacks of Sylvia.

my best friends, and I was so happy to see Carmel do such outstanding work in John Barrymore's latest picture, 'The Mad Genius.' She's got it in her, that girl has."

Gloria Swanson is another whom Sylvia admires.

"There's something genuinely royal about Gloria—no masks, because she needs none. Recently I required some pieces of inexpensive costume jewelry, and I happened to call on Gloria one evening to loan me some. She said, 'Darling, I haven't a thing like that. But if you can use my real jewels you're more than welcome to take them along.'"

Incidentally, it is just another of her surprising habits that she does take things along home with her whenever

she goes visiting. In this she is apparently well humored, for her home bears witness to the many nick-nacks she has first admired in some star's home
(Continued on page 119)

Certainly, Sylvia believes in exercises—she's doing some herself. But only special exercises. Diet? It plays an important part in Sylvia's treatments. But to her, diet is not food limitation—it is the way food is prepared.



Unconventional

By
Hale Horton



"I chased her all the way up to the High Sierras in order to catch her for a rush story."



FIRST interviews, like one's first love—if one has had a first love—or first car or dance or snort of champagne, linger most vividly in the mind. My first interview called for Lila Lee, who, incidentally, was also my first screen crush.

Most unexpectedly I had received a wire assigning me to do a "story on Lee," and before you could whack a golf ball—if one ever does whack the pesky things—I was comfortably squatting in Lila's Spanish apartment, peering, dreamily as a star-struck college boy, at my subject who was stretched languorously on a couch in front of a roaring log fire. The soft pulsating throb of an organ flooded the room.

"I do so love organ music in the early evening," Lila murmured off-handily.

"Gosh!" thought I, trying to figure out a question to ask her. "This is swell!" And I tinkled the ice in my glass. Suddenly the music stopped. Lila looked startled, a bit displeased; and when I begged her to have it turned on again, she averred that for the moment we might let it rest—however, "perhaps, later on—"

Presently the music recommenced, and again Lila seemed startled, but this time pleased. And for the better part of two hours the organ played its mysterious tricks. Now it so happens that organ music is one of my weaknesses, and when added to Lee, it resulted in my writing such a saccharine rave about her that she's still embarrassed.

Just the other day when I told Lila that I thought it high time I gave her

Elissa Landi



Fifi Dorsay

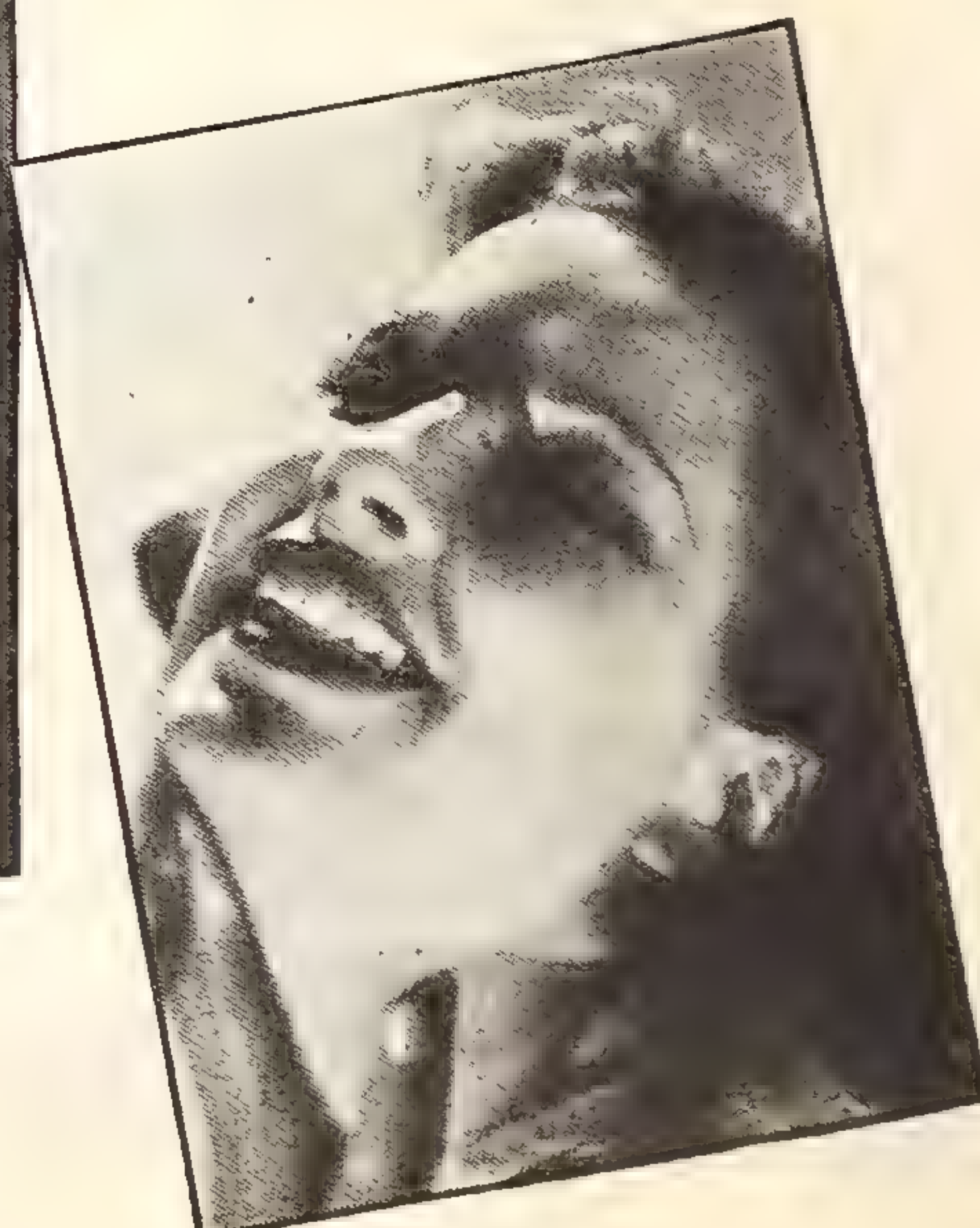


Lila Lee



Lupe Velez

Lily Damita



Interviews

They sleep, they fly, they cook, they cry, while the villain still interviews 'em!

another story, she cried: "Oh, *pul-lease!* Don't! At least not until I live down the first one!"

Weeks later I discovered that the organ had wafted its way through the wall from the apartment next door!

I weep to relate that such interviews are few and far between. Indeed, out of some hundred and fifty sessions, I can recall but a dozen or so which in any way suggested the unconventional or were in themselves so extraordinary as to be remembered as highly diverting moments of my life—but you may bet your last wife that this handful shall never be forgotten!

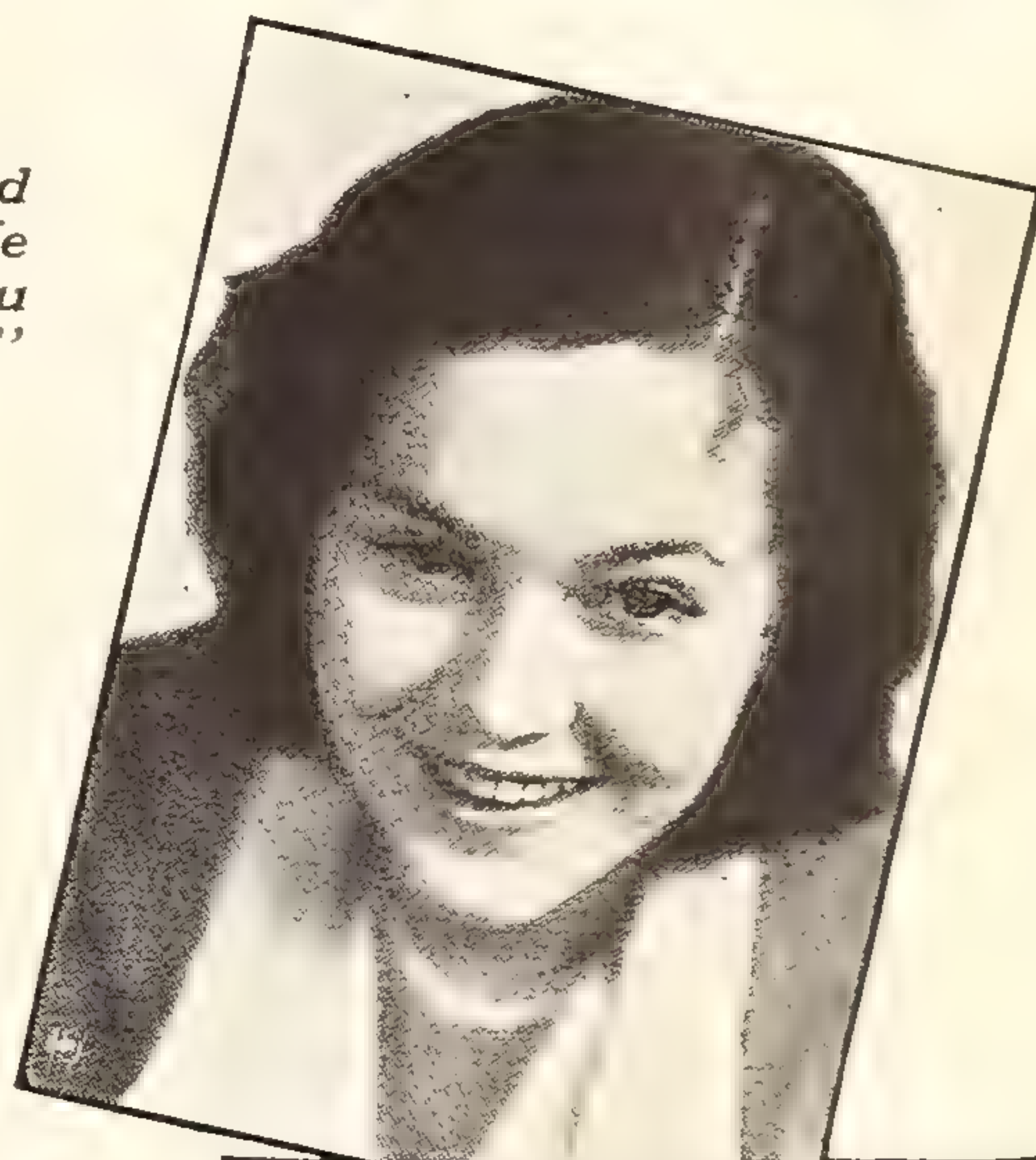
To go back to Lila Lee—and who wouldn't?—I chased her all the way up to the High Sierras in order to catch her for a rush story. The company worked all day on location in the mountains; with the evening we dropped down to the desert at Lone Pine. Seeking a late and entertaining supper a few of us dashed thirty miles to a Mexican inn, secluded in the vastness of the desert; and after supper Lila and I walked out of the place better to take up the subject of her love-life—a delightful setting for that sort of thing!

What with our being completely surrounded by snow-capped mountains, moon-flooded and dazzling, and over-awed by millions of hanging stars. Indeed, I was just on the point of completing one of my most successful interviews when Sidney Blackmer came a-prowling out of the inn. Wouldn't he pop into the picture at a time like that?

With exaggerated melodrama Lila cried: "Ah-h-h-h, my romantic knight!" and hurled her arms around the startled Blackmer's neck. For a moment our hero hesitated, and then, evidently reflecting that Lenore Ulric was out on the coast, he emitted a prodigious yawn, whereupon the astonished Lila went screaming across the desert. "He yawned!" she howled. "He *actually yawned!*" Which goes to prove that even interviews (Continued on page 97)



"An' what," Lily wanted to know, "would your wife say eef she knew you were eenterviewing me?"



Maureen
O'Sullivan

Irene Rich



Marguerite Churchill



Florence Britton

Noel Francis

Reviews of the

Six Best Pictures of the Month:

BAD GIRL

STREET SCENE

BOUGHT

TRANSATLANTIC

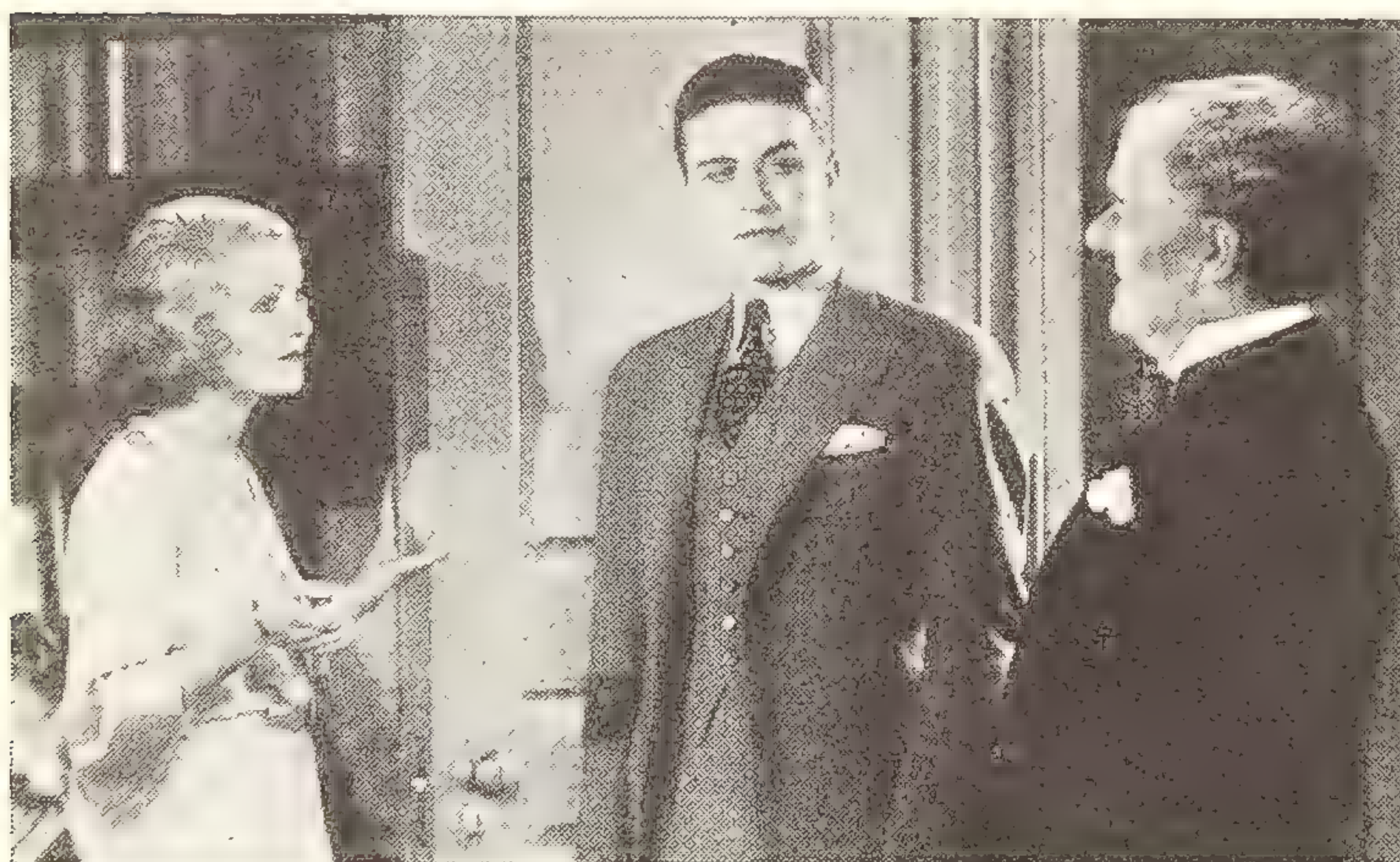
THIS MODERN AGE

THE LAST FLIGHT

Turn to page 95 for casts of current films:



A human picture of everyday lovers is "Bad Girl," with Sally Eilers and James Dunn.



Constance Bennett, Ray Milland, and Richard Bennett in "Bought," Connie's best picture.



Playing mother and daughter in "This Modern Age," Pauline Frederick and Joan Crawford score.

By
Delight Evans

Bad Girl

Fox



ONCE again a bad girl makes a good picture. But of course the little girl of this opus isn't bad at all. She's an every-day girl with human tendencies which used to be frowned down when they cropped up on the screen. But we're advancing, thank you, and now the movies may reflect life-as-it-is without leaving most of the plot behind on the censor's floor. Frank Borzage has directed Vina Delmar's version of her own best-selling novel with all of the best Borzage feeling. Here's a director who knows how to make his characters divinely human and natural, never picture puppets. And the progress of the tender little tale—just a story of an average fellow and his girl through mating and mother-and-fatherhood—is unexpectedly interesting and even dramatic. Women will have the cry of their lives and will adore James Dunn, the new Fox find. Sally Eilers is altogether appealing. A triumph for truth and also for the box-office.



Bought

Warner Brothers

CONSTANCE BENNETT'S very best picture. And it's such a good picture I can almost imagine it without the Bennett in the leading rôle—almost, mind you, but not quite! You must have read the fiction version in October SCREENLAND, so we won't go into the story. You'll like Connie's *Stephany Dale*, you'll be concerned with her moral and material progress, and you'll cheer when the little girl ditches the dross and devotes herself to the finer things, particularly Ben Lyon, in a very good performance. Have you discovered Ray Milland? An earthy Novarro—and the only new boy I've ever noted who treats the million dollar heroine more like a woman than a star. When Ray grabs Connie you feel he means it and she had better watch out. Here I go on record predicting stardom for Milland if the producers give him his head—and he keeps it.



This Modern Age

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"STELLA DALLAS" with a "Dancing Daughter"! Only, of course, much more modern—and dazzling—and daring. "Stella" in modern clothes and Joan in a knockout rôle—a combination spelling box-office. Miss Crawford, as the daughter of a dashing divorcée played by Pauline Frederick, has never looked so stunning or performed so appealingly. The girl she plays is a good sport whose devotion to her mother transcends her love for Neil Hamilton. But—surprise, surprise!—love finds a way. This flippancy is simply an attempt to conceal my emotions, played upon by those very touching mother-daughter scenes. They are genuinely moving, thanks mainly to Miss Frederick's fine sincerity. What a magnificent actress she is! You'll like Joan more than ever. Neil Hamilton seems to be the leading man in every other picture I see these days, but I still like him. Monroe Owsley is good, too. And he almost gets the girl this time.

Best Pictures



SCREENLAND'S
Critic Selects the
Most Important
Screenplays of
the Month

Street Scene

United Artists



THE biggest thrill on the screens right now. This vital film is as throbbing and sordid and tender and mean and funny and tense and terrible as the actual life of the city side-streets it portrays. Elmer Rice wrote a fine play and adaptation. King Vidor, who is a director of *motion* pictures, has caught the drama in celluloid—giving it new sweep and power in terms of screen technique, but always preserving the spirit of the play. No movie plot, this. Just people—pitiful, striving people: a little office girl; her handsome mother, her jealous father, and the tragedy that engulfs them. Sylvia Sydney plays the girl beautifully. William Collier, Jr., is splendid as an adoring boy. But the surprise is Estelle Taylor. You know her as a beauty, a vivid personality. Here, in a mother rôle—looking much too young for it, too—she is a figure of dignity and power and considerable pathos. "Street Scene" is the real thing. Don't fail to see it.

Ten Best Portrayals of the Month:

James Dunn in "Bad Girl"
Sally Eilers in "Bad Girl"
Clive Brook in "Silence"
Sylvia Sydney in "Street Scene"
Estelle Taylor in "Street Scene"
Mae Clarke in "Waterloo Bridge"
William Collier, Jr., in "Street Scene"
John Mack Brown in "The Last Flight"
Joan Crawford in "This Modern Age"
Pauline Frederick in "This Modern Age"



William Collier, Jr., and Sylvia Sydney are superb in "Street Scene," the drama of the month.

Transatlantic

Fox



IF you didn't get to Europe this year, ho-hum, the next best thing is to see "Transatlantic." All of the excitement of an ocean voyage and none of the—er—inconveniences. Besides, you can't cross on a liner like this one again. There's only one, and it's out on the Fox lot in Hollywood, and you can't get any service on it now. Eddie Lowe is working in another picture by this time, and Greta Nissen isn't around either. And Eddie and Greta were two of the best reasons for booking passage. The most lavish of liners is the luxurious setting for this melodrama concerning a charming crook, a pretty lady, a nice girl and her father, a neglected wife and a philandering husband—all the best people. Never a dull moment from bar to boudoir, from smoke-room to swimming pool. William K. Howard has done a most imaginative job, not only with camera angles but with characterization. You'll like Lowe, Nissen—and Myrna Loy.



"Transatlantic" is a fascinating melodrama. You'll like Edmund Lowe and lovely Greta Nissen.

The Last Flight

First National



DON'T run—this is no war epic. It's more than that. It's the grave-gay and intimate account of the after effects of the war on four aviators whose lives were practically wrecked with their planes. Richard Barthelmess, smart boy, has surrounded himself with a cast of some of the handsomest and ablest actors in pictures. Yes, I said "smart"—Dick thrives on competition; besides, he prefers a balanced box-office hit to a series of cold close-ups. John Mack Brown, David Manners, Elliot Nugent, and Walter Byron are the "I-don't-give-a-care" boys, to whom life is just one long Martini. They meet Helen Chandler and adopt her, and you'll enjoy their adventures. Not all fun—there's a smash climax. John Brown has the best time in a boisterous rôle. You won't forget funny, wistful little Helen Chandler in a hurry. The story is by John Monk Saunders, Fay Wray's husband.



Barthelmess and company, with Helen Chandler, make "The Last Flight" a film to see.

They called it Vamping!

Where are the vamps of yesteryear? Well, here's Betty Blythe, charmer of a vanished generation, in full war regalia. It was Hot Stuff—in pre-war days.

ONCE in the dear dead days beyond recall, it was apparently enough for a determined siren to recline on a tiger rug amid incense burners. Her victim succumbed with scarcely a struggle.

Vamps with their surrounding scenery would garner little but loud laughter off the screen as well as on today—but don't be misled into thinking that women don't get their men in 1931.

They're just a bit more subtle.

"We tell our right names now," confided Carmel Myers, who once lolled about with a rose in her teeth.

"The modern woman assumes an air of frankness that completely disarms a man; he is taken offguard and—sunk."

It's clever indifference that's fatal, according to Lilyan Tashman. Gay indifference, added to smart clothes, smart conversation and good sportsmanship is the formula for trapping the modern man.

"I believe that trying too hard to please is the most important mistake made by girls who would win love," declared Wynne Gibson.

"Conceal your efforts to capture your man. Mix your campaign with plenty of laughter, because men like gaiety."

To all of which Ruth Chatterton objects. She gets her screen lovers with sincerity. She shows admiration for

the man, because men react to approval and admiration more readily than they do to beauty and aloofness. And she thinks this method should work just as well off the screen.

Greta Garbo's appeal is mystery. No man can be sure of her. She makes each one feel that he is but one more moment in a life already full of moments. She is colorful, wistful, sophisticated yet strangely naïve at times.

Still, if *we* go in for her methods, how far will we get?

Joan Crawford believes that it is the spirit of youth and adventure that sweeps her screen lovers off their well-shod feet. She is the modern girl, afraid of nothing, frank to admit her desires to the man of her heart.

The charm of the sophisticate is Norma Shearer's best weapon. She makes her man feel that she is bestowing a great favor upon him; she touches his vanity. She has a little way of making all men want to protect her from every male except himself.

"I've always played understanding women rôles, and while I've never married I sometimes think that is my type," confessed Lois Wilson.

"I am essentially the mother type, and



Consider the 1931-32 model—Sidney Fox, frank but frisky. Instead of beguiling, she aggravates 'em—and before they know it they're sunk!

Where are the vamps of yesteryear? Meet the new variety, 1931-32 models

By
Ruth Tildesley

men tell me their troubles in pictures and out of pictures. Understanding and forgiving men seems to work very well—on the screen!"

Little Sidney Fox has so far gotten on by aggravating men on the screen. She usually shocks men into wanting to take care of her, or wanting to shake her. Either way seems to work, she observed, although maybe it's just that she is terribly, terribly feminine and—men like that!

Genevieve Tobin refuses to tell how she manages off the screen, but on it she resorts to sweet sympathy. The poor male is being abused—usually by a wife—and Genevieve becomes his staunch ally, smooths his path, feeds him, plays with him and—*gets him!*



Candid Joan Crawford sweeps them off their feet by her very directness. On the screen—of course!



That baby grand stare! Theda Bara, most famous of the old-time "heavy vamps." Exuding languor, she drooped to conquer.

"The exaggerated wiggling and exotic props used by old time vamps are out because our sense of humor couldn't stand them," explained Lily Damita. "The hey-hey stuff is also out because we've grown more sophisticated, and the gentlemen have overcome any wild desire they may have had to smother a tornado."

"Our modern ideas seem to have resulted in bridging the gap that once existed between heroines and vamps. Now I play sympathetic rôles in spite of doing things in them that would have put me beyond the pale in early days."

"Be different!" is the motto emblazoned on Fifi Dorsey's shield.

Fifi wears her hair in individual style; never fails to add some slight but unusual touch to any costume, whether on the screen or off.

"Then there's another trick," pronounced Fifi, gayly. "I 'copper' the mood of the other women when I'm at a party. If most of them are hey-hey-ing it, I become silent and mysterious. *How* I can become mysterious! If the other women are quiet and stand-offish, I warm up and pep—oh, very hot!"

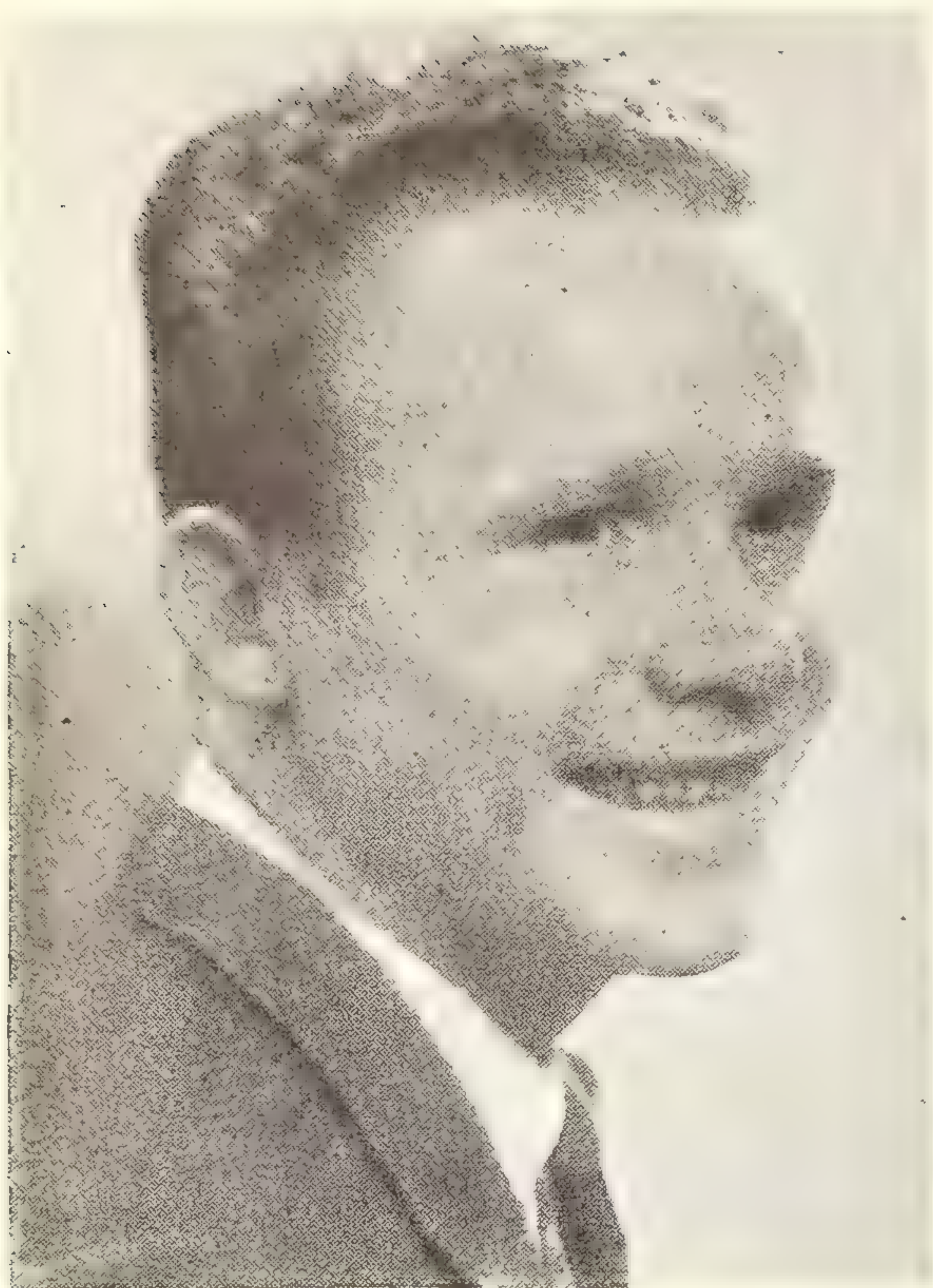
"There I have attracted the interest. But now to hold it:

"Show your great interest in the man. If he wants to talk about himself, let him, and don't interrupt with stories of what you did and how you acted when something like that happened to you. If he has troubles—or thinks he has them—sympathize. Make him believe that when he is near, no one else exists for you. Don't be peeking about the room to see if people are looking at you or if so-and-so has come yet.

"Oh, yes, it's all the same on the screen! I am me there, too!"

George Arliss chose June Collyer from all the regulation sirens in Hollywood to play the part of Mrs. Reynolds, the Colonial Circe in "Alexander Hamilton."

The truly dangerous women, Mr. Arliss let it be known, is not the old-fashioned siren who pawed her man down. It is the woman of innate charm, poise, discernment, refinement. She can (*Continued on page 101*)



Dorothy Dix, blonde and little, was chosen by C. C. Burr, the producer who also picked Norma Shearer, Dorothy Mackaill, and Billie Dove. Dot is not related to the heart-throb expert of the same name, though she has been known to cause cardiac congestion!

Ray Cooke, red hair, freckles, and all, rode triumphantly into the talkies—on an ice cream wagon! Now he is the new "Torchy" in a series of comedy shorts. Remember Johnny Hines in the silent series? When you get to know Ray you'll be calling him "Cookie."



RAY *for* DOROTHY~ and VICE VERSA!

JUST because Nature endowed him with a fiery topknot that makes him stand out like a lighthouse in a fog, Ray Cooke decided that he ought to run true to form and seek the adventurous life. So, by the time he was twenty-one, he had managed to get mixed up in a flood in his native town of San Antonio, sail to South America and the Orient as a cabin boy, help cap one of the biggest oil gushers on the Pacific Coast, and land in Hollywood to cast a wistful eye on the studios.

Then Ray (a "Victor" comes in front of it, but it doesn't seem to fit) sat down to think, and he hit upon a little scheme. The next time an ice-cream wagon hove to outside the RKO studio, he hopped on the running board and made a noise like a delivery man. The gate-man, never questioning, let him ride triumphantly through; and once inside the studio, Ray did a painfully realistic comedy act when a sudden start of the truck sent him sprawling. So he was hired as a bit player.

Thereafter Cooke played small parts in several pictures, including "True to the Navy" and "Love in the Rough." Then, during a protracted lull that made him seriously consider hitting the trail again, along came C. C. Burr, producer of the "Torchy" comedies dealing with the adventures of a red-headed office boy, in search of a hero for a new series. After one good look at "Cookie," he bore him, neither kicking nor screaming, to his office to sign a contract.

A pretty stiff penalty for having red hair and freckles. And does Ray Cooke like ice cream!

Introducing two nice new kids who will play opposite each other in the talkie "Torchy" comedies

LITTLE Dorothy Dix, unlike her eminent namesake of the newspaper columns, is not an authority on heart throbs, though more than one stricken youth has been known to take his problems hopefully to her. In fact, this particular Dorothy thought it would be nice to become a lawyer and have a career and everything; and she was all primed for a course of legal studies after having been graduated from Hollywood High School.

Imagine, then, what voltage her charm must possess when even in Hollywood, where lovely women are about as rare as coals in Newcastle, she was brought to the attention of the directors through Henry Clive, famous portrait painter, who insisted on including her in his gallery of Hollywood beauties.

After that, Dorothy and the movies simply couldn't resist each other. She was given a bit by Hal Roach in one of his comedies, and after doing well in that, played leads in several Roach and Christie pictures. A successful stage interlude led to more picture rôles.

Then Producer C. C. Burr conducted his nation-wide contest for a leading lady for the "Torchy" comedies. Dorothy Dix entered, and Dorothy Dix won.

Newcomers playing feminine leads under Mr. Burr have fared so happily in the past that Miss Dix's engagement for the "Torchy" pictures would seem almost to amount to a guarantee of future success. Some other girls who made their first appearances in these comedies, and whom you may have heard of since, are Billie Dove, Dorothy Mackaill, Jacqueline Logan, Norma Shearer.

A Hula Party in Hollywood

And other gay doings of
the smart screen set. You're
invited—come along!

DOROTHY MACKAILL is getting the Hawaiian disorder, too," remarked Patsy. "What do you mean—'Hawaiian disorder'—and why 'too'?" I inquired.

"Well, everybody who goes over there seems to want to rush right back to the place when he or she, especially she, gets home to Hollywood."

We were on our way over to the home of Leonard Sillman, actor and dancer, who was giving a party in honor of Dorothy, who had returned from her beloved Honolulu.

"I wonder," mused Patsy, "if it could be a beau over there that is luring Dorothy. But I don't think so. She has all the beaus she can wish right here, and she is denying she was engaged to anybody over there. I suppose it must be the native music or the moonlight on the water at Waikiki or something that makes one feel romantic. Dorothy is very practical and very much devoted to her mother, and I think she's only playing at being in love, these days."

By the time Patsy had answered her own questions, we were at Leonard's door, and were saying hello to Dorothy and our host.

"There just isn't," said Dorothy, "any place like Honolulu!"

"Don't let our Chamber of Commerce hear you say that," Sylvia Sidney said, "the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce is very jealous!"

Sylvia is becoming a good little Hollywoodite.

The party was an afternoon affair, and all the girls were looking sweet in summer sports suits and afternoon frocks.

Then Leonard got us quite excited—he said that Dorothy had learned to dance the hula and would do it for us this afternoon. And she would sing a native song or two, also, only, of course, with the native words—you simply mustn't translate those words—they are so naïvely naughty.

Presently she did dance the hula, with Leonard dancing, too, and then Leonard dug out a ukulele and Dorothy sang in a very pleasant voice.

Dorothy Mackaill learned to dance the hula in Honolulu—and she obliged with her own version at a Hawaiian party given in her honor. What's more, she sang Hawaiian songs.

By
Grace
Kingsley



And from the way Dorothy sang, you didn't have to understand the words to get the idea.

But that was later. In the meantime we greeted many guests.

Ramon Novarro was among those present, and there were Laura La Plante, John Murray Anderson, Edgar Allan Woolf, Mrs. P. G. Wodehouse, Carmel Myers, Helen Johnson—whose name was just being changed to

Judith Wood, goodness knows why—Leni Stengel, Kent Douglass, Gavin Gordon, John Farrow, John Negulesco, the noted portrait painter, who has recently painted Greta Garbo to everybody's delight; Boris Ingster, Leni Stengel's husband; Grace LaRue and Hale Hamilton, the Sisters G., June Sillman, Viola Brothers Shore, the writer; Count Ledebous, who looks so much like Gary Cooper that he is always being kidded about it, and (Cont'd on page 122)



Donald Dillaway worked in his first picture with Dorothy Jordan.



And pretty Dorothy is still very much Donald's favorite person.



The leading screen actresses all have this priceless quality of—absorption in something. It is the most youthifying thing in the world. Kay Francis has it!

“FACING” the FUTURE

By

Margery Wilson

“TELL us a story!”

Ever since the world began children have begged for stories. But aren't we all children?

How we love a good story! And no story is so fascinating as your own. What would you give to look ahead and see how it is going to turn out?

The mind is fairly tortured with curiosity about the future. This human passion for piercing the yet-to-be is making sooth-sayers, astrologers, and tea-cup readers rich. Yet, why gaze at the stars or tea-cups when your own mirror will tell you so much?

Write me your habits of eating, sleeping and thinking—your routine of personal care and daintiness—(or lack of it)—and I can foretell the future for you very quickly. I am so anxious to help you make it a glorious triumph!

This article isn't addressed alone to the very young, whose life is still before them to build as splendidly as they choose. Neither is it aimed solely at those older ones who have resigned themselves to partial or complete ugliness. I am speaking to every woman of every age—for if you have life, you also have a future!

Let's begin with a very encouraging fact—that everything is constantly in the process of change. Nothing stays put. Nature is in constant movement. Old cells are being thrown off by the body and new cells are replacing them continually. The form they take is a living record of the real *you*. It is up to you to decide what they will do to and for you.

This urge of growth and discard—the stream of life—flows in and through you unceasingly, taking the material you furnish and building it into you minute by minute,

hour by hour, day by day, in a continuous process. Now face your future honestly with this in mind.

What are you doing about it? Are you feeding your body and your mind refreshing food and ideas that will make your flesh radiant with perfection and give your face the expressions of real beauty that will defy the years? Are you helping nature to discard and throw off the dead cells so they cannot clog and pollute the new structure of your body? Are you letting go and clearing out the old, dead mental matter—prejudice, malice, envy—so that they cannot poison the beauty of your face by drawing their evil lines upon it?

The most scientific facial can hardly lend beauty to a countenance that insists upon holding resentment.

The next time you exercise your body to make it graceful and lithe, try limbering up your mind and soul a bit. Bend them 'way over as you do your body when you are trying to touch your toes with your fingers. Stretch your understanding out to include someone you haven't liked. Maybe that person has an interesting point of view you've been missing. It is quite possible to choose your own way without condemning others. Condemnation makes your mouth hard and stern.

A prominent doctor has said that spinach and forgiveness (!) are about the best beauty aids! To keep life and living a fluid moving thing keeps you fresh and young.

Now let's get right down to cases. The women who are making the grade today have tremendous physical magnetism, the well-press-agented S. A. But they also have something more than that. They have glamour—which is really a thing of the mind.

One misguided writer says that glamour has replaced the old-fashioned charm—but charm is one of those things you can't pin down in a conclusive sentence. Even while you are talking about it it slides from under and perches on something just ahead. What the lady really meant, I'm sure, is that nowadays we are being charmed by glamour instead of coy smiles, curls and curtsies.

To be sure, charm has moods or she wouldn't be charm!

A Brand New Idea in Beauty Departments! Practical? Yes—and Entertaining! Follow Margery Wilson's Beauty Advice—she's a Beauty herself—she Knows!

Outwardly the glamorous woman is a healthy creature with the poise of a creature secure in its own well-being. Too, she has learned the trick of simplicity and accent in clothes. She depends upon line and movement rather than "trimmings." Her clothes are merely an attractive frame for her superb picture of herself—and by that strange alchemy of the mind, her confidence in herself convinces you!

But how can the average woman attain that confidence? It isn't simple. Well, then, let's see how:

By faultless grooming.

By keeping your body at a weight and vitality that make your presence felt like a charge of electricity.

By feeding that electrical power into a plan that is all-absorbing to you—something that gives direction and unity to your personality.

Get an objective! The vagabond mind is all very nice in poetry but the glamorous ladies all know where they are going. It gives that almost hypnotic impression of a hidden fire glowing through the eyes and draws the beholder to its warmth.

Garbo, with all her motionless coldness, makes you believe that she has great depth and much fire below the surface. Constance Bennett, Marlene Dietrich, Ann Harding, Kay Francis, and Ruth Chatterton all have this quality of—absorption in something! It is at once sophisticated and the most youthifying thing in the world.

To be interested in something outside yourself always draws people to you. Just stop in a busy thoroughfare and look up. Soon a policeman will have to disperse the crowd that is trying to see what you are so interested in. It works!

No matter what beauty helps of make-up she may employ, the wise girl will look ahead and attend to the major matters that will support her beauty indefinitely.

First—health in a lithe, graceful and poised body.

Second—a mental direction, a purpose, a goal (no matter what it is, simple or great, the effect will be the same). But the two things must go together. Health alone lends the same charm possessed by a prize pig. And a forceful mental direction in a weak body is merely an exhausting, irritating thing. Together they are irresistible and enduring.

And to hold the firm but gentle contours of youth in the face and neck, a daily co-operation with old Mother Nature is the only way.

New life is carried only in the blood stream. Bring

the blood to your face by "moulding" the muscles (the modern way of massaging)—or by using a preparation called "stimulation" in the beauty salons where it is used—(it is also a bleach).

By one means or another get the blood surging to your face and throat, apply a good skin food, then take a strip of gauze, place it under your chin, and tie it on top of your head to hold the muscles of the face in proper position. Then the new cells (which are born instantly, you know) will take the ideal form in your face—and the surging blood stream carries off the waste tissues where they cannot wilt and sag the line of your cheek and throat.

Rest, if possible, for twenty minutes with cool pads of cotton dipped in witch-hazel over the eyes. Before removing the gauze rub ice over your face and neck. Now take off your tie-up and apply a mild astringent. You'll be lovely!

Some years ago a man with strange ideas of physical and beauty culture captured the patronage of fashionable New York. He charged five hundred dollars for his "course" and the exclusive ladies paid it gladly. However, the only novelty he offered was to stand them on their heads—literally!

Imagine the shock I had calling on a friend, a tall, statuesque, picturesque matron, who, after a few minutes of gracious conversation, threw a pillow down on the floor, planted her silver head in the middle of it, and unfolded her stately length in mid-air, upside down, as agile as a circus performer!

Her face was scarlet when she rose, for of course the blood had rushed to her head. She told me it had cured her head-aches, cured a slight deafness, brightened her eyes, arrested a sinus trouble, filled out a scraggly neck and cleared her complexion—everything, in fact, but filled her teeth and curled her hair.

Nevertheless the benefits of improved circulation present the only permanent health as a sure foundation for beauty. But whatever you do, be sure you play at beauty—exercising—don't work at it! Don't get set and grim in any of your efforts. It makes you awkward and brittle.

Keep fluid and easy and adjustable. Keep clean inside and out. Learn to play up your best features. Have confidence in yourself! And "face" the future fearlessly!

Next month, Beauty Shopping—all about the new perfumes and gadgets suitable for gifts.



Margery Wilson

Real Beauty!

It's news when a beauty department editor is herself a beauty! We're proud of Margery Wilson, our charm expert, because she knows what she is writing about. Miss Wilson is one of America's loveliest women. She possesses all the secrets by

which the screen actresses enhance their charm, and she is going to pass those secrets along. You have probably met her before—either as a popular screen star "discovered" by D. W. Griffith, later as the producer of her own motion pictures, or as the author of that fascinating book called "Charm." Read Margery Wilson's department every month—for authentic and entertaining beauty news. And if you wish a personal answer to particular beauty questions, please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope, and address Miss Margery Wilson, Beauty Editor, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

Critical Comment



THE STAR WITNESS

Warner Brothers

If we had seven instead of Six Best Pictures of the Month, this would be the seventh. It's rousing entertainment. Timely theme, dramatic direction, splendid performances—you'd better not miss it. Outstanding portrayals by Chic Sale as a spunky Civil War veteran; Frances Starr, Walter Huston, and an adorable baby, Dickie Moore.



WATERLOO BRIDGE

Universal

A picture you should see—it's vital, moving, honest. And it places Mae Clarke definitely in the front rank of screen actresses. This girl has something—in fact, just about everything. She'll be a star soon. From Robert Sherwood's play, this is not a pleasant family story, but it has power and appeal. Kent Douglass is fine.



DAUGHTER OF THE DRAGON

Paramount

Welcome, Anna May Wong. As the daughter of that old rogue, *Dr. Fu Manchu*, the lovely little Oriental is handed a heavy assignment. Torn 'twixt love for the juvenile and duty to the family vengeance, with Scotland Yard and Sessue Hayakawa closing in, she has a tough time—and so did this portion of her audience.



THE MIRACLE WOMAN

Columbia

Barbara Stanwyck at her best, and what more do you want? The thrilling young star has a real rôle here, a girl evangelist exploited by a promoter. Sidelights on soul-saving, with some very genuine emotion when David Manners as a blind war veteran enters, and does a little salvation work himself. Good direction—splendid acting.



SPORTING BLOOD

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"Sporting Blood" is a safe bet; in fact, it's a winner! A swell, sentimental yarn about *Tommy Boy*, a race horse. And how you'll love it! The romance between Madge Evans and Clark Gable gets second place but you won't mind because you'll be so interested in *Tommy Boy's* welfare. Ernest Torrence, as a horse breeder, is splendid.



THE GREAT LOVER

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Not a sensation, but delightful entertainment with Adolphe Menjou in the made-to-order rôle of the great singer and gallant who finally falls honestly in love—see what happens. Irene Dunne is the lady, and you hear her charming singing voice for the first time from the screen. Baclanova is picturesque. You'll like it.

on Current Films



POLITICS

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Or, Marie Dressler for Mayor. Don't miss this show. It's a combination of slapstick, hokum, and pathos. And Marie—mostly Marie. Which is all right with us. She and Polly Moran undertake to clean up their town, and, with a strain of "Lysistrata" and a dash of drama, they succeed. Roscoe Ates is very funny. And Marie? Great!



THE BRAT

Fox

Sally O'Neil makes a successful come-back as a Cinderella cut-up in this picturization of a somewhat mellow stage play. Sally is ingratiating, if obvious, as the little waif who shows up the aristocrats, bah! Nothing new, but the O'Neil, John Ford's direction, Allan Dinehart's acting, and a good cast make it agreeable entertainment.



TRAVELLING HUSBANDS

Radio

One about travelling salesmen. Snappy fare for the more or less sophisticated, but leave the children at home—if they'll stay. Evelyn Brent is excellent as an embattled "party girl" whose repartee and reputation are equally colorful. That nice, pretty Constance Cummings plays a home girl in hot company. Good of its kind.



SILENCE

Paramount

A good, substantial melodrama that won't let you down. With Clive Brook's best work in several years. You'll applaud his superb performance of an old-time crook who redeems himself by his selfless love for his daughter, prettily played by Peggy Shannon. Often exciting, and splendid work by Marjorie Rambeau and John Wray.



PARDON US

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

We wish we could rave about this one, the first full-length comedy of those funny fellows, Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy. But—through no fault of the boys—it's not up to expectations. A good two-reel idea—burlesquing the prison pictures—is padded interminably. Stan and Laurel manage some hilarious moments, just the same.



THE PUBLIC DEFENDER

Radio

Not another "Cimarron?" Stop it! Dix can't do an epic every time. This is a good melodrama with Rich as one of those modern Robin Hoods, dubbed "The Reckoner," who does a deal of high class detective-burglary work all for the love of justice—and a lady. She's a newcomer, pretty Shirley Grey. It moves fast if not always plausibly.



STOP WONDERING *what's become of* SALLY!



"Erin Go Brat!" says Sally, who portrays a thorough young nuisance in the picture that gave her her first real "break" in a long while.

YOU couldn't fool little "Chotsy" Noonan. She was sixteen, no less, and she'd read all about getting "movie-struck," and how hopeless it all was, and everything. Not for her!

So her brother George had to contract the disease for her, and she did get movie-struck after all—by proxy, as it were. At any rate, Sally succumbed.

"Virginia," said George severely one day, after surveying her pert Irish beauty, "you're coming out to Hollywood with me to be put into the movies! Oh, yes, you are! You've got it all over lots of girls I've seen on the screen, and if they can do it, so can you!"

"That sounded funny," says Sally O'Neil (*née* Virginia Louise Noonan), recalling it, "and for a while it became a standing joke in the family. But George persisted with the idea, talked about it all the time, and talked about nothing else. Perhaps he rather fancied himself as a rising impresario; anyway, his only ambition in life became the idea of bundling little sister off to the Coast and establishing her in one of the better companies as a star."

Finally George won. After all, there were no urgent

She's doing nicely, thank you, after winning a knock-down battle against Kid Destiny

By Arthur McArthur

ties to keep the family in the New Jersey town where they lived. Judge Noonan, Sally's father, had died when she was a child. The older members of the brood had jobs which kept the family going—but they were just jobs. No doubt there were jobs just as good to be had on the Coast, too, and it must be nice to

live in that marvelous California climate, with all the movie stars nearby. And besides, maybe Virginia—maybe—

So Mother Noonan and her eight sons and two daughters pulled up their stakes in the East, invested most of their slender resources in railroad tickets, and advanced on Hollywood with banners flying. Once established there, George took a firm grasp on the arm of his sister (who had been metamorphosed into "Sally O'Neil") and set out to give some lucky producer a great big break!

"But after two or three dozen of them had been interviewed," says Sally, "I was still 'at liberty,' with the film companies showing themselves strangely apathetic to George's generous offers of my services. I had long since tired of it all, and wished I were back home where girls could be just girls; and (Continued on page 100)

The
BEAUTIES
of
Hollywood

Autrey

Wonders of the world? Tut! We're giving you the beauties of Hollywood—the outstanding lures of loveliness in the land of the living screen. If you don't agree with our selections, let us know. We'll listen to yours!

ANN HARDING —
her shimmering, golden hair



Hurrell

Norma Shearer's Classic Profile



Greta Garbo's Gorgeous Eyes

Bull

Jean Harlow

What
a
Figure!



Autrey



Constance Bennett's Perfect Poise



Ufa

Marlene Dietrich's - er - oh, well -

LEGS!



Anita
Page's
Spring-like
Smile





Fryer

Evalyn Knapp's Teeth —
the prettiest and pearliest in pictures

Garbo's Back!

What? Well, there may be more stunning shoulders in Hollywood. But when we looked at this, the first portrait of Greta's back ever made, we had to put it in. What do you think?

Bull





Anna
May
Wong's
ARMS—
of
Oriental
Grace
and
Lissomeness

Richee



Hurrell

Eleanor Boardman's Patrician Nose



Fryer

Billie Dove's Throat—It's Thrilling!



Hurrell

That sweetly kissable mouth of Dorothy Jordan's



June
Collyer's
Delicious —
Delightful —
Devastating
DIMPLES!

Marian Marsh's YOUTH

The youngest, the freshest, the gayest girl
star in Hollywood! Her youth is all con-
quering. New York was just a background
for this bright baby

Fryer





And —

Photographed by Harry Osborne, Universal

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Rex Bell and Lucile Browne in the new serial, "Battling with Buffalo Bill"

Tallulah —So Far!

Here's Bankhead's own estimate of herself—read her intimate comments on her career, on morals, life, love. The third and final installment of her life story

By Ida Zeitlin

PARADOXICALLY enough, there is something a little monotonous in the very brilliance of Tallulah's London career. It's the story of one triumph after another, which finally landed her on a desolate peak where there were no more worlds to conquer.

Oh, she had her setbacks—and she talks of them as readily as of her more flattering experiences.

The most tragic was her failure to get the part of Sadie Thompson in "Rain," on which she had not only set her heart but which had been promised her by Sir Basil Dean, the producer. After the promise had been given her and after she had made a flying trip to America to consult with Jeanne Eagels—"who was heavenly kind to me"—about costumes and other details, Somerset Maugham, the author from whose story the play was made, declared flat-footed that he wouldn't have Tallulah do the part.

"He never offered any reasons," says Tallulah, "or if he did, they weren't confided to me. I lived through agonies of humiliation and, as usual, I knew that I'd never re-

The Bankhead squelch—a look compounded of one-third contempt, one-third amusement and one-third boredom—is turned on Fredric March in this scene from "My Sin," her next picture.



Tallulah today—back home and triumphant in talking pictures after her unchallenged reign in London.



The late Jeanne Eagels in her prime. "She was heavenly kind to me," says Tallulah, who almost played "Rain" in London.

cover from the blow. What hastened my recovery was the fact that the play ran only two months in London!"

But occasional setbacks had no real effect on her meteoric rise. What one author or one producer thought about Tallulah meant less than nothing. She could afford to snap her fingers at them all, and did, because London, the London which bought tickets, the London which could make a play or break it, clamored for Tallulah. They couldn't get enough of her.

"No dullness of a play can impair her vogue," wrote Arnold Bennett. "I have seen this astonishing, exhaustless creature electrify the most idiotic plays by her individual force. I have seen scores of lusty girls hanging over the rail and tossing their triumphant manes and gesticulating and screeching. I have seen the stone

stairs backstage blocked with the initiated and the inquisitive. I have fought my way to the stage door, and lo! there they stood in their multitudes waiting with everlasting patience to witness her departure."

This is no description of a gala night at the theatre. This is simply what came to be the normal accompaniment of any performance to (Con't. on p. 102)



The Villains

By S. R. Mook



"There's danger in your eyes," says Ruth Chatterton to the villainous Paul Lukas. But Paul has reformed now—he'll hero in "Strictly Dishonorable."

WHEN you were a little tad, my pet, and you were naughty, what happened? Dear mamma gave you a gentle shake and threatened to lock you up in Bluebeard's closet or put you in the path of Jack, the Giant-Killer. But you darned soon found out that there wasn't any Bluebeard and Jack was nothing but a big bag of wind.

Now-a-days, your older sister who used to laugh at your fright has bad babies of her own. But do you suppose she wastes her time trying to scare them with some silly myths? Not much! She takes 'em to a movie, shows them Warner Oland, Fred Kohler, or Noah Beery and says, "Now, you little hellion, if you aren't good I'm going to call one of these birds to get you" and the little hellion knows there's no bluff about it because she's *seen* them.

Before taking her mother's threats seriously, my little niece asked me to go see "dose birds" and find out if they were really as bad as they seemed. We both had an idea that if I sneaked up on him unawares I'd catch Fred Kohler slipping a lump of sugar to his horse instead of digging spurs in his sides just to see the blood run or Warner Oland would be found telling one of his victims that it was all in fun and he was only fooling or that if I listened outside the nursery door I might hear Noah Beery crooning lullabies to the baby.

I went—and here's our confidential guide to the current villains. Villains bought from speculators will positively not be honored at the box-office or nursery.

Paul Lukas used to be one of the most satisfactory

villains in pictures. You recall him as the casual gent who, in "Halfway to Heaven," without benefit of Murads, nonchalantly dropped one aerial gymnast from a high trapeze to his death for no other reason than that the unfortunate happened to love the same girl. He tried to duplicate the dastardly deed on Buddy Rogers when they exchanged somersaults but, of course, Buddy was saved.

He was the suave interloper who lured Baclanova away from George Bancroft in "The Wolf of Wall Street." He has been many kinds of villain.

Asked *why* he played villains, Mr. Lukas said, quite simply, "I am an actor. I played villains because they cast me as villains. If they cast me as a grandmother I should play a grandmother to the best of my ability. There is a satisfaction in playing heavies because they, at least, give you an opportunity to do a little characterizing. My reward, if you can call it that, comes from fan letters which read, 'you dirty so-and-so; you home-wrecker; you—you—' so I infer that I am being a satisfactory villain at any rate and there is solace in the thought of a job well done—even though it happens to be a disagreeable job."

But now Paul has been signed by Universal to play the hero in "Strictly Dishonorable." He's reformed—he'll marry the girl now!

Warner Oland is probably one of the foremost villains of the screen. Thinking up new methods of torturing his victims and being johnny-on-the-spot to carry out his nefarious plans is such a strain, apparently, that nothing else registers on his consciousness, for he showed up two hours late for an appointment to tell me about it. But we'll let that pass.

"I play all kinds of villains," he explained, "and the treatment of each is vastly different. I think I prefer



Just gaze upon that paternal expression! Noah Beery may be a bold, bad villain on the screen but he's just a pal to his son, Noah, Jr.

are Coming!

But don't bite your nails—they're only putting on an act for your benefit

Oriental to all other kinds. Not because they are any more malign than any other villain but because their civilization is older. I believe it is the oldest on earth and when one takes the trouble to delve into their philosophy of life it is simply amazing. The things that motivate their actions, if you bother to analyze them, can intrigue your interest far more than any fiction.

"On the other hand, a villain of our own western plains, for instance, can be just as dastardly but his philosophy is reduced to elementals. He steals cattle because he wants money. He kills a man because the man happens to love a girl he lusts for. You never have to delve deep for his motives but the Oriental—ah! Countless reasons and most of them hidden so deep you are apt to go to your death—if he happens to be after you—without ever having discovered what it is about you that annoys him. Maybe your great-grandfather offended him."

His voice dropped to a sibilant hiss and his eyes took on a baleful gleam. I groped behind me for the door-knob. "Well, I—ah—well, thanks very much for the—er—I mean—." It was with quite a feeling of relief that I managed to get the door closed between that sinister presence and myself. Mr. Oland takes his work too seriously for comfort.

Stanley Fields is the man who traded laughter for hate. For years he and Frank Fay head-



Next time you see Chester Morris on the screen don't expect him to start menacing because most likely he'll only start necking. "Corsair" is the next Morris opus.

Wallace Beery says the only art connected with his screen villainy is the art of collecting his check on Saturday night. Bang goes another illusion!



Warner Oland likes to play all kinds of villains but he prefers Orientals because they intrigue his interest—our interest, too, Dr. Fu Manchu!



Fred Kohler says he'll play beastly villains until the end of the picture—then he wants to croon to a baby or slip a lump of sugar to a horse. Honest!

lined in vaudeville as a couple of comedians. Came the war. Fields went A.E.F. and Fay went somewhere else. When it was over Fields went into the produce business with his deah fathah. Last summer he came to Hollywood to visit Mr. Fay and, incidentally, to look over Los Angeles as a site for future brokerage in produce. While visiting Mr. Fay at the studio the director of Al Jolson's "Mammy" saw him, crooked a finger in his direction and, in a *most* accusing voice, said "You are the man." Stan didn't know what man but he followed the kind gentleman and presently found himself playing the part of *Pig Eyes*.

When that was done Paramount cast him as the menace, *Dorgan*, in "Street of Chance." And he was such a terrific menace they cast him for a similar part in Bancroft's "Ladies Love Brutes" and then signed him on a five year contract, so you'll be seeing more of him.

Says Mr. Fields: "I play villains because I'm not laboring under any delusions about my physiognomy. I know I look like heck and I get a kick out of acting like it—on the screen." His wife says, "they can make a villain out of him all they want to at the studio, I see to it that he's a lamb around the house."

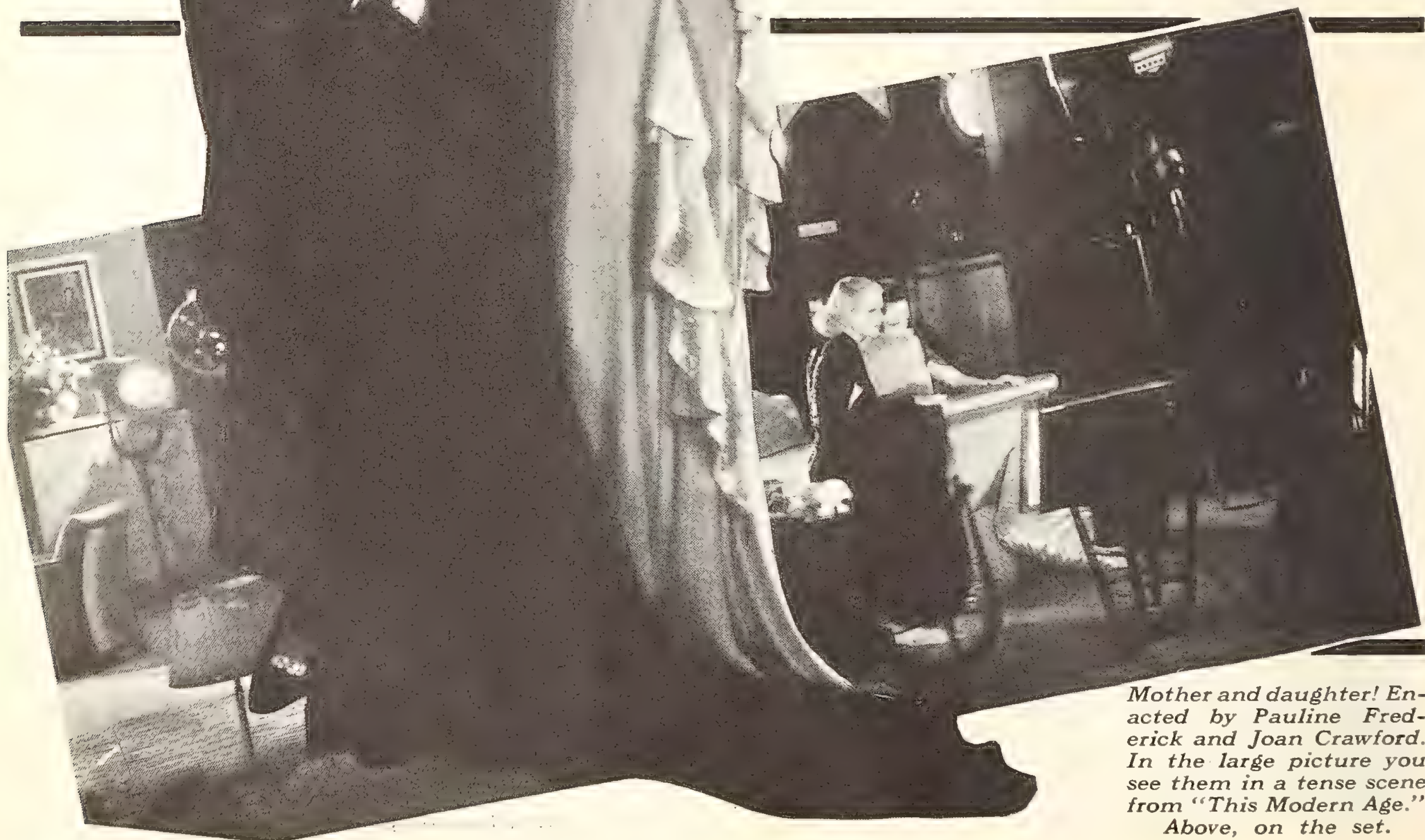
Chester Morris is one of the best villains of the screen. He was a perfectly swell menace because no one would ever suspect him of ulterior motives. But, gee! He ulteriorated all over the place. And just when everybody was getting used to a different kind of villain and rejoicing in him, look what happened. He became a father and flatly refused to risk his daughter's reputation by continuing in a life of crime—even on the screen. He won't admit that that's it—but it is.

Chet explains that he's in (Continued on page 120)

They're Both Troupers!

They used to call Joan Crawford "another Frederick." Now Joan and Polly share honors in "This Modern Age"

WHEN Joan Crawford first flashed into film prominence, the critics hailed her as "another Pauline Frederick." Joan rebelled. We remember she even sent us a wire, saying: "Thank heaven you don't think I'm like Pauline Frederick or a couple of other actresses! I want to stand on my own feet." She admired Miss Frederick immensely, but she wanted to be Joan the first, not Polly the second—and who could blame her? So it's particularly interesting to us to watch "This Modern Age," in which Pauline Frederick, that superb, seasoned actress, plays Joan Crawford's mother. And Joan gives a brilliant performance herself. And did these two sensitive, highly-strung artists stage temperamental rows? Not a bit of it! Joan deferred to her idol and Miss Frederick returned the compliment. She thinks Joan is swell! All rather nice, isn't it?



Mother and daughter! Enacted by Pauline Frederick and Joan Crawford. In the large picture you see them in a tense scene from "This Modern Age." Above, on the set.

The Stage in Review

Mr. Broun, weighty factor in the theatre, has a "fat part" in "Shoot the Works"

By Benjamin De Casseres

"Shoot the Works"

THE greatest event on Broadway since the closing of Shanley's restaurant was the appearance of the sylph-like Heywood Broun as Mr. Works and Mr. Shoot in a revue called "Shoot the Works," a night's yowl composed by Nunnally Johnson, Irving Berlin, Dorothy Parker, Peter Arno and a raft of other cooks.

Thousands of suburbanites and lady commuters at last got a glimpse of their Favorite Columnist, and Socialists and Liberals (and a few humane Tories) literally fought their way into Cohan's Theatre to get a look at the man who is doin' of his dingest to Mend the Heart of the World.

Broun's big idea in producing this "co-operative" revue was primarily to give employment to over a hundred actors, actresses, chorus lads and lassies, stage hands, electricians and other functionaries, on a "salary-if-any" basis—Broun furnishing the capital. Be it said for the embattled columnist's showmanship that there has been a lot of salary for all concerned.

Heywood the Great pitched, tossed, giggled, talked, sniggered and chortled as Mr. Works and Mr. Shoot. He played seventeen parts and never mispronounced a word.

Julius Tannen helped out the night I was there—and, of course, Julius is top-notch as a pinch-hitter. Three-quarters of the Marx Brothers also packed the house for a couple of nights, and other important stage folk are contributing their talents as "guest entertainers" from time to time.

Don't miss this "show"—this holy show of Heywood Broun.

Two Gilbert and Sullivan Revivals

The Civic Light Opera Company (which is going to

Heywood Broun, New York's genial author-columnist-politician, adds to his laurels and his hyphens by becoming actor-producer.



be with us for good at a \$2 top) brought out of the old trunk "Trial by Jury" and "Ruddigore," two of Gilbert & Sullivan's medium-best, but just the same far ahead of anything you can hear on Broadway at this writing.

These two boys could do better in their sleep than most of our music-meshugah "composers" can when they are awake at an Equity ball.

"Trial by Jury," a one-acter, is a merry crack at juries, judges and the rest of the court paraphernalia of what we call Justus. It is clowning of a high order with some ringing, tingling music, with Frank Moulan and William Danforth doing the high jinks.

"Ruddigore" was well done by the Civic. As you probably don't know, it concerns the horrible history of the *Murgatroyds*. There is much fun in it, but the lyrics, with one or two exceptions, are not as frisky and as fresh as the other Gilbert & Sullivan operas.

The Messrs. Moulan, Danforth and Watrous were at their shiniest, but the big hand of the evening went to Ann Carey as *Mad Margaret*, who gave a rousing burlesque of *Ophelia*. Little Ethel Clark was cunning and whimsical as *Rose Maybud*—"sweet *Rose Maybud*!"

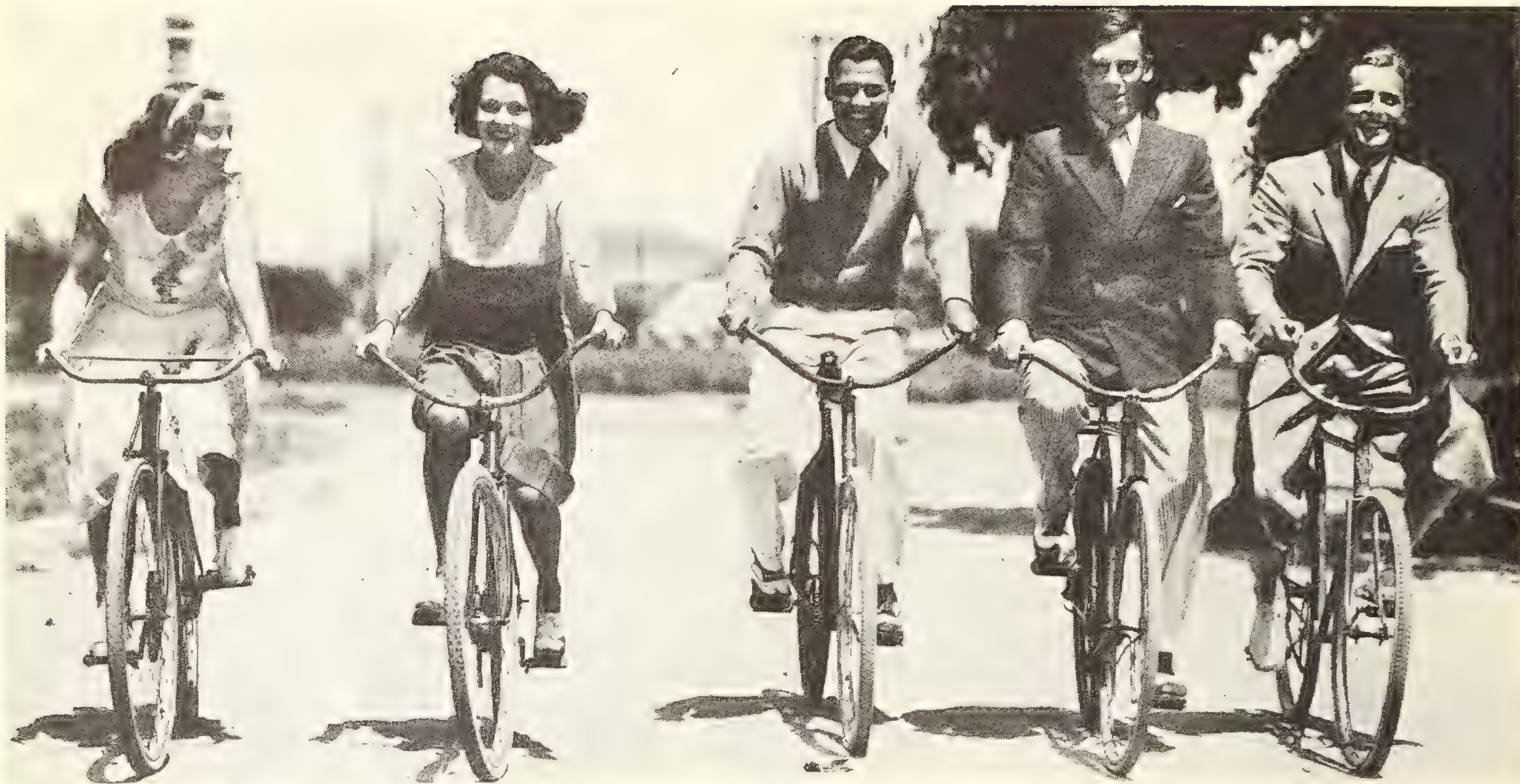
Why haven't the Gilbert & Sullivan operas been filmed? Thar's gold there, pard!

Mickey Again!

I find myself suddenly seconded from all over the (Continued on page 114)



Billy O'Neal, who carries off the singing honors in "Shoot the Works," and four of his little help-meets.



Keeping the wheels turning! A hastily organized Hollywood Cycle and Pulchritude Club takes to the road at Toluca Lake, near Hollywood. The pedal pushers are Jobyna Ralston, Frances Dee, Richard Arlen, Walter Huston and Phillips Holmes.

SCREEN NEWS

What's doing out Hollywood way—and where, and why!

BILLIE DOVE attended the studio preview of "The Age for Love," which proved disturbing, for she hadn't known that newspaper critics never applaud—so that her first picture in two years was seemingly received with indifference. But critics are like that and it doesn't mean a thing, Billie.

"When are you going to marry Howard Hughes?" we asked her.

"Someone give me a cigarette," said Billie.

"Are you ever going to marry Howard Hughes?" we persisted.

"Give me a break. I've only been a free woman for a month," dimpled Billie.

"We are burning to know," we assured her.

"He's a marvellous air pilot and plays a first class game of golf," replied Billie. "But what I am burning to know is whether this picture, which I enjoyed making more than any I have ever done, is a success."

So we left off teasing the poor girl and assured her that three kinds of people are going to be stirred to

their marrows by "The Age for Love"—the working girl who has given up her job to marry into the suburbs à la Betty Ross Clark as *Dot*; the working girl who is contemplating matrimony; and the man who is contemplat-

ing or has already married a girl who insists upon retaining her job. It's a feminine picture out and out. The average male won't like it a bit. And every woman in the audience will wish to slaughter *Dot's* suburban husband when he wakes up that baby. Likewise Charles Starrett as the bank clerk who spoils two women's lives and calls all writers and artists "unhealthy nuts," surely makes an uninspiring début in pictures.

Billie herself is prettier off the screen than on. Her hair has turned a sort of platinum gray and she wears it in a long bushy bob. It photographs beautifully on the screen, but has an odd effect on the exquisite Billie, whose golden brown hair was her crowning beauty. Still it does give her a distinguished touch. Billie says she is very happy—happier than she has ever been in her life before.



Uncle George spank! But Mr. Arliss probably will laugh at this imitation by Mitzi Green.

Lupe Velez is none of your silent subtle dames. For the past few weeks she has been telling all and sundry why she turned down Gary Cooper. It seems Gary's parents were against the marriage for one thing, and Paramount felt a bachelor Gary was more precious at the box-office. Would Lupe risk hurting Gary's career? She would not.

"Pooh, anyone who gets excited about their career is foolish and conceited," adds Lupe, *apropos* of nothing in particular.

Lupe, by the way, brought home six new grand coats from New York. Nothing like new clothes to heal a broken heart!

It's time Charlie Chaplin came home. These continuous reports of new loves are getting on our nerves. If Charlie must have new loves he owes it to Hollywood to secure them here. Now we learn the latest is a Mizzi Muller, who, we are assured, is his secretary. No, Charlie, we won't stand for that secretary stuff.

Another case that keeps us anxious is the Constance Bennett-Marquis de la Coudray affair. Connie once looked right into our eyes and vowed there was no romance whatever between her and Gloria's ex-marquis. I mean, she crossed her heart and everything. And now look how things



Evelyn Rosetta Duncan Asther, claimed by three or four nations as a citizen, leans on Mama Vivian and looks bored with it all.

Grace Moore with her new husband, Valentine Perrara. Looks like good screen material himself.

are happening. Connie's a grand actress, all right.

Estelle Taylor claims that her tonsils are partly to blame for the Taylor-Dempsey divorce.

Estelle had tonsillitis and had to have her tonsils removed and the doctor suggested that she take vocal exercises or her throat would be stiff.

With the vocal exercises came the knowledge that she could sing and the desire for an operatic career. Then Jack—always the gentleman—declared he had no wish to stand in the way of her musical career—so he packed his bags and moved to Reno.

But after Estelle's splendid work in "Street Scene" it looks as if she will have to abandon the opera idea temporarily and concentrate on some more movies for us.

That secret marriage idea isn't so hot in the eyes of Lewis Wood, Jr., who finally prevailed upon Mary Duncan, his *sotto voce* bride of three months, to 'fess up publicly. Mary, who was recruited to films from the stage, freely admitted a strong attachment for Mr. Wood (her motto being "don't knock Wood"), but she wanted to keep the marriage a secret. The groom, who couldn't



Dorothy Lee and Joe E. Brown climb down to the cellar to sample Director Mervyn LeRoy's private stock of rare old—books! It's all a scene for a picture.

see it that way, threatened to leave for New York, where he's in the real estate business. But all ended happily, for they not only announced the true *status quo*, but came to New York together, where Mary will appear on the stage.

Ramon Novarro, the perennial star, still goes blithely along. His hit in "A Son of India" seems not to have done him any harm whatever. And now he has a new contract with Metro calling for four pictures a year, to start immediately after the shooting of "Mata Hari," in which he is co-starring with the Garbo.

Faint whispers of a Clara Bow comeback are already being borne to us on the autumnal breezes. Clara is said to have been reading with some interest the script of Donald Henderson Clarke's "Impatient Virgin." (And by the way, is that the ideal story for Clara to come back in?) She is said to be equally interested in a number of other scenarios.

Ivor Novello is to resume his literary struggles at Metro between shootings. Novello originally came over from England as an author-actor, but when he shifted to Paramount his typewriter broke down, or something. Now he's back with M-G-M in his dual capacity.

Funny what a difference just a few weeks in the "Follies" make. There's little Virginia Bruce, for example. She'd been working out here as an extra for months without getting anywhere in particular, until Ziegfeld took her east to be glorified. Aided by that prestige, and abetted by good work in the "Follies" chorus, she's back again with a Metro contract.



Here's the most famous nose in films. In the background is Jimmie Durante.

Nina Wilcox Putnam woos outdoor inspiration. She's writing screen stories.

Wait for the wagon! Jack Gilbert and El Brendel take to the open spaces.

Fred Waring, the orchestra leader, and Dorothy Lee have been taking up a lot of each other's time lately, but they refuse to admit that it means anything in particular. Waring was divorced some time ago, Dorothy more recently.

Vivian Duncan, "Little Eva," of "Topsy and Eva" fame, has returned from Europe with her baby. The child was born at Wurzburg, Bavaria, and is claimed by Germany. But father Nils Asther is Swedish, and as Vivian was an American we find the State departments of three countries disputing her nationality. She's a cute kid just the same.

Clark Gable, who has risen to fame of late via gangster rôles, has announced his intention to retire in ten years and travel. All of which sounds very nice and easy to do, but 'tis said gangsters can't quit the "racket" and must hang on to the bitter end.

Jose Mojica—a name to be watched! For it seems this young man in a Latin-American production "Hay Que Casar al Principe" ("Let Us Marry the Prince") has seriously disputed Ramon Novarro's heretofore unchallenged popularity in the Hispanic countries. Ramon didn't make use of his sweet voice in "Son of India" and the Mexican, like other Latin people, loves his music. Better sing Ramon—you're one of the few who can!

Evelyn Brent and her husband, Harry Edwards enacted an honest-to-goodness drama at Malibu Beach late this summer. It seems Evelyn was swimming when she found herself caught in a rip tide. In attempting to fight it she was



knocked unconscious by a large breaker. She came to—to find herself in the arms of friend hubby, who had dashed to her rescue clad in nice white flannels. If we can believe in pictures they are destined to live happily ever after.

Lew Cody, famous for his innumerable love affairs—on the screen—was once a delivery boy for a grocery in Waterville, Me. We venture there is many a Maine housewife who has since bitten her lip when thinking of the time "Opportunity knocked at her door."

Edward G. Robinson has stepped from the hard-boiled gangster rôles to "The Honorable Mr. Wong." He plays the part of a Chinaman, and Warner Bros. claim him as their challenger for the place once held by Lon Chaney. We think he has more than a Chinaman's chance to make good.

The Four Marx Brothers tell how, twenty years ago, a mule decided their destiny. They were then known as the Four Nightingales and were giving a show in a small Texas town, when a mule stampeded outside the theatre. The audience left in a body. When they returned the Four Nightingales started smart-cracking and burlesquing, to hilarious applause. Since then nightingales were out.



Loretta Young shows us her new fall suit—and it isn't the kind that needs a lawyer's help, either.

Things start getting mixed up when Lil Tashman plays a new rôle, "Just a Cook."

Charlie Farrell is at Janet Gaynor's feet again in "Merely Mary Ann."

Connie Bennett finds it easier to keep maids than husbands. The one she has now has been with her for years and still considers Connie the queen of mistresses.

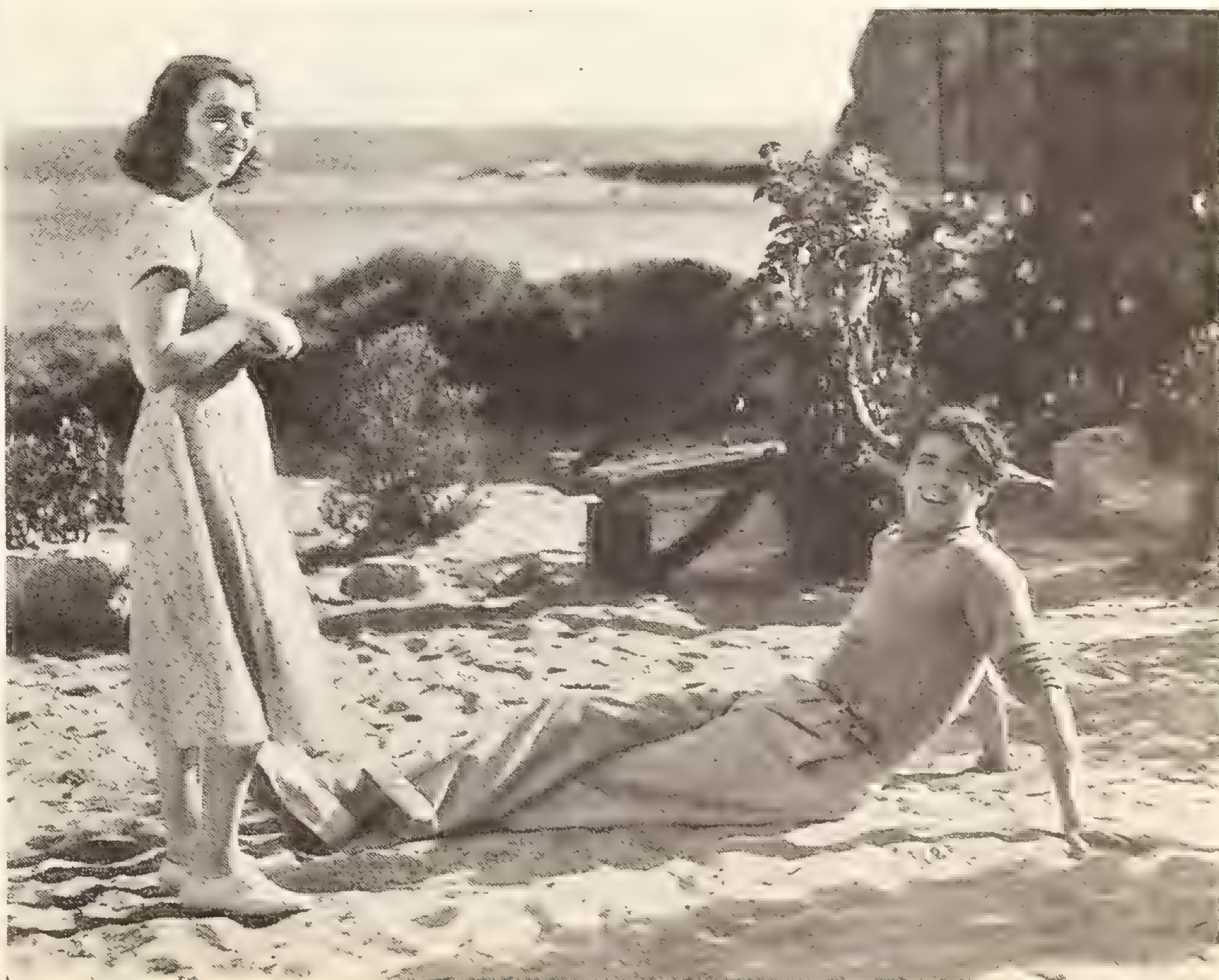
Between her New York stage play and her picture for Paramount, Ginger Rogers slipped off to Texas and quietly divorced her spouse, Jack Pepper. The best chefs agree that pepper and ginger are rarely combined as satisfactory condiments.

Dorothy Hall, the original *Schatze* of "The Greeks Had a Word for It" on the New York stage, played the rôle in Los Angeles and is now toying with three separate screen offers. She is a pale blonde, a sort of comedienne Ann Harding.

Norma Talmadge says she wants to make another picture very much. Directly she can find a good story she has a friendly arrangement with Metro by which it will be made on that lot and released through that system.

It's all very well, but after seeing Norma Shearer in "Strangers May Kiss" and "A Free Soul" it is sort of difficult to imagine her and hubby Irving Thalberg traveling through Europe with their infant. But that's exactly what happened, and friends at Bad Neuheim, Germany, write that they oozed domesticity.

Norma returned looking very lovely and happy, all set to begin work on the film version of "Private Lives."



Now little Dorothy Jordan gets a Garbo break—she is to be the sweetheart of Clark Gable in "Hell Divers." We shall soon see our little Dorothy growing up and knowing just lots of things. Clark, you may have observed, is a scorchful screen lover.

Lady spies are very much in vogue. Connie Bennett began it a year ago in "Three Faces East." Then came Dietrich in "Dishonored," and Helen Twelvetrees appeared soon after in a weak imitation of that picture. Now we hear Garbo is to begin super-snooping in "Mata-Hari," and this newcomer, Lil Dagover's first picture will be "I Spy." Except for Twelvetrees, whose picture wasn't a success, spy-ladies must positively be foreign for American consumption.

It is interesting to remember that Dagover was with Paramount some years ago and never, as far as we know, appeared in a single picture. They will probably have to pay her lots more now, since the foreign lady vogue has hit the talkies. Dagover lacks the mysterious subtleties of Garbo and Dietrich—in fact, we recall she was rather a "good fellow."

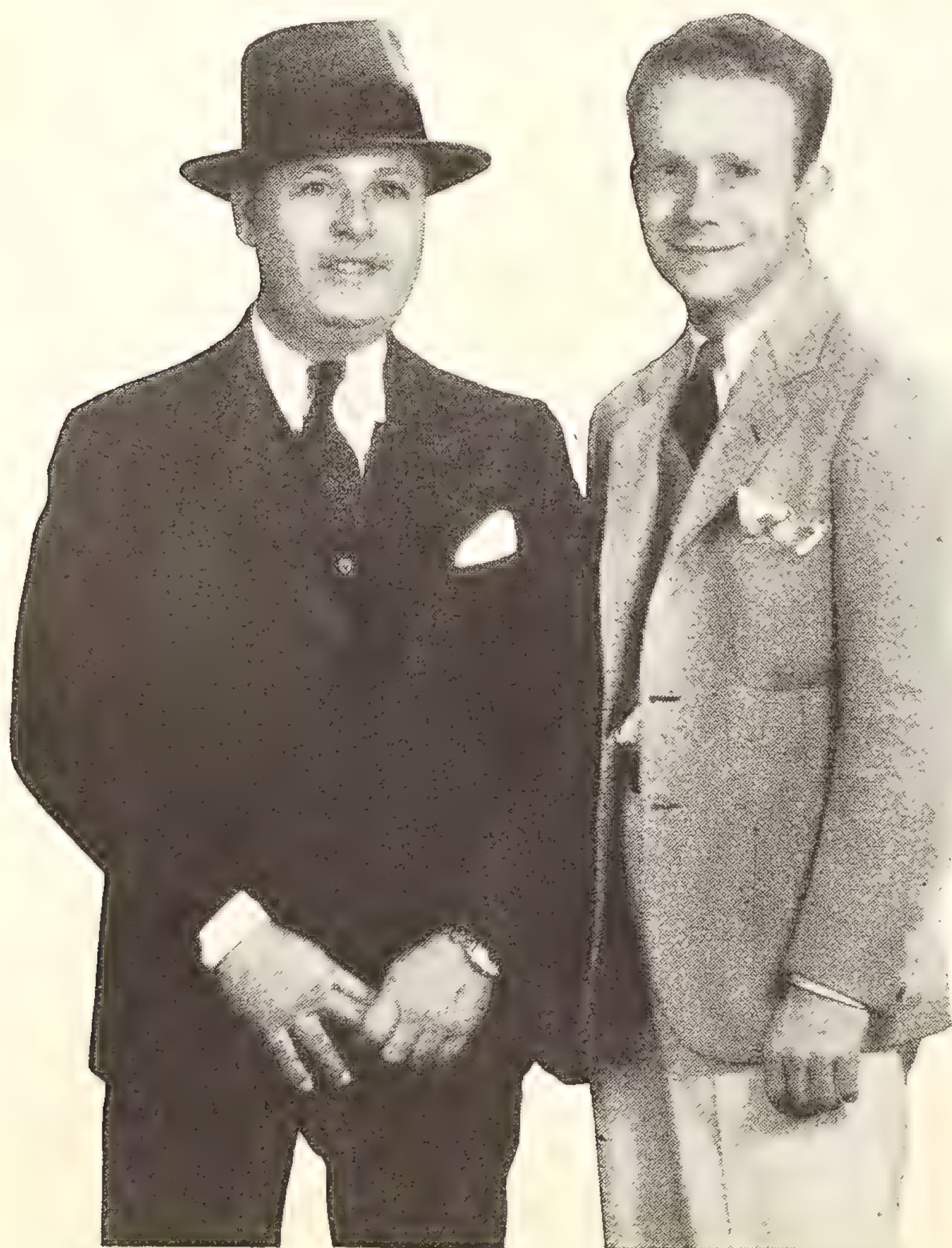
The advent of color photography is having an interesting effect on the girls—they are all paying passionate attention to the texture of their complexions. Even the men are getting anxious and reputed to be using clay-packs at bedtime!

Let's see, who did we tell you Russell Gleason was escorting to parties last month? Anyway, this month it's Maureen O'Sullivan, the Irish colleen.

Marguerite Churchill owns her own lovely horse, Diamond, and she is being allowed to use him in the next picture. She says if she had to use a strange horse she would be too busy thinking of her riding instead of her acting, whereas she and Diamond think in perfect unison.



"And now the powder puff," directs Kay Francis, showing Adrienne Ames some secrets of make-up in preparation for the filming of "Twenty-four Hours."



Nearly all the vases and bric-a-brac in Lilyan Tashman's new home have finely wrought hands grasping something—hands, hands, hands everywhere. It's a little eerie until you get used to it.

Rather an amusing situation at Malibu Beach this summer—Herbert Somborn, Wally Berry and the Marquis de la Coudray all taking a dip in the ocean at the same time—all three of them former husbands of Gloria Swanson. Somborn tells the story himself, but somehow couldn't think of the exact *bon mot* to fit the occasion. They didn't try to drown each other.

We have pretty well decided that we shall give the affair our blessing if Clarence Brown, director, and Mona Maris, actress, decide to take each other for better or worse.

Joel McCrea says he is getting pretty well fed up on questions about his lady-loves. Dash it all, why will people try to get him involved in romances? Just because such beauties as Gloria Swanson, Connie Bennett and Dorothy Mackaill didn't exactly hate him, was that any reason, etc., etc.?

"Sweet Cookie!" says Producer C. C. Burr, in effect, after signing Ray Cooke to play the lead in his "Torchy" pictures. Read about Ray on Page 16.



Buster Keaton won't notice his sons, Bob and Joe, but we'll bet he's going to give them a tumble in just about a minute!

So we've practically promised not to notice when the next charmer gazes upon Joel with an approving eye.

The name of Irving Pichel doesn't mean much to movie fans—yet. Pichel has been chiefly associated with high-brow “little theatre” movements, making his most notable success in “All God's Chillun Got Wings.” But if Paramount speaks truly, he is due for stardom on the screen to quite a dazzling extent, for he has been selected to play the famous rôle in “The Miracle Man” formerly done so poignantly by Lon Chaney in silents, that of the fake cripple. Nor is that all, for Pichel is also selected to support Tallulah Bankhead in “The Cheat.”

“The Miracle Man” was one of the most tremendously popular of all the old silents, even today a cracked old film can stir the emotions of the most hardened cynic. Gary Cooper, if you please, is to play the rôle formerly done by Thomas Meighan. This is likely to prove a happy revival.

Warners are going to give Kay Francis a chance to change her sophisticated type and see what she can do as the American heroine

Get hot! Jim Cagney and Joan Blondell warm up to their work by sitting on a heater. At last Jim, that bad old gangster, gets the “hot seat.”

of a German play, the plot of which is to be used for a story yet unnamed. Kay leaves Paramount this month.

So far you've only seen Pat O'Brien, New York stage actor in “The Front Page.” Now he is the juvenile lead in “Flying High,” a musical with Charlotte Greenwood, in which we are told, dancing girls will return to favor.

Marie Dressler getting well rapidly. How she enjoyed that first drive out of doors, after a long go of the hospital! The hospitals have done a roaring business with our picture charmers this year.

Ah, yes, and talking of doctors, I wonder how we are going to like our handsome Ronald Colman as *Arrow-smith*, in the picture from Sinclair Lewis's novel? It could be rather mighty—a serious, dramatic Ronald.

Which reminds us, Ronald's contract with Samuel Goldwyn permits him to retire practically when he wishes, except that he must not sign up with any one other than Samuel. Rather clever of Ronald; he always manages to give one the impression that, while this current picture is just fine and everything's lovely, still retiring into the quiet untroubled life of a country gentleman has its marked lures. Just the opposite to most actors who shudder at the mere word “retirement.”

Phillips Holmes has a cozy trick of sitting on the floor or a stool or the stairs, that nice leisure-for-conversation attitude.

Being fought over by a couple of studios has been marvellous for Ruth Chatterton. There's a triumphant glint in her eye, a gay sparkle to her voice, a sly chirp to her intonation—and she's more beautiful than ever.



HOOTS and HOORAYS

Continued from page 8

SHE LIKES 'EM EXOTIC

Why is it so essential for foreign stars to lose their accents? Correct grammar is necessary in the talkies, but there can be fascination and charm in the commonest statements when spoken with an accent. The enunciation of Paul Lukas is so clear—and he is such a splendid actor—yet he remains Continental. *Please* don't "iron out" one of his principal charms!

In "Son of India" Ramon Novarro looked like an Arabian Prince—and talked like a successful Wall Street broker. He was so much more charming before being "ironed out"!

Here's to the much disliked accent—long may it remain!

Sally Stack,
622 Prescott Ave.,
Scranton, Pa.

WE KNOW JUST HOW YOU FEEL

You may all prefer Buddy Rogers, with his stirring smile; or Doug Fairbanks, Jr. with his polished manners. Or perhaps you like William Haines, with his mischief-loving eyes; or maybe it's our own Robert Montgomery, whom we saw in "Strangers May Kiss" and "The Man in Possession."

Well, you can have any or all of them! For my favorite is a newcomer, and one who I think will soon be very popular. Who is it? None other than Clark Gable. He is real, human and interesting. With his whimsical eyes and splendid physique, combined with his marvelous ability to act, he is to me the most attractive man on the screen.

Virginia Irwin,
1090 Erie Cliff Drive,
Lakewood, Ohio.

WE'RE GLAD THAT'S OVER!

Hurrah! Let's shout for joy! The age-long battle that has been a sore spot in my life for so long is over. Three cheers! Of course I mean the Garbo-Dietrich controversy. It's over. Why? The answer is Tallulah Bankhead.

Garbo and Dietrich were great. However, each had her faults. But filmland's greatest find has all of the good and none of the bad of these former contestants for Queen of Make-Believe Land. The supremely wonderful Bankhead is as near perfect as they make them. Her performance in "Tarnished Lady" was grand. Her eyes, lips, voice, curves, personality, poise, and youthful sophistication are the keynote of perfection.

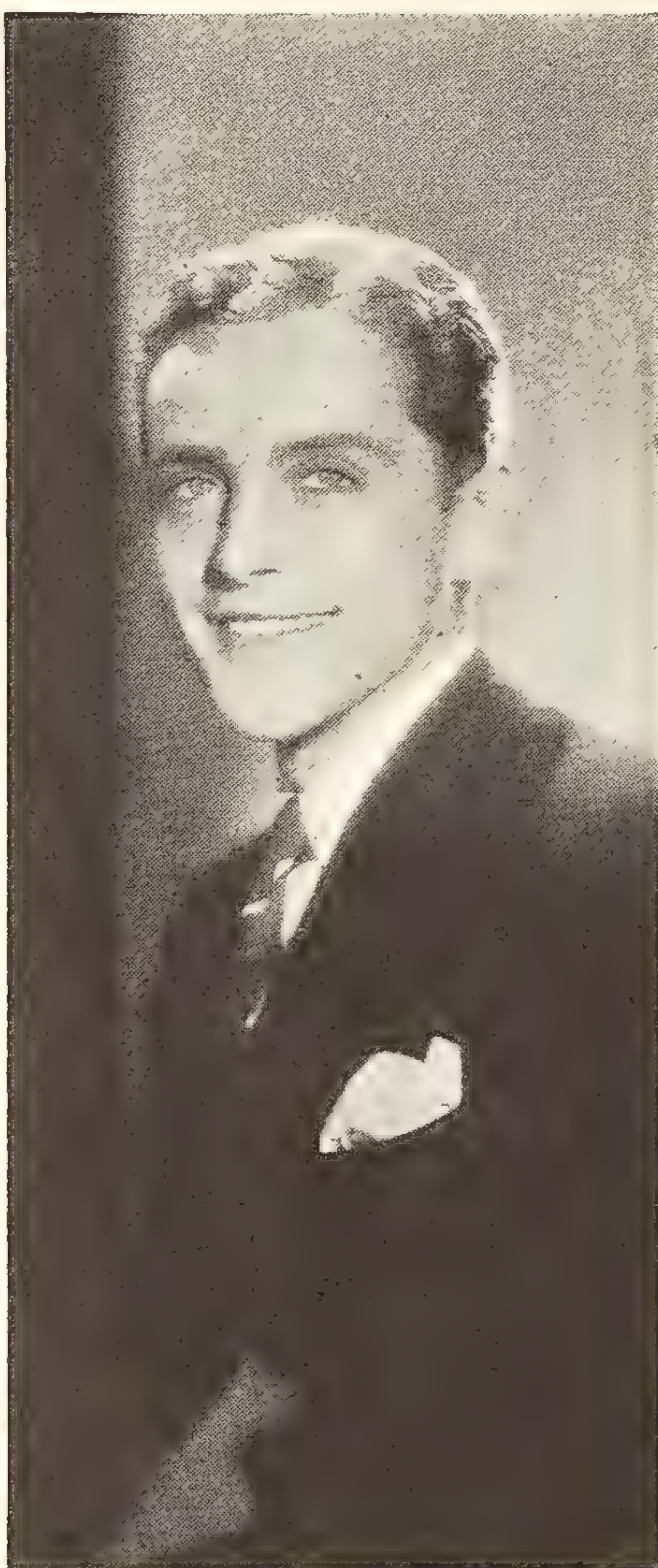
Come on, everyone, join with me in the acclaim of Hollywood's "Queen Supreme"—Tallulah Bankhead!

C. Dale Fuller,
Clark, South Dakota.

HOLMES, SWEET HOLMES!

I want to thank you for that grand life story of Phil Holmes. It's the best thing you've published in ages. This Holmes boy is the greatest personality the screen has produced in years. He has no equal. He possesses marvelous looks, a splendid voice, breeding, personality and acting ability second to no other youngster on the screen.

As for his versatility, compare "Devil's



Phil Holmes' smile, you may take it from the fans, is something to write the folks about. And that goes for his acting, too!

Holiday," "Her Man," "The Criminal Code" and "An American Tragedy." Is there any one else on the screen who could have done all four rôles as well as he?

So let us give praise to Taylor and Mrs. Holmes, to SCREENLAND and to the talkies for Phillips Holmes, who soon will be second to none!

James Larry,
3419 Audubon Place,
Houston, Texas.

WELL, ALL RIGHT!

In the August issue of SCREENLAND, I was greatly displeased over the article, "Is Gloria's Glamor Gone?"

My answer is no! Absolutely no! I take this opportunity to quote some leading critics concerning Swanson's rôle in "Indiscreet":

"Swanson is excellent. Her comedy, emotionalism, and vocalism, are very stunningly garbed throughout."

"Gloria keeps her comeback lead."

"La Swanson wins new laurels—she was never better, being equally good as a farceur and a great emotional actress."

Yet, despite these laudations, in Miss Zeitlin's opinion Swanson "crushed the comedy scenes flat," and "hammed the

dramatic ones." Quite a contrast in criticism, is there not?

James R. Carswell,
Box 125,
Hanna, Alberta, Canada.

"A THREAT"

I'm sorry—but here is a threat:

Just as surely as my old favorites—Chatterton, Swanson, Ann Harding, Nixon, Brent, Shearer, Daniels, Colman, Dix, Cooper, Crawford, et al.—are neglected by being given unsuitable stories, I shall cease to attend theatres.

This new talent which is being thrust upon us has frayed my nerves. And the "Blonde Rush" which we are having to endure has just about made me doubt whether producers think. If they are trying to close the ticket windows, all they need do is to continue the way they are going. We prefer old talent and poor stories to poor talent and good stories.

I wonder if they have forgotten that half the world admires brunettes and brunettes, regardless of sex.

Jean Dominio,
2111 Pershing Av.,
San Bernardino, Calif.

SEE "DEVOTION"

A picture starring Ann Harding and Leslie Howard—wouldn't *that* be something worth leaving the cozy fireside to see?

Here are two real actors of culture, refinement and great ability; Ann has shown us what she can do and how beautiful she can be in "East Lynne"; Howard, unfortunately, has never been given a chance to equal on the screen the great performances he has given on the legitimate stage.

Can't the directors get together on a picture for these fine artists, and give us a rest from movie gangsters snarling ungrammatically out of the corners of their mouths? For to many people it is still a pleasure to hear beautiful English spoken without conscious effort.

Shirley D. Nevin,
115 Parker Avenue,
Easton, Pa.

YOUTH MUST BE SERVED

I think one of the greatest needs of motion pictures today is more films suitable for children, and I am glad producers are realizing this.

A great majority of the picture fans today are children. It is they who collect photographs, and attend several shows a week. They see great stars in fine motion pictures. But are these always the type for children? Too often they are not.

In the old silent days Mary Pickford made many picturizations of children's stories, and were they not successful? They certainly were. Surely there are women on the screen today who can duplicate her success. Consider Janet Gaynor's fine work in "Daddy Long Legs." She fits child parts admirably.

So let's hope for more clean, wholesome child stories!

Mary Alice Perkins,
3657 Mockingbird Lane,
Dallas, Texas.

CASTS of CURRENT FILMS

*Reviewed in this issue

"AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY." *Paramount.* From the novel by Theodore Dreiser. Directed by Josef von Sternberg. The cast: *Clyde Griffiths*, Phillips Holmes; *Roberta Alden*, Sylvia Sidney; *Sondra Finchley*, Frances Dee; *Orville Mason*, Irving Pichel; *Samuel Griffiths*, Frederick Burton; *Mrs. Samuel Griffiths*, Claire McDowell; *Gilbert Griffiths*, Wallace Middleton; *Myra Griffiths*, Vivian Winston; *Belknap*, Emmet Corrigan; *Mrs. Asa Griffiths*, Bodil Rosing; *Jephson*, Charles B. Middleton; *Titus Alden*, Albert Hart; *Mrs. Alden*, Fanny Midgley; *Bella Griffiths*, Arlene Judge; *Bertine Cranston*, Evelyn Pierce; *Judge*, Arnold Korff; *Jill Trumbull*, Elizabeth Forrester; *Coroner Fred Heil*, Russell Powell; *Earl Newcomb*, Imboden Parrish; *Deputy Sheriff Fraut*, Richard Cramer.

"BAD GIRL." *Fox.* Based on the novel "Bad Girl" by Vina Delmar. Directed by Frank Borzage. The cast: *Dorothy Haley*, Sally Eilers; *Eddie Collins*, James Dunn; *Edna Driggs*, Minna Gombell; *Radio Proprietor*, Frank Darien; *Jim Haley*, William Pawley.*

"BOUGHT." *Warner Brothers.* Based on the novel "Jackdaws Strut" by Harriet Henry. Adapted by Charles Kenyon and Raymond Griffith. Directed by Archie Mayo. The cast: *Stephany Dale*, Constance Bennett; *Nicky Amory*, Ben Lyon; *Dave Meyer*, Richard Bennett; *The mother*, Dorothy Peterson; *Charles Carter, Jr.*, Raymond Milland; *Carter, Sr.*, Arthur Stuart Hull; *Natalie Ransome*, Mae Madison; *Mrs. Chauncey*, Maude Eburne; *Mrs. Sprig*, Clara Blandick; *Mary Kiernan*, Barbara Leonard.*

"DAUGHTER OF THE DRAGON." *Paramount.* From the story by Sax Rohmer. Lloyd Corrigan and Monte Katterjohn collaborated on the screen play. Sidney Buchman prepared the dialogue. Directed by Lloyd Corrigan. The cast: *Ling Moy*, Anna May Wong; *Fu Manchu*, Warner Oland; *Ah Kee*, Sessue Hayakawa; *Ronald Petrie*, Bramwell Fletcher; *Joan Marshall*, Frances Dade; *Sir John*, Holmes Herbert; *Morloff*, Nicholas Soussanin.*

"GUILTY HANDS." *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* An original story for the screen by Bayard Veiller. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. The cast: *Richard Grant*, Lionel Barrymore; *Marjorie West*, Kay Francis; *Barbara Grant*, Madge Evans; *Tommy Osgood*, William Bakewell; *Reverend Hastings*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Aunt Maggie*, Polly Moran; *Gordon Rich*, Alan Mowbray; *Spencer Wilson*, Forrester Harvey; *H. G. Smith*, Charles Crockett; *Harvey Scott*, Henry Barrows.

"HONEYMOON LANE." *Sono Art.* From the story by Eddie Dowling. Directed by William J. Craft. The cast: *Tim Dugan*, Eddie Dowling; *Mary Baggott*, June Collyer; *"Dynamite"*, Raymond Hatton; *Gerty Murphy*, Ray Dooley; *Tom Baggott*, Noah Beery; *Mother Murphy*, Mary Carr; *King of Bulgravia*, Adolphe Milar; *Paulino*, Major Domo; *Gene Lewis*, Col. Gustave; *Lloyd Whitlock*, "Noisy," George Kotsonaros; *Betty Royce*, Corliss Palmer.*

"NEWLY RICH." *Paramount.* From the story by Sinclair Lewis. Directed by Norman Taurog. The cast: *Daisy Tail*, Mitzi Green; *Bessie Tail*, Edna Mae Oliver; *Maggie Tiffany*, Louise Fazenda; *Tiny Tim Tiffany*, Jackie Searl; *Queen Sidonia*, Virginia Hammond; *King Max*, Bruce Line; *Equerry*, Lawrence Grant; *Director*, Del Henderson; *Mr. Black*, Ben Taggart; *Lippo*, George Regas; *Bill*, Noah Young; *Toby*, Ben Hall.

"PARDON US." *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Directed by James Parrott. The cast: *The Prisoners*, Stan Laurel; *Oliver Hardy*, *Warden*, Wilfred Lucas; *Tiger*, Walter Long; *Warden's Daughter*, June Marlowe; *Instructor*, James Finlayson.*

"POLITICS." *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* From the story by Zelda Sears and Malcom Stuart Boylan.



Pajamas for all occasions, says Hollywood. Here's Mae Madison, new Warner Brothers player, displaying elaborate pink velvet pajamas with a black lace embroidered bertha collar. The pajama trousers are so full they give the effect of a skirt. The cigarette lends an air of nonchalance.

The picture producing companies, each month in SCREENLAND, announce new pictures and stars to be seen in the theatres throughout the country. Watch this announcement. This month they will be found on the following pages: Fox Films, page 3; Paramount, page 5; Warner Brothers, page 7; Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, page 9; Radio Pictures, page 11; United Artists, page 15.

Adapted by Wells Root. Directed by Charles F. Riesner. The cast: *Hattie*, Marie Dressler; *Ivy*, Polly Moran; *Peter*, Rosco Ates; *Myrtle*, Karen Morley; *Benny*, William Bakewell; *Curango*, John Miljan; *Daisy*, Joan Marsh; *Mayor*, Tom McGuire; *Nifty*, Kane Richmond; *Mrs. Evans*, Mary Alden.*

"REBOUND." *RKO-Pathé.* From the play by Donald Ogden Stewart. Adapted by Horace Jackson. Directed by E. H. Griffith. The cast: *Sara*, Ina Claire; *Bill*, Robert Ames; *Evie*, Myrna Loy; *Liz*, Hedda Hopper; *Johnnie*, Robert Williams; *Lyman*, Hale Hamilton; *Mr. Jaffrey*, Walter Walker; *Mrs. Jaffrey*, Louise Closser Hale; *Les*, Leigh Allen.

"SECRETS OF A SECRETARY." *Paramount.* From an original story by Charles Brackett. Directed by George Abbott. The cast: *Helen Blake*, Claudette Colbert; *Lord Danforth*, Herbert Marshall; *Frank D'Agnoli*, Georges Metaxa; *Sylvia Merrill*, Betty Lawford; *Mrs. Merrill*, Mary Boland; *Mr. Merrill*, Burton Churchill; *Dan Marlow*, Averill Harris; *Dorothy White*, Betty Garde; *Charlie Rickenbacker*, Hugh O'Connell.

(Continued on page 129)

ASK ME!—Continued from page 12

do all the talking from the screen, giving no end of pleasure to your neighbors. Don't tell me I'm not a good detective. Constance Bennett was born Oct. 3, 1905, in New York City. Her father, Richard Bennett, is the well-known actor who played with Marion Davies in "Five and Ten." Constance has deep blue eyes, golden hair, and is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 102 pounds. She was married at the age of 17 to Chester Morehouse but the marriage was annulled. Some time later she became the wife of the wealthy Phil Plant. A divorce followed. At present she is single. But watch out for Henri! One of her latest releases is "Bought" with Ben Lyon. Richard Bennett is her reel father in the film.

Helen S., New Mexico. You want Myrna Loy to stop spying around in her pictures and play parts like Constance Bennett and 'get her man' as all leading ladies should do. But where could we find such a lovely spy as Myrna? She was born in 1906 in Helena, Montana, and christened Myrna Williams. She is 5 feet 6 inches tall and has green eyes and a mass of titian-colored hair. She lives in a modest but attractive bungalow, is unmarried, and has no pets. Have you seen Myrna in "Transatlantic"? It's reviewed in this issue.

Eleanor W. I don't believe Clara Bow is through with pictures and I can't say when she will be back but I know she's a game little girl and will prove she's not a quitter. Charlie Chaplin will probably make another film when he gets around to it but his leading lady is still in the offing. It's rumored Charlie will make a talkie and his rôle will be that of a mute. So learn the sign language, boys and girls, and give Charlie the glad hand with plenty of fingers. Norma Shearer's latest release is "A Free Soul" with Clark Gable, Leslie Howard and Lionel Barrymore. John Mack Brown appears in "Lasca of the Rio Grande." Clark Gable plays opposite Greta Garbo in "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise."

Virginia B. You have somewhat of a home address complex, haven't you? Not knowing all the various streets and avenues the stars live on, or anyway, not allowed to tell, I'm going to be your great big disappointment; but cheer up, you'll enjoy your favorites' films just as much. While working in the west coast studios, Dorothy Jordan, Frances Dee, and William Haines all live in or near Hollywood, Cal.

George C. No, I'm not Greta Garbo or Gloria Swanson in disguise; I'm just being myself. Anita Page is 21 years old and not married and as far as I know, not engaged as we go to press. Her family name is Pomares. William Haines is 31. Bill has been in pictures since 1923 when he had a small part in "Three Wise Fools." Nancy Carroll is 25, divorced from her first husband, Jack Kirkland, and is now the wife of Bolton Mallory, the editor of *Life*.

A Cuban Boy. You could give some of our American boys lessons in correct English and not half try. Your taste and fine discrimination of screen personalities would win a loving cup if I had one to give. Come again, Cuban Boy, and tell us what's wrong with the Spanish versions of our American films. If our screen stars would add 10 or 15 pounds to their weights, as you sug-



"Fur" the smart woman! Mary Duncan lends distinction to this double-breasted broadcloth coat plentifully trimmed with fox.

gest, you'd die laughing, for the camera adds more weight than you'd suspect. Better let them stay thin for screen reasons. Adios.

Evelyn H. How many fans would like to know if Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez are married? Stick 'em up—pardon us, gangsters, I mean, hands up! To be truthful, you know as much about it as I do. Lupe



Ready for trouble! Leo Carrillo plays a dangerous hombre in "Lasca of the Rio Grande."

and Gary deny it and who am I to doubt the word of two cinema stars? In fact, the very latest seems to be that they are not even speaking.

Phyllis S. Elissa Landi was born in Venice, Italy, and educated in England. She is 5 feet 6 inches tall, weighs 120 pounds and has light brown hair and green eyes. She is the wife of an English barrister, J. C. Lawrence. Elissa can sing and dance and is the author of two novels. Her next picture is "The Yellow Ticket" with David Manners. A forthcoming picture of Lew Ayres is "Heaven on Earth" with Anita Louise.

Ermina H. Are all the stars either blonde, brunette, red heads or what? A good sleuth may find a few "whats" but they are in the minority. It's hard to give you the right slant on the Hollywood tresses for they change so often. Joan Crawford is a blonde in "This Modern Age" but I hear she has decided to go back to her original reddish-brown again.

Virginia S. N. As I didn't see George O'Brien in "A Holy Terror" I can't tell you who George's false father was, the one who was killed, but here are the male principals and you may be able to recognize him from the name. Steve Nash, Humphrey Bogart; William Drew, James Kirkwood; Butch Morgan, Stanley Fields, Thomas Woodbury, Robert Warwick; Tom Hedges, Richard Tucker. Please refer to Elsie M. for a few sidelights on your favorite actor, Bela Lugosi. He began picture work in 1915 in Budapest, later appearing in German films before coming to America. In 1923 he had the character lead in "The Silent Command" for Fox. Sally Eilers was born Dec. 11, 1908, in New York City. She is 5 feet 3½ inches tall, weighs 107 pounds and has auburn hair and brown eyes. She is the wife of Hoot Gibson. See Sally in "Bad Girl." Swell!

Star-Struck, England. What a topping pen you do push. Did I like your ravings over me and my pages? I'm still patting myself on the back. If you tell your favorite, Norma Shearer, such grand things in such a clever way, I'm sure you'll hear from her some day. Mary Brian's birthday is on Feb. 17, so mutual celebrations are in order. Sally Eilers is a featured player but headed straight for stardom or I miss my next birthday. Marie Dressler is one of the best loved stars, a regular honey, a peach, and all other delectable things. Her latest release is "Politics" with Polly Moran. And Polly's not bad, either. Norma Shearer's latest film is "A Free Soul" with Clark Gable, the new pet rave.

Harriet E. Here's your lucky break—your name and everything in this department, and how do you like it? John Wayne was born May 26, 1907, in Winterset, Iowa. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 187 pounds, has dark brown hair and grey eyes. His real name is Duke Morrison. I have a nice little assortment of birthdays for your personal consumption. Ruth Chatterton and Evelyn Hall, (Mrs. Claude King), were born on Dec. 24; Virginia Lee Corbin, Dec. 11; Dot Farley, the cut-up in comedies, Dec. 6; Thelma Hill, Dec. 12; Barbara Kent, the 16th, and Mary Nolan on Dec. 18. Anita Louise was born 16 years ago in New York City. She speaks several languages, including French, German and Spanish.

Unconventional Interviews

Continued from page 55

can have their soulfully tragic endings.

Of course this last episode lacked the element of danger that confronted me the noon I interviewed the fascinating Florence Britton, for no sooner were we seated in Levy's restaurant than Florence commenced dropping epigrams over a swiss cheese sandwich. That so exquisite a young woman should also be endowed with the wisdom and intelligence of a rare old philosopher, struck terror into the innermost recesses of my heart, and being a fellow who always plays his hunches I went into a temporary retreat, where I discovered Lily Damita.

"An' what," Lily wanted to know, "would your wife say eef she knew you were eenterviewing me?"

And after I had mumbled something about being pretty sure that I didn't have a wife, she exclaimed: "Ohhh! So you're a bashlor, eh? Well, who do I act like? Who do I remind you of—somebody, no?"

How I happened to think of it, I'm not sure, but with an undoubted flash of genius I snorted: "Ha! Can there be more than one Lily Damita?"

Which so pleased Damita that she broke out with the *Marseillaise*, aided and abetted by her secretary who had popped apprehensively into the room; and when the hairdresser peeked in, she joined in the chorus.

Reflecting that a Horton should never be outdone by three females, I uncorked my baritone and if you don't think the resulting racket was worthy of the Metropolitan, you're just plain down-right silly.

If you're the sort of a person who yearns for that quiet hour, you might try interviewing Beatrice "Lady Peel" Lillie. I did; and I must say that when the fact of my presence once pierced her consciousness, it reacted with all the stimulating effect of a sedative—for Lady Peel fell sound asleep! Hoping against hope that my quarry might awaken and continue with the interview, I sat for a few moments twiddling my thumbs. But I regret to report that my patience went unrewarded, for presently a little snore rolled out—an intimate sort of snore—so I picked up my hat and silently tip-toed away.

Speaking of sleep, or rather the lack of it, there's the time I spent an entire night interviewing Lupe Velez—bless her woolly little soul—on the rain set of "Resurrection." Most of the shooting was done near a railway train occupied by Russian officers, a Russian orchestra and John Dmitri Boles, who rested inside a brightly lighted coach with a bevy of lush blondes while poor little *Katusha* (Lupedupe) staggered along the platform screaming for her *Dmitri* and incidentally getting herself soaked to the skin with artificial rain and frightened to death by the artificial thunder and lightning.

Between shots, we'd troop through the artificial mud to Lupe's portable canvas-dressing-room-on-wheels. And through the canvas walls which were rippled by the artificial wind, we heard the raging of the artificial storm, saw the flashing lightning and caught the shouts of assistant directors or the cursing and splashing as some unlucky devil sprawled in the mud.

No sooner would we get settled in Lupe's unique bungalow than she'd rip off her stockings and attempt frantically to rub the chill from her feet, all the while relating amazing stories of her life; while I hoisted coffee after coffee in a sincere endeavor to avoid pneumonia.

During this night Lupe told me three life stories, each utterly different, but all of

them as dramatic as plays. Now and again she would startle me by interrupting her dissertation with a furious: "I luff Garee, I do! I luff Garee an' I'm true to heem! I don' care what nobody say!" only suddenly to forget her anger and burst into full-throated song in her truly lovely voice; or perhaps keel over on the couch and abruptly as a child fall into a peaceful slumber.

And through the raging of the artificial elements I'd faintly catch the strains of the prop Russian orchestra, as I sat in that absurd canvas bungalow on wheels, watching Lupe, and sipping coffee, and reflecting that it all seemed so fantastic, so utterly impossible! With the breaking of dawn I still was trying to make myself realize that it wasn't just a preposterous dream, trying to figure out what it was all about, and why. But I do know this much for sure: I avoided pneumonia simply because of my willingness to absorb quantities of coffee.

While Lupe is the most uncertain star I've ever interviewed, Fifi Dorsay runs a close second. Consider for yourself the night I drove out to her house for the laudable purpose of catching some "Advice to Young Men in Love."

"I don' wan' to be eenterviewed tonight!" she asserted stoutly. "Le's go somewhere." So I took her to the motor boat show where she leaped in and out of cruisers to her heart's content; but each

time she leaped in, and each time she leaped out, she would stub a toe or bark a shin or crack an elbow, and whenever this happened she released a flood of what I imagined to be expressive French: concise and straight to the point.

Upon tiring of the show, Fifi announced that she was hungry; so I drove her back to the Brown Derby where she won my everlasting devotion by ordering nothing but a Hot Ovaltine. And in order to amuse ourselves further we startled the inmates by pretending to have a terrific fight. Fifi gestured violently, snapped fingers beneath my nose and showered me with burning French idioms, while I struck back with a smattering of English, which passes for a foreign language in Hollywood.

Twenty minutes later we were cruising about Beverly Hills, beneath the stars and the moon and the palms, while Fifi sang songs and songs and more songs, and needless to say my "Advice to Young Men in Love" went unwritten—but "Who cares?" shout I.

As a matter of fact Fifi has long been my most difficult subject. Consider the noon I dashed out to her home in pursuit of a beat story only to have the situation overpower me to such an extent that before long I was completely lost. And I have it on no less an authority than my grandmother, that when one is lost, one should find one's self immediately if not twenty seconds before. But search as I would, I was nowhere to be found. I peered in the piano, under the telephone and even in Fifi's shoe box, but I'll take an oath that it wasn't until three o'clock in the morning that I finally found myself out in the kitchen sitting on the sink and holding up one corner of a trio which was giving "Good Time Fifi!" to the terrified neighbors. "Oh, 'Ale!" Fifi called as I was limping into my car, "Deed you get thee storee?"

"What story?" I exclaimed in blank amazement. But Fifi didn't know, either; so with a song on my lips I chugged away down the hill.

"If you don't mind," Carmel Myers announced over the phone, "we'll change our interview to Thursday which is Dog's Day at the Embassy. All the stars bring their dogs, you know." Although there seemed to be something about this request that didn't quite jell, I readily accepted, for after all I'm an amiable oaf.

We arrived at the Embassy, as advertised, and the dogs, indeed, were there as well as the stars and Mrs. Zeppo Marx, whom Carmel introduced as "the sex-appeal of the Marx brothers."

After we both had ordered a slice of "Alice Lake's Mistake," she asked me why I looked ragged enough to have been in a studio conference; and although I had worked all the night before, as usual, I simply told her that I was depressed because I had been given orders to get a "hot yarn" and get it quick.

Whereupon Carmel astonished the assembled munchers by violently heaving her breast and panting most vigorously. And just as suddenly she discontinued the heaving and panting and began sniffing the air. Frankly I was beginning to get a bit nervous about it all. What, I asked myself, can be happening to this gorgeous creature? But before I could catch a logical answer, she inquired of the room in general: "Don't you smell something burning around here?" Whereupon there ensued a regular epidemic of apprehensive sniffing—until Mrs. Zeppo Marx came to



What the Young girl wears to the theatre. Loretta in black chiffon velvet evening pajamas with a gleaming white jacket of pearls.



Polly Walters, former dancer, now plays talkie leads. Well, that's quite a stunt, too!

bat with, "Not unless it's you, Carmel dear."

"That's right," said Carmel, as a pleased beam brightened her face, "I'm being sexy for Hale!" Which is just one more reason why I love my work.

Of course I enjoyed the interview with Noel Francis when I was pushed into her kitchen, wrapped in an apron and put to work shelling pounds of peas so that her mother might cook one of the most delicious dinners I ever have eaten. And if you think I'm forgetting the night out on the desert when J. Farrell MacDonald and myself started out to discuss "What's Wrong with the Movies" only to strip down to our BVD's and begin shooting ten-cent limit craps, you'd better go back to night school.

Which also applies to the afternoon I went out to get Bill (Stage) Boyd's life story, only to discover that our interview had lapsed into a noble discussion of jail life in America. "What!" Bill cried as though shocked beyond endurance, "you've never been in the New Haven jail? Say, that's one of the slickest jails in the country, and as far as service goes it has the Ritz backed off the curb!"

Or the evening the late and well-remembered Robert Edison became incensed over my quizzing him concerning the "bad old days." "Bah!" he snorted scornfully, "Don't ask so many dam' fool questions!" And as an after thought he growled: "Hurry and pass your plate up for some more roast beef!"

I remember it no more vividly than I do the time I trotted over to interview Marguerite Churchill only to have her smile pityingly at me when I admitted to a deplorable squeamishness when it came to crushing a spider so that we might peer at it through her microscope while we listened to Beethoven's Fifth on the Victrola. And don't think for a split second that I've forgotten the delicious afternoon I spent in the shade of Elissa Landi's roof garden, with Los Angeles stretched out far below us, as was Hollywood, Beverly Hills, the Pacific—and Landi sang songs in that price-

less voice of hers, a voice that thrills and thrills and thrills—and I give you my word of honor that my agreeing with Irene Rich in that she probably looked ten years younger than she actually was, and then adding that she "didn't look a day over fifty," was nothing but a slip of the tongue!

I had absolutely no intentions of causing Miss Rich to drop her tea all over her green silk lounging pajamas by shocking her with so frightful a remark. She doesn't look a day over thirty and you know it as well as I, and furthermore that's precisely what I meant to say. But even though "thirty" was in my mind, somehow or other I spilled out "fifty," thereby creating the most embarrassing interview of my hectic career, bar none.

Although it wasn't more terrifying than the afternoon I interviewed Natalie Moorehead while she pedaled that heavy Lincoln of hers in and out of the studios. Natalie's not a reckless driver, mind you, just a wee bit devil-may-carish. Of course it was nearing Christmas which may account for the old Xmas Spirit beginning to assert itself: among other gifts we left a right rear hub cap on the Warner lot and the better part of the left front fender over at United Artists.

And now we approach Maureen "Cork" O'Sullivan, who preferred to be interviewed at a base-ball game, of all places!

"I've never seen one," was her only comment, as she strode through the ladies' entrance and I sneaked under the gentlemen's gate. No sooner were we seated than five thousand baseball fans forgot what the game was about and stared in amazement at O'Sullivan's freckles, or perhaps at her eyes—but Maureen paid little attention to her fans and none at all to her interviewer, contenting herself with ecstatically hurling out advice that might have been appropriate on the third day of a cricket match. The sun was scorching, the seats were hard, and the crowd insatiably curious, three good reasons which caused me to reflect that in the future, when interviewing O'Sullivan, I would locate a more conducive recess than a baseball park. I'm getting too old for that sort of thing.

And furthermore, I'm through "going birdie" with Ben Lyon. My argument being that if the Lord had wanted me to go in for flying he'd have equipped me with feathers instead of feet. However,

when Ben suggested that we hold our interview while he tossed me around in the air over Southern California, I chugged bravely out to the flying field, although I must confess that my car spit and back-fired and fumed as though it, too, objected to such a foolhardy pursuit.

Presently the attendants were squeezing me into Bebe Daniels' white parachute as they cheerfully discussed a gruesome crack-up of the day before in which seven men had drowned in the Pacific, and in a few minutes I was waddling toward the Waco in the front cockpit of which perched Ben.

"Oh, Hale!" he shouted, raising his voice over the roar of the motor, "I see you've taken a parachute jump!"

On peering about, I saw that my parachute had opened up and lay stretched out behind me in three mocking blobs.

"Was it an omen?" I asked myself as they slid me into another one which just happened to be miles too large. As we looped and dived and flopped around, my parachute shoulder straps fell off so consistently that to this day when even a suspender slips from my arm I go into a dead faint.

Now and then Ben would glance back at me with amiable chitter-chatter on his lips and I'd do my best to force a grin. Presently we were out over the Pacific and Ben went into a steep screaming dive; obviously the motor was off, but I wasn't sure if it had conked or if Ben was just catching up on a little dead-stick practice, but by that time, sweethearts, I didn't much care.

"We're not seven thousand feet up!" I howled when Ben held out seven fingers.

"We're not even *seven inches*! Take a look at the ocean!"

"Not *feet*," Ben explained over the screaming of the struts. "*Bodies!*"

And only then did I notice that down below they were still dredging for the bodies of the men who had been drowned in the crack-up of the day before. Upon regaining consciousness I discovered that once again I was safely seated in my old wreck of a car and that it was purring along as sweetly and softly as a sixteen-cylinder job. Whereupon I resolved that if one simply couldn't avoid danger during the process of interviewing, I vastly preferred the exquisite but intelligent sort of menace—so I guess I might as well run out and quizz Florence Britton again!



More foreign menace! Lil Dagover, Germany's cinematic pride and joy, arrived here recently to take her place among the exotic screen ladies. They say she's swell—and she looks it!

He Laughs at Death

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gamble with death, I stared at him in fascination. He doesn't look the part of a daredevil. He is five feet, eight inches in height and weighs one hundred and thirty-five pounds. His eyes are grey-blue and larger than ordinary. His figure is slight but his hands and arms are sinewed with muscles. They'd have to be to hold a ship's nose to its path on such a plunge.

"Have you visited a fortune teller or had your horoscope read?" I asked.

The question startled him. He explained hurriedly that he would not dare, lest he be robbed of his confidence. If he was forewarned of an accident, he fears he might bring it upon himself through loss of confidence.

The picture for which this great scene (and, ladies and gentlemen, such a stunt can be termed nothing less than great) is to be filmed is "The Lost Squadron," and Radio Pictures will produce it. It will have Eric von Stroheim in the rôle of a mad director whose weakness is sending men to their death for the sake of realism (a remarkable example of casting). Dorothy Lee, heretofore the foil for Woolsey's and Wheeler's screen antics, will play the part of a pesky kid sister of one of the aviators. Grace will enact the part of "Red," a daredevil stunt flyer. He wrote the story and is the real life character around which the plot revolves.

Besides the sea dive, there will be two other crack-ups, both of which Dick will execute. "Minor stunts," he terms them, but judge for yourself:

The first will be a *flat spin*. He will bring the plane down out of control, strike the ground right side up and turn over. The second will be a dive into the ground directly in front of the cameras. The landing gear will be broken in the crash and the plane will somersault onto its back. Minor stunts, Grace calls them, and perhaps they are when compared to that startling plunge into the ocean. Radio officials, fearing that the five-to-one odds are not untimely, are taking the precaution of having Dick do the land crashes first and the sea dive last. Furthermore, the three crack-ups are to be filmed before a single other scene of the picture is made. If Grace lives through the stunts, he will continue with the part, but if he doesn't, another actor will replace him.

For several days before the sea crash takes place, he will fly over and around the spot selected for the feat. He will test wind currents even to the extent of having the barge anchored in position so that he may judge the extent of air pockets near the boat. He will weld steel braces back of the motor in an effort to prevent its cracking into the cockpit at the moment of impact. He will tape all wooden parts to keep them from splintering, if possible. He will weaken the right wing of the plane, which will strike the water first, so that it will break more easily and absorb a great part of the shock.

"Every single move has been carefully plotted," Grace said. "When the stunt is staged, I will obey every plan implicitly for to change my mind after I start will be suicidal."

"It seems to me that the natural, human impulse would be to pull out of the dive just before a crash," I ventured.

"It is," he answered. "If a human being sees he is about to collide with an object, instinct causes him to dodge. A man will involuntarily veer aside if he is about to strike something. When I do a crack-up,



This picture was taken a few minutes before one of Dick Grace's worst crashes, during the filming of "Young Eagles." With him are director William Wellman and Buddy Rogers.

my hardest task is to overcome the natural impulse to dodge."

Grace is in his late thirties. He first went to Hollywood about eleven years ago after receiving an honorable discharge from the United States Air Service. He arrived there with twenty cents in his pocket and was jailed thirty days for vagrancy. When he was released, he visited a studio, managed to get inside and because he was without funds and hungry, he took a job that seventy men turned down. That job was to don a light ballet costume and run through a flaming building as a double for Evelyn Brent in "The Prowler." The near-tragedy that resulted explains why, to this day, Evelyn Brent shuns fire. Something went wrong during the filming of the scene and Grace was dragged to safety with the ballet costume a mass of flames.

Dick is the only man in the world who deliberately crashes airplanes for motion picture thrills. He has taken part in thirty-four movie crack-ups and has had nearly every bone in his body broken. His worst accident occurred during the production of "Wings," when he piloted a ship straight into a house and broke his neck. His most thrilling crash took place in "Young Eagles" when, doubling for Buddy Rogers, he struck the earth at a speed of one hundred and five miles an hour and broke several bones and five ribs. The impact of plane and earth was so terrific that his shoes were torn from his feet without unlacing.

A few years ago, Dick organized the "Squadron of Death," a band of nine daredevil flyers. One by one, others of the nine went the way of all unlucky flying flesh until only Grace remains alive. In this, fate has played a weird prank—for Dick is the only member of the original nine who deliberately crashed planes; the remaining eight died in accidents! One was dashed to death when his motor stalled

while he was winging his way to the home field after the day's work was done. Singly or in pairs, the other seven lives were snuffed out unexpectedly—while Grace's death has been anticipated nearly two score times, and still he lives.

Dick Grace has written three books. The first is titled "The Squadron of Death," and the second, "I am Still Alive." The third, not yet published, is "The Lost Squadron," from which the picture is being produced. Today he is a wealthy man, but he continues to stage crack-ups for the benefit of cameras.

"Are you going to continue daring death, now that you are rich?" I demanded.

"I can't stop," he returned tersely. "It's in my blood. I guess I will always defy death."

"But aren't you nervous before you execute your stunts?" I asked.

"When I attempted my first crash, I was upset for days before the crack-up," he answered, "but the nervousness disappeared a few hours before I took the air."

"I always feel confident I will live through each stunt," he added. "Perhaps that confidence has had much to do with the good fortune that has attended my ventures."

Grace received twenty thousand dollars for all rights to the filming of "The Lost Squadron," which price includes his services as stunt aviator for three crack-ups. Twenty thousand dollars is a great deal of money; but on the contrary, life is a great deal of fun if you enjoy living. I do, and as far as I personally am concerned, Dick will have absolutely no competition in his business of plunging airplanes into the Pacific ocean at one hundred miles an hour.

Nevertheless, I doff my hat to such cold steel courage. Long live the King of stunt flyers, Dick Grace! Luck be with him on his plunge of death!

Stop Wondering What's Become of Sally!

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the rest of the family had begun to feel that it was all a mistake, too. Only George wasn't bothered. 'That's the way it always is,' he just said, and kept on digging up more directors."

Then, one day, came an interview with Marshall ("Micky") Neilan, the young director who already had made a considerable name for himself. Neilan gave new hope by pointing out something that had unaccountably escaped the aspiring young manager and his potential star—namely, a marked resemblance between her and Mabel Normand. On the strength of this he rushed her over to the office of Louis B. Mayer, who had to be convinced that she really wasn't Miss Normand. And with that as a starting-point, almost before she knew what was happening Sally had been given a part in "Sally, Irene and Mary," then in process of casting.

"Well, maybe there wasn't rejoicing then among us embattled Noonans! George 'I-told-you-so'd' us all over the place—and as for me, I didn't merely walk on air, I just sailed about as if in a dream. Nothing like months of disappointment and defeat to make you appreciate a break when you finally get it.

"And then, when my first part was followed with others, the road to success seemed to stretch out straight ahead of me, all smooth and pleasant, with no traffic lights. I played parts in 'Slide, Kelly, Slide,' D. W. Griffith's 'The Battle of the Sexes,' and a lot of other pictures of increasing importance; and it seemed perfectly plain that I had clicked."

But Fate, or Chance, or whatever it is that manipulates the strings in the human puppet-show, had other plans for Sally. Her fortunes, apparently so firmly on the upgrade, began to slide. She doesn't know yet just exactly what it was all about, but for a year and a half the O'Neil stock just about hit a "new low for all time." For one thing, there was the talkie earthquake, which came along at about that time—that upheaval that threatened for a time to turn Hollywood completely topsy-turvy, with the lightning journeys, sometimes round-trip and sometimes one-way, that it afforded between the spotlight and oblivion. Then, again, there was the restive brother Ed, who more than once has seemed bent on "stealing the show" from Sally and becoming the most prominent member of the family, but in ways that are no great help

to any struggling young sister's movie career. Upon that sister's none too hefty shoulders fell the burden of the assorted family difficulties, as well as her own; but Sally saw it through, and waited for the skies to clear.

They did begin to clear at last, and then, in a business where the changes of eighteen months are equal to the changes of generations in the outside world, she realized that she had her way to make all over again.

"The thought of repeating that terrible, dreary siege outside the gates was almost too much; but I gritted my teeth and went at it. I began to get small parts again; some of them made me feel almost like an extra. You can't give moving, gripping or hilarious performances as a chorus girl or a housemaid. But my gaze was fixed on the future, and I took what I could get and liked it. Besides, while they weren't much, each was a little better than the last."

At all events, Sally was being seen in pictures again. There was "The Girl on the Barge," and "On With the Show," and "The Sophomore," "Jazz Heaven," and the comparatively recent "Murder By the Clock." Progress of a sort; but the break that she needed had yet to come.

Then Sally had a bright idea. She had been offered an opportunity to appear on the stage in Los Angeles in "The Brat." In a pecuniary sense it meant little, but Sally felt that if she could give a really notable performance of the rôle on the stage, some producer would want her to make a picture of it. Moreover, "The Brat" had always been a play after her own heart, and one of her early dreams had been of herself capering through its title rôle on the screen. So she accepted gladly, and began feverishly to study the part.

"And how I loved that play!" says Sally. "I felt that it had been written with me in mind—that I could take hold of it and *be* it, without even having to think about it. I memorized the lines quickly, and rehearsed from morning to night, going through the scenes, improvising bits of business, having one perfectly grand time. And behind it all were visions of a smashing hit on the stage, and a still bigger success with it on the screen.

"And then along came the pin to prick that bubble. Before I had a chance to open in the play, I heard that Fox had already decided to go ahead and make "The Brat,"

and that another girl had been chosen for the part! Ouch! Love and kisses—with just a dash of poison ivy! Congratulations to the little gal—a nice kid and a good actress—but did they, oh, *did* they have to give her just that part? It was too much for a while, anyway."

It was, indeed, almost a knockout blow. One can't quite imagine Sally being downed permanently, even by a thing like that—but for a while, at any rate, there didn't seem much point in going on playing small bits in other people's pictures. So she did a little quiet moping, meanwhile trying to gather strength for the next round with Kid Destiny of the brass knuckles. And, thus moping, she received a call from Father Mack, a genial cleric who had been her fast friend for years. He inquired the reason for her doldrums, and was told.

Succor at last! For it happened that Father Mack numbered among his very good friends Mr. John Ford, and it happened also that Mr. Ford was the director preparing to make "The Brat." So the good padre seized his hat, told Sally not to worry, and went off to make another social call. Result: forty-eight hours later Miss O'Neil received a summons to appear on the Fox lot for a screen test. And when she arrived there, by some queer coincidence the rôle they wanted to test her in was the title part in "The Brat."

"That was just too tough," grins Sally. "There I was, asked to take a test in a part that I was primed for as I'd never been for any other. So I started in being 'The Brat,' and for hours I 'Bratted' all over the place, acting the scenes I'd been studying for days and days and days. Mr. Ford and everyone else present caught the spirit of the thing, and before we knew it we were going through whole scenes, stopping to write bits of dialogue and business—in short, we were shooting the picture. And we kept on shooting the picture until it was finished. And that, dear kiddies, is how it happened."

And it certainly had happened, this time. For the Fox people followed up the preview of the picture with a five-year contract, which Sally, easy-going girl that she is, just let herself be bludgeoned into signing!

"So I won that round after all, and now it looks as if there'll be a five-year armistice, anyway. And who knows—maybe I've really won the war this time!"

Why Helen Married Again

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and all! Quite a relief to Helen, too.

Her long list of experiences runs the gamut of high courage and the depths of deep despair. They have left untouched the surface loveliness of Helen's features—but the undercurrents of character have been greatly moved and profoundly touched, and as a result she is an infinitely better actress—and a more understanding human being, which, to her great credit, she considers quite important.

Helen, as an instance, is genuinely, keenly proud of her mother's and father's long-lived romance. The strong bond of affection between the two parents, whom she whole-heartedly adores, is very real to her. And in her pride and interest in her young brother there is a sincerity of

feeling that transcends the usual taken-for-granted affections.

Helen loves a home, yearns for children and harbors the self-same virtues which repose in the breasts of less glamorous suburban *hausfraus* from Patchogue to Fresno. She wants most avidly a little girl, and very nearly adopted one recently. She is intensely proud of "her man's" war record, a brilliant one (you know, of course, that Jack won the war). She is ecstatic over his golf championships and vitally interested in his real estate business.

She confesses to frailties, quite freely, too. She says she "adores" clothes and lovely things—admits that she finds it necessary to retain a business manager who collects her income and doles out

platinum pin money with unrelenting austerity—or there would be nothing left of her generous salary. She and Jack, however, give themselves over to the "free hand" by running off to Auga Caliente for week-ends on a sort of perpetual honeymoon, where they gambol to their hearts' content, and where, as Jack laughingly puts it, "My wife becomes the beautiful Helen who has launched a thousand chips!"

But don't be deceived. Helen, who, at fourteen, played poker surreptitiously with her two lovely cousins on the back porch of her Flatbush home, and who, if the need became urgent, cheated to win (!) has evolved into one of Hollywood's crack (and honest) bridge players, who, with al-

most uncanny agility, can make good her five spade bid!

Then, too, she is a competent follower of her namesake of the tennis courts, is a dancer of outstanding grace and has a lively appreciation of music all the way from "Wagner to jazz." And all her life she has put her heart, soul and a great deal of native talent into her canvases, and if, as she promises, when she becomes "too old" for picture work, she turns to the painted thought, she will perhaps gain equal fame in her second best choice.

Pushing her hair back of two little shell-like ears, a mannerism peculiar to her, and requiring many extra hair dressings, Helen knitted her brows.

"Jack is a dear, you know. He does all the thoughtful, kind things that I think every man should do—and so many overlook. When I come home from the studio Jack comes home from his office and we have such fun talking things over! He's so interested in my work, and everything about it seems wonderful and important to him. And then he'll spread out some blueprints and though I often mistake a fireplace for the billiard room, I really love to hear about what he does and I find myself refreshed and enthusiastic to hear someone talk of things out of the encompassed world in which I live."

Jack is very fond of flying, and Helen is an air enthusiast as well. She said it was so funny when she signed up with Pathé, she had to give written assurances that she wouldn't fly and would be a nice little earth-girl. Then, when she planned to come East on a round-about-face trip she was timorously approached by studio offi-



And she grew up to be a movie star! Helen Twelvetrees before she had any thoughts of a screen career.

cials and requested to "take it on the wing"—and was she glad! She says flying is the only way to travel, it's so clean. Try it—all those of you who like good, clean fun!

Just now she's planning to come East

with Jack, who has "lots and lots of property in Montreal and will have to run over there in September or October."

Helen believes people should never sermonize on love. Undoubtedly one could profit by the unfevered and dispassionate advice of a bystander—but she says it would rob love of romance. She believes love should be taken where it is found, with no questions asked—and no lies told. If marriage becomes sordid, unhappy and onerous she thinks dissolution, devoid of malice, the one honorable way out, and contends that though the banns should not be entered into flippantly, there is nothing more futile and character-spoiling than "making the best of things."

As one listens to Helen's innermost thoughts there is a realization that here is a screen player whose mind really plumbs the depths of human relationships. It is never difficult for her to respond glibly, yet her answers prove they have been well considered. This Twelvetrees gal has a dozen reasons for each action, and yet she never takes on the pose of analytical informant. She remains, always, a sage, if wide-eyed Dresden shepherdess, with a child-like quality that must make strong men's heads reel.

Orchids grow on oaks. Opposites attract. Jack Woody is the sturdy oak to which the orchidaceous Helen clings. No, you skeptics, it has nothing to do with her work or his—it's the basic, fundamental "regular" in Jack that attracts the basic, fundamental "regular" in Helen. It's a great merger—orchids and steel—and if you want to stand in right with the lush Helen, *don't knock Woody!*

They Called It Vamping!

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choose the man she wants and win him from all competitors.

June's type is a challenge to the kind of man worth vamping—the man who is particular. He isn't interested in the easy-to-get flapper, or the girl who seems out to get her man. He's looking for the girl who seems unattainable.

And with a man in that attitude, the woman's game is all but won. She can name her own terms. And if that's not ultra-vamping, Peggy Hopkins Joyce is a dishwasher!

They have described Dorothy Christy as "the vamp with a sense of humor" and she says that's because she laughs at the man's jokes, whether they are funny or not.

Dorothy assumes the rôle of good sport and playmate—the girl-friend-but-no-more.

"Here," thinks the wary male, "is a regular guy, a girl a chap can pal with and not have all this love business." And then—*wham*, he's in love!

Dorothy knows the value of looking attractive, well-groomed, smartly dressed.

"Make the best of your natural attributes," she advised, and points to her own hair, which she has had cut on a specially designed bob.

Janet Gaynor never fails to land her screen lovers—by appearing helpless, utterly adorable and yet resigned. That *Oh-how-I-need-you* look accompanied by that *but-I-wouldn't-know-what-to-do-about-it* sigh, can't fail; I suppose, though, you'd have to be another Janet to put it over.

Constance Bennett has a fatal combination of ultra-femininity combined with sophistication that lays them out in rows. That air of knowing all there is to know, yet—"of course you are different"—oh,

well! It's Heap Big medicine.

Elissa Landi has more of the exotic mystery that used to charm in days of vampires in black velvet, than any of her screen sisters.

She never poses, and men seem flattered by her attentions. She understands the masculine mind so well that she is never caught by an unexpected reaction to an advance. She knows when to retreat and how far.

"Lovely women are a drug on the market," cried Sylvia Sidney. "If you are to get your man, you must use your brains. Beauty is so common, now that almost anyone can buy it in a beauty shop, that it can't be a reliable weapon."

"Learn how to talk, keep the man you want entertained, and you'll get results."

"Oh, on the screen—I do whatever the script calls for!"

Carole Lombard, who married the man she failed to get in "Ladies' Man" (the picture that introduced the Bill Powells) insisted that being yourself is really the only safe advice to follow.

"Don't try affectations, baby talk, mystery poses or pseudo-sophistication," she advised. "You can't keep it up unless it's natural, and nothing is worse than a life-long attempt to be something you distinctly are not."

Thelma Todd doesn't agree.

"Keep your man in doubt as to how you feel about him, and he'll work that much harder to win you."

Thelma builds no mysterious illusions about herself, but if he shows the slightest tendency toward fickleness, she discourages his attentions and he fairly creeps back to be forgiven.

ZaSu Pitts believes that her way of winning screen lovers—when she has any to win—is a sure one. She bids for his sympathy, and since pity is akin to love, he is presently hers.

Mary Kornman, aged seventeen, is sure that all young men like to feel superior. Therefore, in her celluloid romances, she appeals to her boy friend in all her troubles and then lets him play hero.

"And I should think that would work in real life, shouldn't you?" she wanted to know.

"Don't be obvious," contributed Ona Munson.

"Nowadays, few girls use make-up on the street so that it is apparent to the eye. That's the way screen vamps of today do their stuff. Men shy off from gold diggers, but fall for the subtle, gentle, sweet girl. And the subtle, gentle, sweet girls are that much more dangerous!"

"Keep them guessing, but don't be so indifferent that your victim gets the idea you aren't interested. If you do, he'll be off after a more impressionable maiden," is Gertie Messinger's sage counsel from the Hal Roach lot.

Gertie follows her own advice on the screen, is coy and flirtatious, but careful not to go too far.

The youngest of leading ladies consulted as to modern methods of bringing down the male—Dorothy DeBorba (known as "Echo" to Our Gang fans)—gives the most old-fashioned advice.

"The way to a man's heart is through his stomach," quoth she, and she declared she always gives her puppy loves something good to eat!

Tallulah—So Far!

Continued from page 83

which the American girl lent the vibrancy and abandon of her personality. To her London audiences, reared on the tradition of restraint in the theatre as in all things, she came as an ever-fresh and ever-stimulating delight.

All the New York successes played in this country by the shining lights of our stage were, in London, handed over as a matter of course to Tallulah. She acted Katherine Cornell's part in "The Green Hat" and the part of Jeanne Eagels in "Her Cardboard Lover," Francine Larimore's part in "Let Us Be Gay" and Ina Claire's in "The Gold Diggers." And each of these plays in turn ran and ran and ran—they ran until she was sick of the sound of her lines and the thought of her evening's performance made her want to shriek with boredom. And still the queues continued to form outside the theatre, and her London worshippers refused to stay away from the show.

introduction to prominent people, which she had brought over with her, she took back eight years later, unopened, unused, unwanted. Her exquisite little house in Berkeley Square, which had been made over from a stable, was always ablaze with light and gaiety. Augustus Johns, the popular portrait painter, asked her to sit to him, and the portrait received more newspaper space than if it had been a queen's. She was quoted, pursued, publicized. If a robbery was reported, Tallulah's telephone would be sure to tinkle: "Mrs. John Smith was awakened by a burglar at 2 o'clock this morning and ordered to hand over her jewels. The Daily So-and-So would like to know what you'd have done under those circumstances, Miss Bankhead."

She reveled in it all. Naturally she had her moments of irritation at the silliness of some of these manifestations of fame, and she had her moments of black anger when she found herself being exploited,

thrill. She had been too long in one place. She was going stale. Her temperamental restlessness was asserting itself.

Then, like an answer to prayer, came the talkies.

"Or rather," says Tallulah, "like an answer to two prayers. 'Relieve me, Lord, of my spiritual weariness,' was one, and 'Relieve me, Lord, of my material poverty' was the other.

"I haven't a grain of sense about money," she went on. "When I bought my first car in London, I didn't know the streets, and I'd hire a taxi to drive ahead of me and show me the way. I'd made plenty in England and I'd spent every cent I made. I had a house in Berkeley Square and a Bentley car and five servants, and half the time I'd start out of my sleep in a cold sweat, wondering where in Hades the money was coming from to pay the servants.

"But I knew that the movies paid so much money that some of it would have to stick even to a fool like me. And I *want* to save," she wailed. "I want to be independent, so I can retire. I don't *want* to turn into a snivelling old bore of an actress, living on my own old cold memories and other people's charity.

"As soon as I'd seen 'The Jazz Singer,' I said to myself, 'That's going to be the thing to do.' I'd had an offer from a British company, but all my love and gratitude to England, bless her dear heart, couldn't induce me to make pictures there. Her film companies are about her only objectionable feature. It's this way. I'm no technical beauty. I think I've a fairly interesting face, if you'll excuse my saying so, featuring good points and bad. Well, it's got to be lighted—question of shadows and bones. If it were a hundred times better-looking, it would have to be lighted. The face of the most perfect sixteen-year-old has to be lighted. And there you are! When it comes to lighting, England is a babe in arms!

"I made up my mind I was going to Paramount. I'd decided that Paramount was the best, and little Tallulah would have nothing if not the best. I got bids from others, but not the suggestion of a peep from Paramount. Yet when my friends asked me, 'You going into the talkies, Tallulah?', I'd tell them, 'Yes, I'm going to Paramount.'

"Sounds like sheer arrogance, doesn't it, but maybe that wasn't all. I had a hunch. Go on, laugh, see if I care, but believe me or not, the only mistakes I ever made in my life came from squashing my instincts.

"Anyway, the proof of the pudding lies in the fact that I got the offer. Walter Wanger saw a test of me in America that had been made in England, and signed me from across the seas. And so I took ship and sailed back to my beloved country and very glad I am to be here again thank you kindly to all who may inquire and I've got a most abominable thirst let's have a coca cola. E-e-die!!"

In comes Edie for perhaps the nineteenth time, cheerful, serene, competent, a rock of comfort in a tempestuous ocean.

"There's a darling, if you like," says Tallulah, after her disappearance. "I shudder to think what my life would be like without her and Mrs. Larke. Mrs. Larke has five children in England, but she came here with me because I needed her. Edie used to wait for me at the stage door, and I noticed her specially because she looked so fresh and sweet. Then when my Scotch maid left me, I wanted someone young and jolly to take her place, and I offered Edie



She's in again—in bed, that is. It's an easy life for Miriam Hopkins on the screen; first in "The Smiling Lieutenant," and now as Rosie Dugan in Louis Bromfield's "Twenty-four Hours."

Once, when she felt she had reached the extreme end of her rope, she hit upon a novel idea. With her secretary, Mrs. Larke, she betook herself to the front of the theatre, and having first taken the precaution of veiling her face, she sauntered with her companion up and down in front of the queue, uttering loud and uncomplicated remarks about the play, the production and the star.

"Will you look at that queue!" she shuddered. What in heaven's name are they standing there for? Jerry dragged me to see this show last week and the theatre was half empty. I don't wonder, either. It's the filthiest tripe I ever sat through."

"Isn't it?" concurred Mrs. Larke warmly. "And as for that Bankhead woman, the sooner she's shipped back to America where she came from, the better it'll be for England."

But the only reward they reaped was a harvest of scowls and acid reflections on the quality of their brains, their unmitigated gall and their generally repellent appearance.

As she had made a conquest of social New York, so did Tallulah make a conquest of social London. The letters of

misquoted and generally victimized. But for the most part, she realized that it was all a part of the feverish game she had chosen to play, and her humor usually came to the rescue.

"I don't give a hoot what opinions of their own they air," she explained. "That's their privilege. But what burns me up is when they put words into your mouth that you've never said—words you'd have choked on before saying them. I can't stand injustice." Her eyes blazed. "I think the way they badger Garbo is a crime. I think the things they've said about poor little Clara Bow ought to be rammed down their throats. As for myself, I've had my share and I'm prepared for more of the same, but it doesn't really bother me. Of course I'd rather have everyone like than dislike me, but what a sap I'd be to expect it! And in a way, it's a compliment when they try to tear you down. It's their way of telling you that you're sitting high and pretty—too high and pretty to suit them."

High and pretty she sat for eight years in London, and toward the end of that time she began to feel a little bored. Another play? Another success? All well and good. But the prospect lacked the old

"I'm over 45!"



NANCE O'NEIL. Who would dream, looking at this photograph taken in 1930, that she is over 45! "Stage and screen stars cherish complexion beauty," she says. "It's youth that wins hearts!"

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the job. It was one of the brightest things I ever did. She's not only a perfect maid, but a perfect joy to have around. Whatever I could do for those two would never repay the loyalty they've given me. They live my life. When I'm happy, they're happy. I feel as responsible for them as I do for myself. They're not my servants but my family. We belong together. On every opening night we go through a little ceremony to seal our bond. Just we three. My place is generally crowded with people but—dear and intimate friends though they may be—I move them all out. Excuse me, I tell them, this is personal. And when we are alone, we drink a glass of champagne together—Mrs. Larke and Edie and I—to the success of the play and to ourselves."

When I saw Tallulah, her first picture had been released. Though she herself had scored a hit, she was distressed because the picture hadn't.

"How do I know if it was good or bad?" she said in response to a question. "It was all so new to me. But it was my first picture, and I was fond of it. And I want to say something else. And to say it with all the emphasis in my power. Rarely have I been more cleverly handled than by George Cukor, the director of 'Tarnished Lady.' He helped me without letting me know he was helping me. He gave me enough freedom to be myself, and when I stumbled his hand was always there to be grabbed. He cured me of a dozen stage mannerisms which would have been fatal on the screen. And never once has he taken credit for anything I did. Never once has he hinted, 'I made her do it that way.' He's thrown all the bouquets to me—how many directors would have done that?—and I'm here to sing out that a goodly number of those same bouquets belong to him."

To echo Tallulah's words, how many actresses would have said that? It gives one an inkling of why those who know her best adore her.

"Oh, of course," I hear some of my readers object, "interviewers always say nice

things about the people they interview. But what of all the criticisms we've heard levelled at your paragon?"

Well, I happen to believe every nice thing I've written about Tallulah. Though I'm fully aware that she's been blamed as freely as she's been praised. But most of the fault-finding has come from people who don't know her and from people, moreover, who by some strange process of reasoning consider her private affairs to be their concern.

"The only person in the world whom Tallulah has ever hurt," someone told me, "has been herself. But she's a thoroughbred. Whatever folly she may commit she's ready to pay for without whimpering. And what's more, she does pay. She never gets off easily."

Listen to Tallulah herself on the same subject.

"Yes, I love men," she says simply, without a trace of the conscious mockery which marks her ordinary manner. "It's part of my love of life, and I dread the day when I shan't be able to love. How can anyone condemn you for falling in love? It's not something you do yourself, but a power from outside that you can't resist any more than a tree can keep from shaking in the power of a storm. And when you love someone, you want to get close to him, don't you?"

"I live a man's life. I work like a dog. I'm never free of responsibility. Why shouldn't I have the same privileges and freedom as a man? Here's my code, if you'd like to know it. Never hurt an innocent person. Apart from that, what you do is your own business. I don't know if my conduct is right or wrong by the other fellow's standards, and I don't much care, so long as it jibes with my own. I've had plenty of heartbreak; but my theory is that all experience helps you to mellow, and when I look back, I'm sometimes more grateful for the anguish I've suffered than for the so-called good times. I regret nothing. I want to know everything. I want every experience the world can give me. And sappy as it may sound"—she

ended with an odd note of defiance in her voice, "I still hope for a husband and a home and a child, for life wouldn't be complete without them."

Is there anything in that credo for a normal, intelligent, warm-hearted person to throw stones at?

No, for my part I have more faith in the staunch love and loyalty of her intimates and in the evidence of my own senses than in all the scandalized whisperings of the Mesdames I-Heard-Tell and I-Have-It-Straight-from-the-Friend-of-a-Friend-of-a-Friend.

"She hasn't any faults," is the calm verdict of Edie, who has put her through the acid test of five long years of daily companionship. "She's never once disappointed me. She's all and more than all I ever expected. And I'm not the only one who thinks so. Every servant she's ever had has worshipped her. The kindness in her brings out the kindness in them. They're not servants to her, they're human beings. She makes them rest when they're tired, she worries when they're ill. Why, her staff in England cried like babies because she couldn't take them along with her to America."

"I may not always approve of the things she does," said another friend. "I may think she's an idiot, throwing her money around when she doesn't know where her next cent is coming from. I may want to thrash her when she acts the bad boy, trying to shock the mob. But I know her to the roots, and I know that there's nothing on earth she could do that would make me stop honoring her and loving her."

Measured by such tributes as these, what value have the darts of rumor?

None, in this writer's judgment. From all I have seen and heard of Tallulah, there emerges the figure of a gallant woman, with her own share of human imperfections and with more than her share of those rarer qualities which made one Englishman call her the ideal exponent of the "gift of kindness, the virtue of tolerance and the art of brave living."

Business and Pleasure

Continued from page 31

again. His attention had been distracted by a dashing brunette of aristocratic bearing who had seated herself near a door on the opposite side of the room. She smoked a cigarette with an air. Her costume was distinctly Parisian. Beside her blinked a Pekinese.

Ogle followed Jones' gaze. "She is beautiful."

"But unapproachable," commented Jones. "No one's been able to meet her."

They might have continued their comments, but they had to talk loudly to compete with the quartet at the bar.

Singing interfered with the drinking, so the quartet stopped for a few seconds. For some reason or other Tinker decided that would be a good time to introduce his companions to each other.

"Men," he shouted, "this is Charley Turner, president of the Union Box and Paper Company of Cleveland—Charley, meet the finest small body of men ever gathered together on one ocean—Ben Wackstle of the Wackstle Axle Works, P. D. Weatherwright of the Weatherwright Worsted Mills—and Aaron Feld of the Midwest Trust and Savings, the biggest financier of the Middle West."

And they teed off for another song. The tenor got into the rough, however, and

while they were looking for the lost chord Wackstle's mind reverted to business.

"Say," he asked, "is there anything to this talk about the Straightback Blade people buying you out?"

"Well—they tried," responded Tinker non-committally.

"Spragg told me that you and the Straightback people were having the biggest fight he ever saw. Said they're spending millions to beat you."

Tinker changed the subject by banging his glass on the bar.

"Hey, bartender, the same all around."

Charley became a trifle more boisterous. "Say, Earl," addressing Tinker in what was supposed to be a confidential tone, "I missed you in New York—did you have any fun?"

"Oh, some, some. The last night we went out to a show without any music, a play—oh, boy!"

"Was it good?" asked Wackstle.

Tinker whistled. "Good? Say, my wife wanted to go out right in the middle of the first act. Some of the stuff they pulled would make a horse blush. It was certainly rancid."

Charley could see Ogle squirming. He persisted.

"What was it, a comedy?"

"Well, in the end the hero ran off with his daughter-in-law and she took poison, so I guess maybe it wasn't a comedy. But the gallery laughed. Let's see, they called it—something like pasturage—that's it 'The Pasturage Scene.'"

"The numbskull," exploded Ogle, addressing Jones.

But Jones was not interested. He had been gazing at the beautiful woman in the Parisian gown, and she was rising to go.

Wackstle saw her for the first time. He clutched Tinker's sleeve. "Do you see what I see?"

"Maybe she doesn't like our singing," suggested Tinker. He ordered another drink, but followed the woman out the door almost immediately, leaving the rest of the quartet to decide whether he intended to break up the singing or apologize to the stranger for it.

"Thank heaven, he's gone," commented Ogle with emphasis.

He was in what might be described as a mood. The remaining singers tried harmonizing without Tinker, so Ogle hurried out onto the deck. As he reached it he collided with Olivia.

"I beg your pardon," he said.

Olivia surveyed him coolly, quickly deciding that possibly he would do for an

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are again feminine

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Will Rogers (and in evening clothes, too!) gets slightly involved with a naughty siren in "Business and Pleasure." Bill, the cute old shaver, plays a safety razor magnate, and the charmer is played by Jetta Goudal. Dorothy Peterson, at the right, plays the part of Bill's wife.

ocean flirtation. He paused, awkwardly. "Oh, that's all right," she told him, smiling.

But it wasn't all right, as far as he was concerned. He couldn't calm down so quickly.

"I was so angry," he burst forth, "I just couldn't see where I was going. Never in my life have I been so annoyed."

"Really?" She may have been sympathetic or sarcastic, but he did not wait to find out.

"The most obnoxious, the most uncouth, the most ignorant unmannerly beast I have ever encountered, has been irritating me all afternoon."

"Who is this terrible person?" she asked.

He glanced through the open doorway. Tinker had returned with the gorgeous lady and was introducing her as Madame Momora.

"Right there"—he pointed—"at the bar, with that beautiful creature."

Olivia's chin tilted upward. Her manner changed.

"Do you know him?" Ogle asked.

"Slightly—he's my father."

Ogle gazed after her, chagrined, as she walked away.

* * *

In the dining salon that night Mrs. Tinker had her first opportunity to wear her new Fifth Avenue evening gown. Her appetite wasn't what it should have been, but the seas had calmed, and she felt equal to displaying her wardrobe. Olivia, too, wasn't averse to displaying her latest creation. And as for Tinker—he had on an evening suit that couldn't have been better if it had come from London. He wasn't comfortable in it, but it was a grand outfit nevertheless, and Mrs. Tinker liked it.

Most of the diners had assembled when they arrived, and they waited for the chief steward to escort them to their table.

Tinker made his first annoying *faux pas* by slapping the dignified chief steward on

the shoulder and handing him a ten dollar bill. His voice could be heard several tables away as he said: "All right, George. You take care of us and I'll take care of you. Pay special attention to mama, 'cause she's kind of a picky eater. And, George, send a bottle of wine over to the Captain's table. Send Wackstle a bottle, too."

The steward bowed and led them toward a table at which a young man was seated alone. It was Ogle.

"Hello, Ogle," called Tinker, "meet my family."

Olivia gazed over his head. "Mr. Ogle and I have met."

Mrs. Tinker acknowledged the introduction with a show of formality. Between glances at the menu she studied Ogle. Then she gazed around at other diners. After they had ordered she addressed Tinker acidly.

"I'd like to see the kind of people you were sitting up so late with last night. I'll bet there were women in the party."

"Well, you lose your bet," Tinker responded. "I'll leave it to Ogle."

Ogle refused to be drawn into a family discussion and abruptly left the table.

Mrs. Tinker exploded. "There, you see—you've driven Mr. Ogle away."

Tears welled to Olivia's eyes, but there was a set line around her chin and an angry tilt to the head. She followed Ogle from the room.

What she said to Ogle on the deck left him gasping for air. If Tinker had heard it he might have thought she was becoming like her mother. He didn't have time to speculate on what it was all about, however, for Madame Momora, dressed in an evening gown cut so low it left little to the imagination, passed his table about that time. She paused and smiled.

Tinker rose, but not to the occasion. He was mildly embarrassed, and Mrs. Tinker's eagle eye noted it.

"Madame," he began, "I want you to

meet Mrs. Tinker—mama, this is Madame Momora, a friend of Ben Wackstle's."

Mrs. Tinker smiled—one of those set smiles she used when addressing the Women's Club back home. "How do you do?"

Madame Momora was gracious—too gracious.

"I am delighted, Mrs. Tinker. We will play bridge together, perhaps."

"I'd love to," Mrs. Tinker almost cooed. Olivia returned. Mrs. Tinker introduced her.

Madame Momora bowed and continued toward her table.

Tinker mopped his brow with his napkin and tried to appear nonchalant.

"There's a swell woman," he commented, jerking his thumb over his shoulder. "And beautiful. Don't you think she's beautiful?"

"Oh, yes. Yes, indeed." Mrs. Tinker was using her best ocean liner dining room manner now.

The waiter returned with a tray of *hors d'oeuvres*. He was a welcome diversion for Tinker.

"Well, well, so you got back all right?" he asked cheerfully.

"Beg pardon?"

Tinker rambled on. "I thought maybe you fell overboard. Say, do you shave yourself?"

The waiter was more puzzled than ever. "I beg your pardon?"

"Shave—you savvy, shave! You know—" Tinker scraped his face with an imaginary safety razor, but the waiter didn't understand. Tinker changed his pantomime and picked up a table knife.

"Straight razor man, eh?"

The waiter nodded. Tinker frowned, indicating his disapproval. He pushed his chair back and fished a Tinker razor in a box from his trousers pocket. The waiter took it.

"Wait a minute," called Tinker, and handed him a package of blades, with the well-known Tinker face printed on the paper cover.

Olivia was indignant.

"Will you please stop making mother and me ridiculous?" she demanded.

He achieved an air of injured innocence. "Well, my glory, what am I doing now?"

Mrs. Tinker told him. "Oh, just what you always do—act the fool wherever you are. I'm just sick and tired of it."

Olivia rose. "Come on, Mama. We'll have dinner in our stateroom."

Wackstle watched them go out and strolled over to Tinker's table. "Say, you had your nerve introducing that woman as a friend of mine."

They both laughed.

* * *

One of the principal things Tinker did not want to do immediately after dinner was face the irate members of his family. He wanted to avoid an excess of feminine conversation in which he would be only the listener, so he wandered disconsolately into one of the lounges. He encountered Madame Momora, strolling leisurely, and seemingly indifferent to the attention she was attracting from the male members of the company.

"Ah, *Monsieur* Tinker—we meet again."

Her voice was soft and caressing. He paused, embarrassed, shuffling from one foot to the other. For want of something better to say he asked: "Say, you haven't seen my wife, have you?"

Madame Momora smiled. "But yes—and she seemed angry."

She was an astute woman, subtle, deft—sympathetic when she knew it counted. Tinker was accustomed only to the obvious among his women folk.

"I guess you understand," Tinker commented after a pause. "You know, that's the first thing I thought when I looked

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at you. I said to myself, 'Now *there's* a woman who understands.'"

They strolled together out onto the deck. In the semi-darkness she leaned close to him and he took her arm. As they walked the conversation drifted more to the subject of understanding. She took his hand and told him it was the hand of "a conqueror."

Tinker grinned. "You don't say! You're a fortune teller, eh?"

"No, not that," she protested, "but I am what they call psychic."

And then she explained what she could do with a crystal ball.

He wanted to be amused as well as flattered. After she had told him she had one in her stateroom he urged her to go and get it, promising to meet her on the top deck. He calculated that if either Mrs. Tinker or Olivia began searching for him they would begin in the smoking room near the bar and work upward deck by deck. It was a big ship and would take some time.

But, as usual, he hadn't counted on the perversity of the feminine mind. He had just arranged two deck chairs in a secluded spot between two lifeboats when he heard footsteps.

Ogle strolled out of the darkness. What a relief!

"Well, well, well! How are you, Ogle? Great night, isn't it? I'm just taking a little walk myself."

Ogle may have intended to be sarcastic. "You're not looking for Madame Momora, by any chance?"

"Who, me?" protested Tinker. "Why, no—I'm a married man. Why would I want to see her? Are *you* looking for her?"

"Well, yes," he admitted.

"Let's stroll down this way—I'll help you find her."

But—this was a mistake in strategy. They had gone hardly a hundred feet when they encountered Olivia, peering suspiciously between lifeboats and around ventilators.

"Looking for me, baby?" asked Tinker.

"Well, not exactly, but—"

He was suddenly inspired by a brilliant idea. It was so brilliant it almost dazzled him, but he executed it swiftly.

"Listen, tell you what you do." He took Olivia and Ogle each by an arm and pushed them toward each other. To Olivia—"You walk with Mr. Ogle—I got to see a man about something."

Ogle could have bitten a piece of a davit without further provocation, but he decided to walk with Olivia instead, and they descended a companionway.

Tinker hurried back to his deck chairs to await Madame Momora. His desire for mild adventure and companionship put him completely off guard. When she arrived and showed him the small crystal ball he confessed to her that he had always been superstitious. He even told her he had gone to a colored fortune-teller when he had entered business, and that he still carried the lucky half dollar she had given him.

"I am glad you believe," Madame Momora cooed softly. "Because, if you believe, I can tell you many things."

He became eager. "You can? You mean you could tell me about—say, a business deal?"

She assured him she could, and her assurance was given in such a restrained, impersonal way that he rambled on incautiously, not realizing that he was telling her more than she was telling him.

Gazing into the crystal ball, she continued her flattery.

"I see you—your face—your name—all over the world, in strange lands—"

There was nothing psychic about this.



Manya Roberti was understudying her sister, Lyda Roberti, stage star, when a Fox scout saw and signed her. Manya makes her screen appearance soon.

Most people could have told him the same thing.

"You'll see my face in any country where men shave," he boasted.

"But wait!" She became dramatic. "What is this? Another name appears by yours—I see a line, a straight line."

"The name's not Straightback, is it?" he asked, startled.

It was.

This *was* interesting. "That's right, that's right," he agreed. "Do you see anything in there about going to Damascus?"

Oddly enough, she did. In fact, she saw him in Damascus buying many things—rugs, curios.

"No, no—not that," he interrupted, "something about business."

"Ah—I see more clearly—you are buying—you are buying something your business needs."

"That's it, that's it. Do I get the steel?"

This went on for a half hour or more. When he finally remembered that he would be wise to go back and face the family wrath she knew exactly why he was going to Damascus and he was wondering vaguely why he had been so talkative. Possibly, he felt, it was because he so seldom had a chance to insert any remarks in his wife's steady flow of conversation.

He patted Madame Momora's Pekingese as he said good-night.

It was a relief to find his own stateroom in darkness. He tiptoed in and began removing his shoes. The light snapped on.

"Why, honey—I thought you were asleep. How do you feel?"

"Never mind how I feel. Where have you been?"

It was time for fast thinking.

"Why, nowhere except right on this steamer, Mama. I've just been sitting around quietly enjoying myself."

Mrs. Tinker sat up in bed, shaking her head vigorously and jarring her assortment of hair curlers. Why did she always have to wear those funny curlers?

"Sitting around quietly? Who with?"

"Now, honey—" he protested, pulling off his collar and tie to keep his hands as busy as his thoughts.

"Don't 'honey' me," she snapped. "If you haven't been with a woman, then you've been playing poker again!"

This was the first bright spot in the conversation. It was a way out. He became almost cheerful.

"No use trying to fool you, Mama. You sure are p-p-psychic." (The word embarrassed him because it made him think of Madame.) "I been playing poker. And I won—look."

He pulled a handful of bills and loose change from his trousers pocket and held it out to her.

"See, it's yours. You can give it to that day nursery of yours back home."

It worked. Mrs. Tinker relaxed. "I suppose if you must gamble, it's better that the money be used to do good."

He hurried to finish his undressing. This was a choice bit of good luck!

* * *

When the S.S. *Duunvir* dropped anchor in the outer harbor of Beirut it was surrounded by the usual swarm of boatmen selling fruit and rugs and curios, and the inevitable swarm of young swimmers ready to dive for coins in the clear water.

Tinker noted these things casually. What impressed him most was that shaving seemed to be one of the lost arts among the crowd of boatmen. Before him was a moving assortment of whiskers, the like of which he had never seen before.

It was a reflection on the Tinker advertising department. And so near the home of Damascus steel, where good blades might be made, too!

During the first few hours ashore Mrs. Tinker and Olivia became absorbed in the quaint life about them, the indolent crowds of Arabs in the narrow streets, the occasional tribesmen from the desert on their fine horses with robes flowing, the bazaars, and the Arabic splendor of the hotel and its gardens. Its luxury was a curious contrast to the prevailing squalor.

It was late afternoon before Mrs. Tinker became disturbed by her husband's absence. She inquired at the desk, but the clerk knew nothing of his whereabouts. She told Olivia to stroll around among the bazaars to find her father, not realizing that it was distinctly not desirable for an Occidental woman to walk unattended in the native quarters.

Olivia had not gone far when she found herself being persistently accosted by tradesmen. Some pulled at her sleeves. Beggars surrounded her. She could make no progress, and became genuinely alarmed.

"Go away! Go away!" she cried. "Leave me alone."

Ogle rounded a corner and took in the situation at a glance. He threw a handful of coins into the air and shouted. It was like throwing corn to Central Park pigeons. The crowd barged his way *en masse* and scrambled for the money. He hurried toward Olivia.

"Oh, Mr. Ogle—I was never so glad to see anyone in my life."

He seemed calm enough. This surprised her. She took his arm. "I don't care whether you like it or not, you're going to take me back to the hotel."

As they neared the hotel they became almost cordial for the first time. After all, he thought, she was certainly good looking. Why should he dislike her, even if her father was a bore?

"I'm very glad to have been of service to you," he told her.

"Do you know, that's the first nice thing you've said to me?"

In the cool shadows of the lobby he decided he didn't want to leave her. She offered no objections when he asked her to go to the roof terrace to have tea while they watched the sunset.

Their romantic mood came to an abrupt end when they reached the terrace. Mrs.

Tinker was annoyed and didn't care who knew it.

"Oh, there you are—it's time you came back—where's your father?"

"I don't know," Olivia told her, and the tone of her voice indicated she wasn't especially interested, but Mrs. Tinker had never been silenced yet. She went on.

"Where can that man be? He went off somewhere and heaven knows where he went, or when he'll be back!"

She may have been right. Heaven might not have known, but Tinker did. One of his suppressed desires since he had first peeked under a circus tent had been to ride a camel—a camel with draperies, and attendants. He probably would have been a Sultan if he had been born in Turkey instead of Topeka.

Long before lunch he had decided that inasmuch as Beirut had no sightseeing buses, he would do the town in style on a camel's back—a two-humped camel at that. He might just as well have the best while he was at it.

After several hours of this he had an entourage. Two extra camels were carrying his purchases. Shopkeepers were salaaming in front of him as though he were a direct descendant of Mohammed. He even had a couple of flute players who had given up charming cobras for the day to march in front of his dromedary and keep it in a rhythmic stride. It was a grand day for the maker of Tinker's Tempered Blades. It was too bad beads were so popular in this town.

The sun was going down beneath a copper canopy and shadows were lengthening when the Tinker caravan reached the broad avenue leading to the hotel. The flute players were making sweet music, but it couldn't be heard. Hundreds of shouting beggars were crowding about. It was an Arabic riot.

Most of those on the hotel terrace gazed in alarm until they saw what was happening. Mrs. Tinker nearly collapsed.

"Well, of all things! Look at him!"

They all did. And he was something to look at.

The Tinker head was half concealed beneath an enormous white burnoose, one of those flowing cloth things sheiks wear in the movies. From his shoulders flowed a blue and green and white robe. There were enough Oriental trappings on the camel to make Abdul Hamid jealous.

"Isn't it awful?" wailed Mrs. Tinker. "I'll certainly let him know what I think for making such a spectacle of himself. He hasn't the slightest idea of how ridiculous he looks, and he wouldn't care if he did! And here I've been worrying about him!"

When the caravan reached the hotel entrance Mrs. Tinker was there. Her remarks were numerous and pointed, but Tinker was busy. He paid bills with a lavish hand, and ordered his belongings taken inside with a royal calm that impressed the Orientals.

She surveyed the red leather boots, the cushions, the brass boxes, and returned to the hotel lobby in despair.

She tried to picture her husband riding to the office in Topeka wearing red boots and a burnoose.

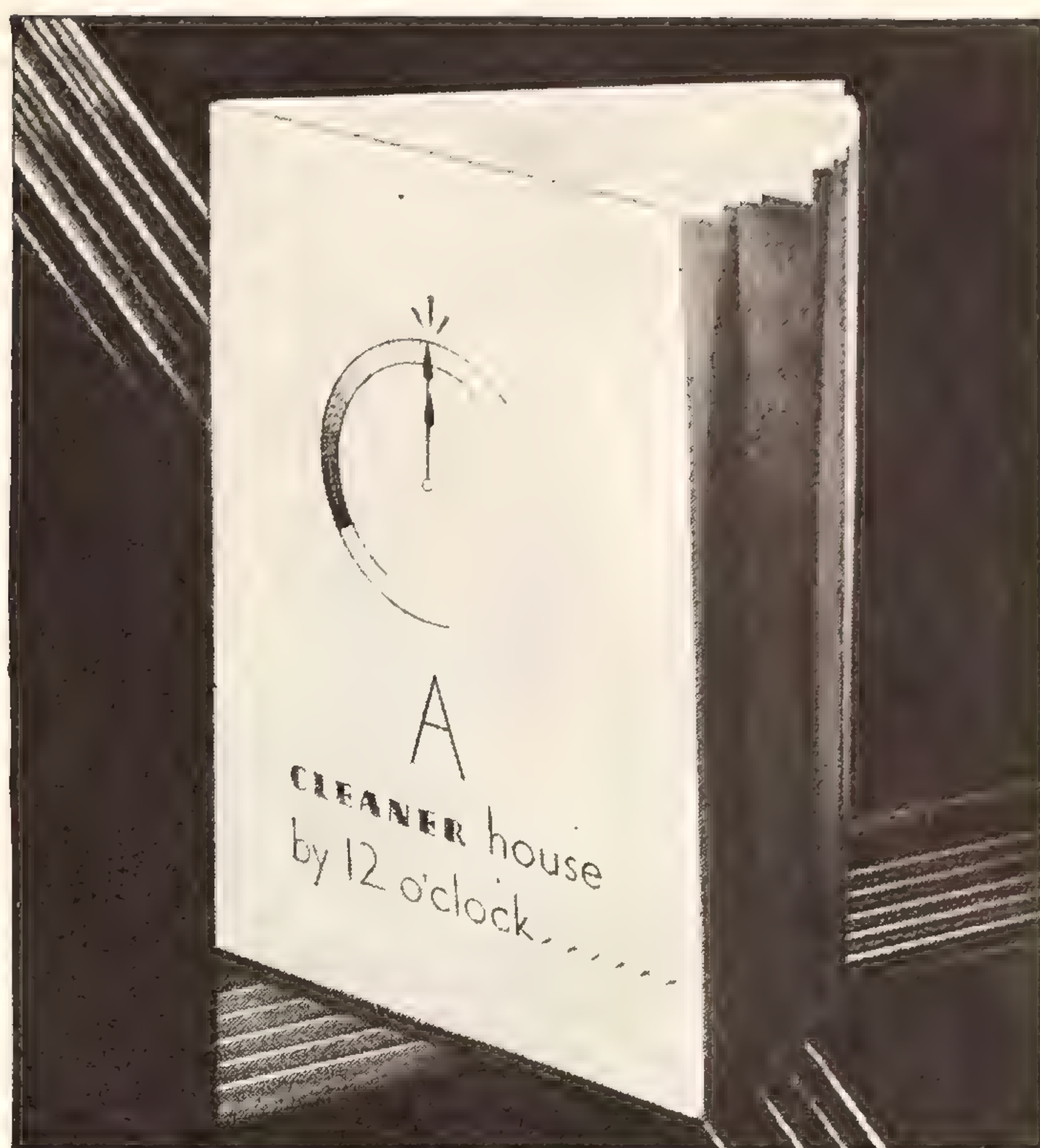
* * *

Madame Momora glided here and there about the public rooms of the hotel and contrived to make her conversations with Tinker seem casual. Mrs. Tinker's jealousy increased, and some of her new-found friends contributed to it by telling what they had seen.

Madame seemed to have a complete knowledge of the city and its environs. One night she took Tinker to a native restaurant where he enjoyed the music.

Deftly she learned that he still persisted

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pages 6-9

How to budget cleaning time

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page 11

To wash dishes faster

The basis of all good dishwashing, whether you use sprays, dishwashing machines, or whatnot, is: well-scraped dishes, plenty of suds, and good hot water. Other time-saving methods suggested save precious minutes each day.

page 16

To make beds more "sleepable"

Is there anything more inviting, more luxurious, than clean, fresh sheets? ... and soft, fluffy blankets, and clean,

unwrinkled pillow-slips? Our free book tells how to launder these the best way.

page 17

To keep a refrigerator spotless

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in his idea of crossing the desert to go to Damascus. She described the dangers of an impending tribal war and tried to dissuade him. As her trump card she told him she intended to visit one of the greatest crystal-gazers of the East, a man who could foretell everything. She would report to him everything she learned, she told him. He insisted she take a hundred dollar bill to pay the expense of the visit.

Mrs. Tinker saw him walking with Madame Momora one afternoon and staged a fresh outburst. Olivia appealed to Ogle to warn her father. He did his best, but not in time to avoid another family scene in the lobby.

While it was in progress Ogle saw Madame Momora attempting to send a cablegram. An attendant left it lying on a desk while he listened to Mrs. Tinker's voluble outburst. It floated to the floor on the light breeze and Ogle picked it up.

A look of utter astonishment spread over his face as he read it.

Disregarding the strained state of the Tinker family relations, he went directly to their room and knocked. Tinker was glad to see him. It was a diversion. He grasped Tinker's arm and led him toward a window.

"I accidentally saw a cablegram Madame Momora was sending to New York."

"Madame Momora?" asked Tinker, amazed.

"It said that she was delaying you here until she received further instructions."

Tinker scratched his head and thought. "Delaying me, huh? Well, what do you know about that?" He slapped Ogle on the shoulder, his favorite method of being cordial. "Say, thanks, Ogle—thanks very much. You've done me a big favor."

Tinker walked back and forth slowly. He talked half to himself and half to Ogle.

"I'd like to know what her game is." Suddenly he brightened and continued: "Like to! Say, I've got to find out."

He resumed his pacing.

"Ogle, Momora's a pretty smart woman—but maybe I'm as smart."

* * *

Oriental splendor reached its zenith in the quarters of the Great Mystic. It was magnificent. The ante-room was draped with rare rugs and oddly embroidered fabrics. Huge leather cushions made chairs unnecessary. The lights were soft, the air perfumed.

When Madame Momora entered, two huge blacks gorgeously costumed and wearing Hindu turbans appeared through draperies and bowed ceremoniously. One of them turned toward the closed drapes and intoned in a deep voice: "One comes who would speak with the master."

Invisible attendants parted the drapes and Madame Momora entered a larger room. At one end was a canopied dais, with cushions. A tripod resting upon a mirror held a crystal ball. Incense burned.

At a signal from one of the attendants Madame Momora seated herself in front of the dais and waited. A tall man entered slowly. He was turbaned. His robes were jeweled, his feet encased in red leather boots. His face was partly hidden behind a magnificent white beard. His gray eyes were penetrating.

Madame Momora was impressed.

"I see M-M-M—" he began slowly, gazing at the crystal.

"Ah-h-h-h! Money?" she suggested.

"No—Momora!"

"Master!" It was a half cry. Her astonishment was complete.

"I see you on boats," the Mystic resumed. "You go back and forth many times—you meet a rich man—I see you together—you keep him under your eye."

"Does he suspect?" she asked.

He ignored the interruption. "The

crystal clouds—I cannot see clearly. There are bad mental vibrations here. You are not being frank with me, my daughter—speak frankly—tell me your desire—then only will I be able to see what the crystal holds."

"It is my wish," she told him, "to delay this man from leaving here on this business trip."

"You are being paid for this?"

"Yes."

The Mystic cleared his throat and intoned again—more solemnly:

"Now this whole thing is clearing up. I see you going straight back to America. You cannot hinder this man. He is a conqueror. Nothing can stop him. The crystal never lies. He will win."

He ceased speaking and bowed.

She rose. "You are a great man—and a great mystic. But remember this—a woman's weapons are her wits."

He bowed in return, but made no reply. As she turned to go he said: "My fee is one hundred American shekels."

The draperies closed behind her and the Mystic suddenly lost his dignity.

"Hey, Mahatma," he shouted in a voice strangely like Tinker's, "come on out!"

An attendant's voice came through the draperies like a sepulchral echo—"One comes who would speak with the Master."

There was no time to repeat the grand entrance. The Great Mystic was caught with his turban tilted rakishly as Mrs. Tinker seated herself solemnly in front of the crystal and waited for advice. The Mystic smoothed his beard, straightened his turban, and coughed. Then he tried his deep tones again. They worked.

Mrs. Tinker gasped.

"You are here to see me about your husband," he continued.

"How did you know that?" she ejaculated, utterly amazed.

"I see all and I know all." He said it with the solemnity of a chant.

"Am I going to leave him?" she asked, eagerly.

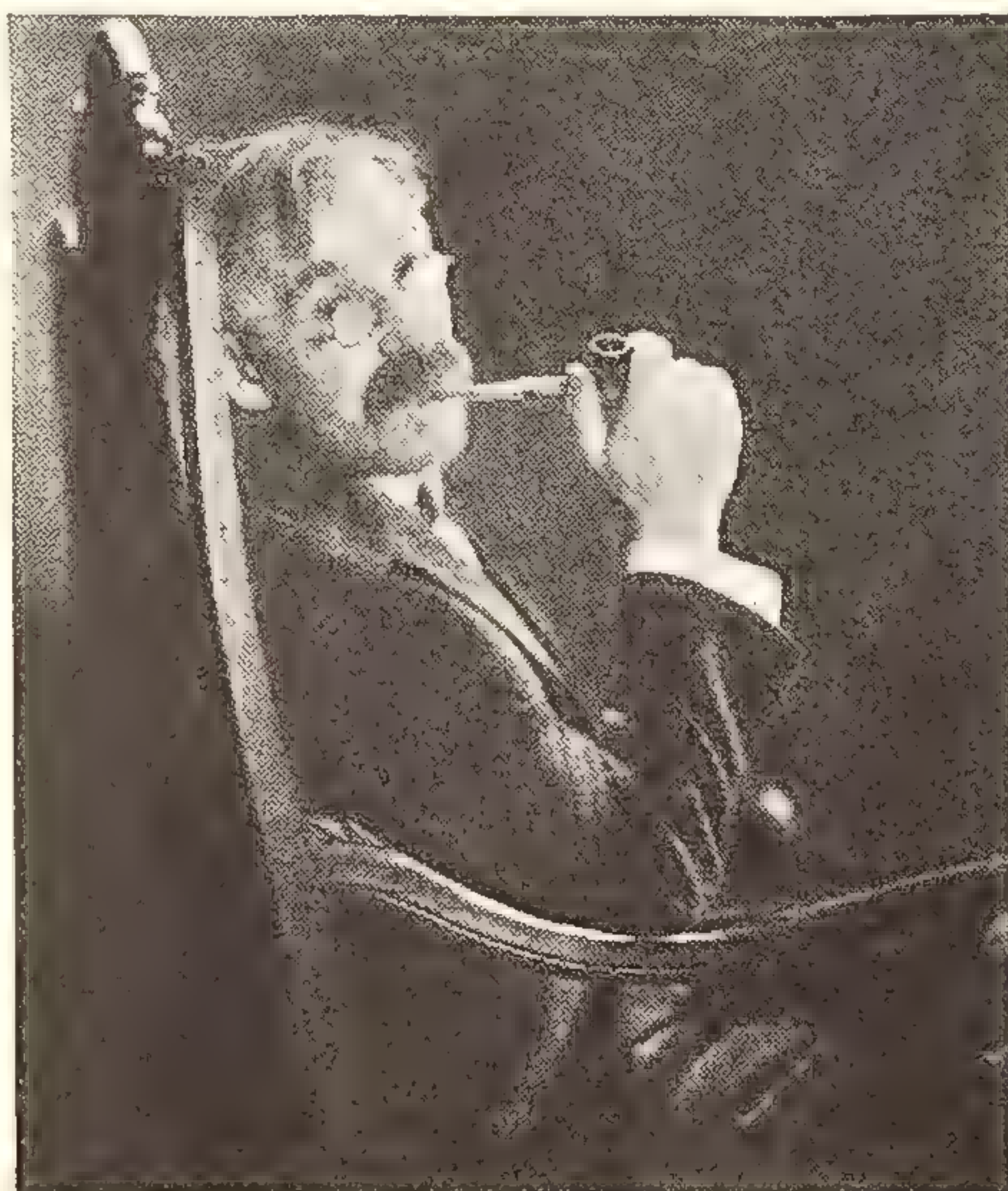
"No, he is going to leave you."

"Oh!" She swallowed and choked back her tears.

"But only for a business trip," he added consolingly. He passed his hands over the crystal and continued: "I see a dark woman—a vampire." And then, sternly—"Oh, what a big liar she is!"

"I know that," she interrupted.

The Mystic motioned for her to be silent—something he had been doing off and on for twenty years without results, but it worked this time.



Andy Clyde, himself. The comedian has just signed a new contract with Mack Sennett.

"She will come to you with a story that your husband is going to meet her on the desert—do not believe her!"

Mrs. Tinker nodded grimly. "I'll tell her a few things."

"You tell her, sister—" For an instant he forgot his deep tones and Mrs. Tinker looked up in surprise, but he recovered instantly, and continued: "She's trying to interfere with your husband's business."

"And he doesn't care for her at all?" she asked, watching him anxiously. The Mystic resumed: "What would he want with her when he has a fine looking woman like you?"

She beamed. He was really a Great Mystic with an eye for beauty.

"Then my husband is really good?"

"Good?" continued the Mystic with a show of enthusiasm. "He's the best man I ever saw in this crystal. What you should do is give him a little more freedom—trust him—let him have a little fun once in a while."

"I will—I will," she told him as she rose and began opening her purse.

And then the Great Mystic became completely unmystical.

"This one's on the house," he told her, refusing the proffered money.

The voice, the gesture was oddly familiar. As she reached the drapes where the two attendants were waiting Mrs. Tinker turned to get a final look at the magnificent white beard of the Mystic. He was wiping his forehead with his brocaded sleeve and was putting a piece of gum in his mouth.

She made a quick move in his direction, but the colored attendants stepped in front of her. The Mystic resumed his pose.

* * *

That evening Tinker strolled into the hotel lobby pretty well satisfied that everything was going to be all right. In fact, he was certain that Earl Tinker was a shrewd fellow.

Outside the door of his hotel room he began to have doubts, however. His luggage was arranged in neat rows in the corridor. His training as a Mystic told him something was wrong with at least a part of the Tinker family.

He started a fresh piece of gum and strolled inside.

"Hello, honey—hello, baby, how's everything?"

Mrs. Tinker was as haughty as an Oriental princess. He had never seen her like that.

"Your bags are packed."

He threw his hat on a chair and sat down. "I saw them, mama, but you didn't need to go to all that trouble, I don't need all those things just for a trip to the desert."

Mrs. Tinker snorted. "Trip to the desert—I know all about it. Aren't you ashamed to stand there and lie to me? I also know about the lady."

"Lady," he protested. "Lady? Why, mama, who's been filling you up with a lot of lies?"

She was sniffing now. "You, Earl Tinker—you, that's who! Thought you had it all fixed up for yourself, didn't you? Thought you could fool me by hiding behind a lot of false whiskers. So now you can go to the desert, or anywhere else you please. Olivia and I are going home. We're through!"

He decided it was time to assert his virtue indignantly. Facing Mrs. Tinker with a weak imitation of scorn he shouted:

"All right, I'll go! Here I am fighting for my business, and my own family's trying to hinder me! I've been a good husband for twenty years and all I get is suspicion!" He paced the room and waved his arms. "I'll go—maybe I'll get killed,

or kidnapped, or something, but I'll go! And if I never come back, baby, you tell your mother that I loved her and nobody else!"

He stormed out, stumbling over a dress suitcase in the dim light of the corridor. This ruffled him. He was curt when he reached the lobby and ordered porters to bring his baggage down. He was in no mood for politeness when Madame Momora bustled up to him near the clerk's desk.

For the first time she seemed agitated, too.

"Oh, Mr. Tinker, I was on my way to see you," she began. "I have distressing news for you. I have just come from the consulate."

Tinker took three vicious bites on his gum and glared at her.

"Well, I have distressing news for you, too. I've just come from mama—and I'm leaving for the desert right now."

"No—no—you must not go—that is what I have come to tell you."

"You mean I mustn't go until you get further instructions from the Straightback people?"

She reeled back, utterly overwhelmed. "You have found out?"

His moment of triumph relieved his nerve strain. He grinned naturally once more.

"Yes, the crystal ball told me everything. How did you like me in my whiskers?"

"You?" She was speechless.

"Yes, me—the Great Mystic—laugh that off!"

She couldn't.

"But you must listen," she pleaded, "you must. If you go now, you will be killed. A war is starting between the two tribes who—who you must do business with—

and you can do no business with them now—if they capture you, they will surely kill you."

She was so agitated she was almost convincing, but Tinker was still suspicious.

"Even if I believed you," he told her, "I wouldn't trust you." He strode toward the door and turned. "So long! I'll send you a postcard."

* * *

As the boys arranged his bags in the automobile he distributed tips with a lavish hand. It was just as well to be popular with these natives, even though most of them never shaved after reaching manhood. The story of his generosity would spread and might help him in his negotiations.

Beirut has no suburbs. After a short trip over the low hills the rocky rolling country, dun-colored and parched, and relieved here and there by graceful sand dunes, stretched interminably. It is the Arabian desert.

The heat is terrific, the roads atrocious.

For hours they bumped along without incident. Tinker dozed. His driver mopped his forehead from time to time. There was no sign of life anywhere, and no movement, except the heat waves and an occasional far-away sand cloud when a breeze stirred.

After the sun had gone down in a sea of red, followed by a violet afterglow on the eastern horizon, they slept in the car. It was fitful slumber for Tinker, disturbed occasionally by the far-off neighing of a horse and the cry of some wild animal. In the morning they breakfasted lightly on oranges and rice cooked over an alcohol stove.

For want of something better to do Tinker transferred packages of razors and

blades from bundles to his pockets. He still cherished hopes of reducing the Arabs' fondness for beards.

By mid-morning the heat had become intense again and he began to wonder in a vague way why Damascus had been located so far from everywhere.

A sharp explosion echoed across the desert stillness. Tinker became alert; the chauffeur seemed worried.

"A blowout, eh?" Tinker asked. "For a moment I thought someone was shooting at us."

A volley of shots rang out, followed by the singing of bullets overhead.

"Maybe I was wrong." He was talking to himself, because the chauffeur's attention was concentrated on a crowd of native horsemen galloping down the side of a huge sand dune a mile or more away.

There was nothing to do but wait. The riders surrounded them with levelled guns.

The leader shouted in Arabic, "Infidel, you are my prisoner."

But Tinker asked whether it was a hold-up. He received no reply, but was ordered to climb up behind one of the riders. The chauffeur did likewise without protest.

After an hour or more of riding they approached an elaborate camp. Tents were scattered in uneven rows. Some of them were gaily colored and of silk, with double coverings to keep out the heat. A few, evidently those of chieftains, had porches, with rugs spread upon the sand and leather cushions thrown about. It was a camp such as he had dreamed about during the Spanish-American War. He would have liked it, if the Arabs hadn't scowled so outrageously over those beards. He had never seen such an unsocial outfit.

Tinker and the driver were shoved into a tent so swiftly they landed in a pile of

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cushions, a fine tangle of arms and legs. "Gosh, you don't have to understand their language to know what they're up to."

"They say they will wait for the return of their chief," the chauffeur told him.

"And when that happens?"

The chauffeur drew his hand swiftly across his throat. "What they do to all infidels."

Tinker scowled. "Maybe I shouldn't have asked."

* * *

Madame Momora told Olivia of the impending tribal war and stirred tremendous excitement around the hotel. Olivia sought Ogle's advice. Mrs. Tinker became hysterical. They agreed they would try to rescue him by airplane before he could reach the scene of hostilities.

It was a great idea, but—! They saw Tinker's abandoned automobile and tried to land near it, damaging the under-carriage as they touched the uneven ground. The same crowd of riders surrounded them.

Tinker was dozing when he heard Mrs. Tinker's voice outside the tent telling all who would listen just what she thought of Arabs in general and of that group of Arabs in particular. He was worried for fear they might not wait for the Chief's return before cutting her throat. Then he remembered that they probably could not understand English.

She landed in the tent with the same unceremonious speed that had distinguished his arrival. He caught her as she fell, followed by Olivia, Ogle and Madame Momora.

"Earl!" she cried.

He patted her on the shoulder. "Now, Mama, you shouldn't have come here. No use in all of us being killed."

"I don't care," she wailed, "I hope I do get killed—I'd rather be dead than go on this way."

Olivia tried to soothe her.

"Looks like we're in a real jam here," Tinker told Ogle.

"Is it that bad?"

"Can't tell what may happen. I'm a little worried—especially about the women."

Ogle bristled. "If any of them touches Olivia, I'll kill him."

Tinker was surprised. "What's this? You—and her?"

"Yes, sir," Ogle told him simply.

"Well, we will talk about that by and by—if there is any by and by."

After what seemed an endless wait a bearded giant summoned them outside. Tinker was led before the Chief. He figured he was the Chief, because his robe was so elaborate and his whiskers covered an acre of chest.

The Chief addressed him in English and Tinker brightened.

"You speak English, that's great!"

"Not so great as you think," growled the desert potentate. "I went to school in your country and I hate it."

Tinker was a bit subdued. "Well, it's a

little comfort anyway. If you sentence me to die, at least I'll know what you're saying."

"Who are you?" demanded the Chief.

Tinker reached for a package of blades and handed them to him.

"Tinker Tempered Blades make Good Tempered Shavers—but I don't think that will get me anywhere with this bunch," he added ruefully as he glanced around at the biggest array of beards he had seen since the House of David played baseball in Topeka.

"What are you doing here?" the Chief persisted.

"I'll lay my cards right on the table," Tinker began rapidly, as though he were attending a company sales conference. "I was on my way to buy all the Damascus steel and the process—I came to do business with whoever owns it."

The Chief's manner softened. He deigned to explain.

"The mines are on the land of my cousin, Cadi Inshallah—the forges belong to my tribe, but you will do no business, for today we go to war."

He pointed toward a hill a mile or two away, where a similar camp was visible in the brilliant sun.

"What are they waiting for?" Tinker asked, puzzled.

"Our battle cannot begin until an old tribal custom has been fulfilled."

"That's funny," Tinker commented.

The Chief was insulted. "It's *not* funny! How does your country start war?"

Tinker wrinkled his forehead and stepped forward confidently.

"Well, our Secretary of State writes a nasty note to whoever we're mad at, Congress talks as long as it can, then someone invents a cute slogan—'Protect our womanhood'—and the first thing you know we are making the world safe for democracy. Simple!"

"Talk—words," jeered the Chief. "That is the way women fight."

Tinker glanced behind him at Mrs. Tinker and lowered his voice. "Don't I know it!"

"Our way is better—and more manly," explained the Chief.

Tinker was curious. "How do you start a war?"

"Infidel, the worst insult that can be given a true believer is to pull his beard. When my cousin comes here and pulls my beard the war will start—if Allah wills."

Tinker reached for the Chief's beard and jerked one hair loose. The tribesmen closed in on him menacingly, with drawn scimitars. He waved a five dollar bill and asked, "Is that one hair worth five dollars to you, Chief?"

The Chief gazed covetously at a roll in Tinker's left hand. It was more money than he had seen since the big fire at Smyrna, the equivalent of the Wall Street crash in its effects upon Near-Eastern business.

He took the five dollars and led Tinker

into his tent for a conference. The tribesmen growled and muttered. Why all this delay in the infidel throat-cutting? Why not get at the war, instead?

That *was* a conference. It nearly equalled in duration the best Hollywood record, where conferences are said to have reached their zenith.

The Chief came out first, and, by the beard of the Prophet! He was clean shaven. It was a Tinker Tempered masterpiece of smoothness. The sun was shining on a chin that hadn't been exposed since boyhood. The tribesmen were aghast.

But the Chief calmed them. He waved a roll of American bills and made a speech in Arabic. Tinker suspected he was inviting them all to a grand party in Mecca, but it might have been Aleppo. Whichever it was, they were satisfied. They sat down in groups to await the arrival of Cadi Inshallah for the big beard-pulling ceremony.

Tinker conversed with the Chief and smoked a hooka, comfortably seated on a leather cushion.

Cadi Inshallah rode in followed by a group of attendants and dismounted. He was a smaller man than his cousin. His whiskers were red—the type known as Royal Beaver in America, but a bit frayed at the bottom.

Tinker made a rapid estimate of their value.

Cadi strode toward the Chief's tent with right hand extended, but nearly collapsed from amazement when the Chief rose.

When he had recovered the Chief introduced him to Tinker and the three retired to the Chief's tent.

This time it was no conference at all. Cadi emerged in a few moments, smelling of witch hazel, and not a hair below his eyebrows. There was a round of hearty handshaking before he mounted his horse and stowed his new bankroll in his saddle bags amid the loud huzzas of the tribesmen.

The huzza is a form of cheer originated many years ago when the Arabian Nights were being inscribed on parchment. It differs from the Bronx type; it is throatier.

Refreshments were served. Tinker was now calling the Chief by his first name—Hadj.

He introduced him to Mrs. Tinker and Olivia, Ogle and Madame Momora.

"Mama," he confided, "Hadj and I now own the Damascus steel process."

Hadj was all for having a big Moham-medan wedding right there, but Olivia blushing told him she wanted it to take place back in Topeka where the neighbors could be present.

Mrs. Tinker relaxed and forgave Madame Momora.

When they returned to Beirut they were at the head of a procession of nearly 200 horsemen. Tinker's only regret was that the newsreel boys missed it.

The Lunts Go Cinema

Continued from page 27

every morning and played in the evening. Two weeks after I fell downstairs at her feet I proposed. Like a judge she 'took the matter under advisement.'"

"Fate, in the guise of Manager George C. Tyler, separated us." Mrs. Lunt continued the romantic tale. "I was to have played in 'Clarence' of which Mr. Lunt played the name rôle. Then it was decided that I should go on tour in another play and Mary Boland was engaged for the

part. So we were separated again."

Their companies went in opposite directions. Miss Fontanne's "Made of Money" came quickly back into port. It was reported water logged and put out of commission while "Clarence," the Booth Tarkington play, proudly rode the crest for two years.

The youth, born in Wisconsin but trained on the Scandinavian stage, and the girl from London, met occasionally in the man-

agement's home office and at the homes of friends. He talked often of the farm near Genessee, Wis. Would she not like to visit it and meet his mother and small step-sisters? She would and did. When she arrived in Milwaukee only strange farmers and stranger politicians hurried past her in the station, unseeing, or seeming not to see her.

She took the suburban train for the Eck-lunt home at Genessee. Ecklunt it is in

Wisconsin. It was Broadway, represented by impresario George C. Tyler, who sheared it of its first syllable. One station. Two. Three. Four. The girl from London and New York, paying her first visit to the West, was deciding it was a dreary vastness. At the fifth station, midway up the car steps, swung a tall young rustic who was coatless and might better have been hatless. Half way down the aisle he swung, then saw her. Off came the ancient but beloved hat he denominated "The Wreck of the Hesperus."

"I beg your pardon. Your telegram said you would arrive tomorrow. These small girls are my sisters. I have been taking them to the circus."

"It was a bit of a shock," commented the then Lynn Fontanne. "One of the reasons I had admired him was that he was always correctly dressed. His clothes were good and he wore them well. This individual in aged, faded trousers, with a shirt in the same state and an unspeakable hat, did not seem the same."

"But next day I recovered my ground," he boasted. They were having maid troubles and her host cooked her breakfast.

"It was a good breakfast," she granted. "I concluded that the tailored excellence I missed, though pleasing, was one of life's non-essentials!"

On that visit the engagement that had been attempted two weeks after the fall downstairs was achieved. They were married in New York and a week after the wedding, in the Municipal Building in New York, the bride left for a long tour in her first outstanding success, "Dulcy."

I expected to hear of the three letters a day of absentee honeymooners. Not then nor since have they held a distinguished epistolary record.

"We have never written letters," said the Lynn of the Lunts. "I hate writing letters. I even dictate typewritten ones to my sister. If they had been demanded we should soon have hated each other. When we are within reasonable distance of each other we telephone. We telegraph about three times a week. But letters! We both loathe them."

The Alfred of the pair looked down at the rim of his cup. "That is one of the finest things about my wife," he affirmed. "She is reasonable. Reasonableness is one of the greatest human charms. I could not have married a fool."

"If professional differences arise?" I asked.

"We talk them out. Reasonable people can do that." Mrs. Lunt was the expositor of how to be happy though wedded to a member of the most nervous profession in the world. "And they will reach a satisfactory conclusion. In 'The Guardsman' we discussed a point for four days until we decided how a scene should be played. If I had been playing with some one else than my husband I would have waived the point for peace's sake. That is not well for a play."

"Then you believe in the marriage of actresses to actors?"

"Indeed, yes."

I quoted the late John Mason, an eminent player, who was opposed to interactorial matches because, at best, the parties to them were only "summer spouses."

"There's always the Wisconsin farm," both answered.

"If inequalities of opportunity arise?"

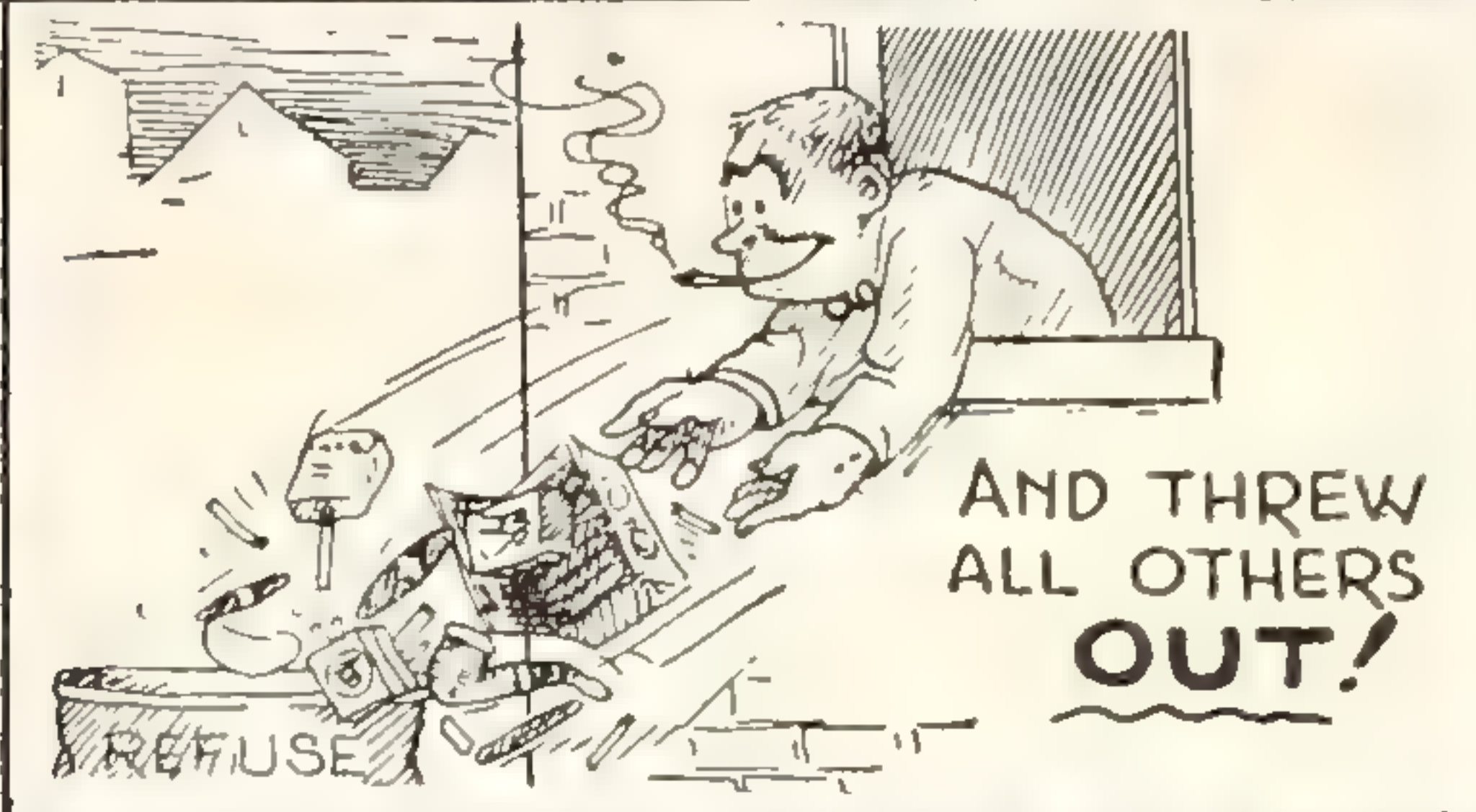
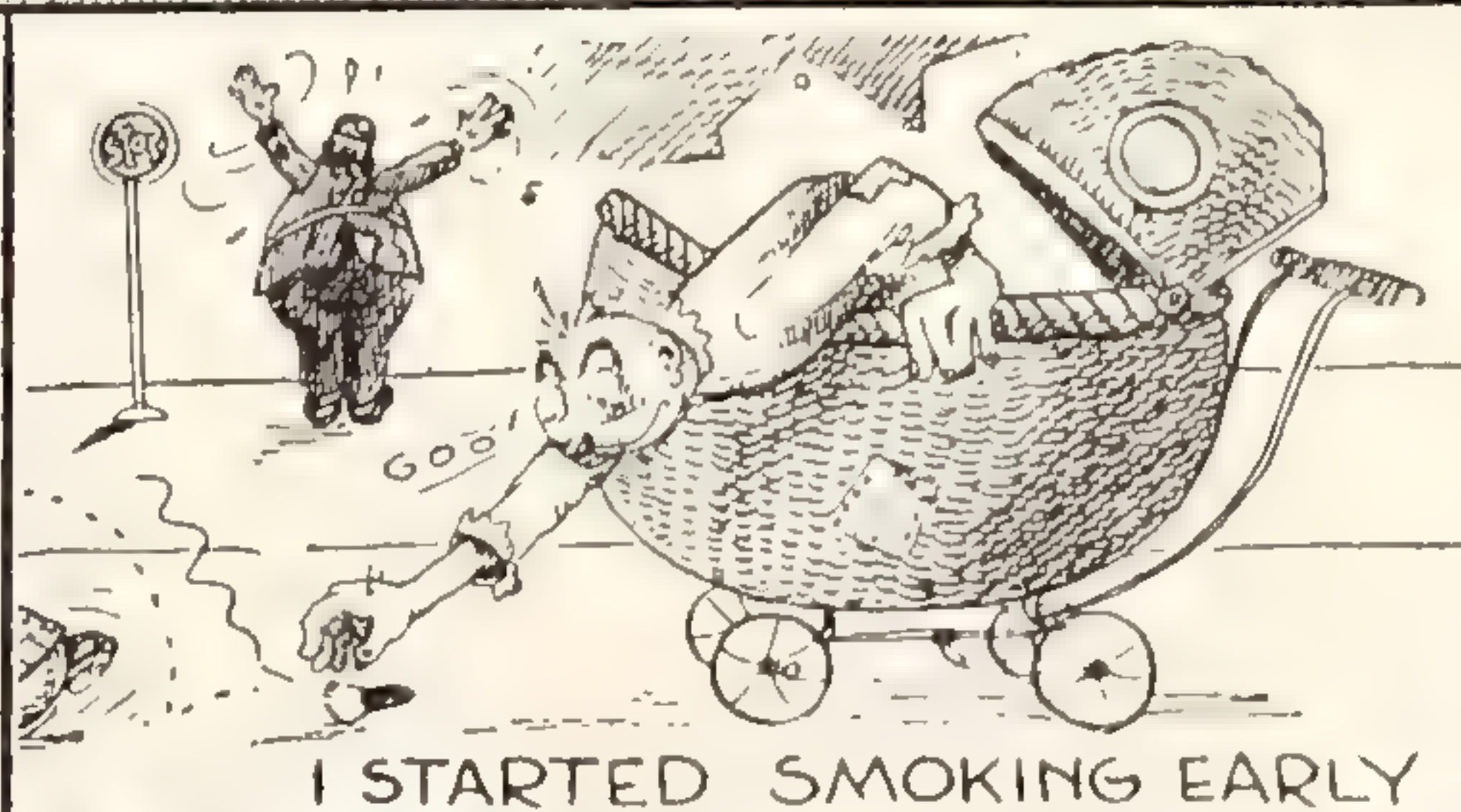
"I am willing that my husband should have the better part next year and the next." She was playing Queen Elizabeth, in "Elizabeth the Queen," which a distinguished visitor from England said "was the finest performance he had ever seen anywhere." Mr. Lunt was playing her futile, erratic lover, the Earl of Essex.

"Same here, of course. But my wife

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"Bill!" (Mr. Lunt's nickname because of his still surviving boyish worship of the hero of the plains, "Buffalo Bill.") "That expresses the real man, the one I saw in the faded shirt and trousers and wreck of a hat," she had told me.

He ignored her expostulatory tone. "You could, my dear. You have."

Meditation followed, amidst the drained teacups.

"I never could have loved Bill if he had been a bad actor."

"I could not have fallen in love with Lynn if she had not been a fine actress."

"Had she not played the red-nosed, reluctant bride so well you might not have fallen downstairs at her feet?"

"No. I admired her brain before her person, her art before her eyes. I never can understand why a man can fall in love with a pretty fool. A fool is and always was and will be repugnant to me."

"I should be sorry to be the wife of a broker or business man," returned Lynn, "for even though life may become dull and humdrum to players they go to the stage or studio and dwell for hours in a different world, the world of romance. They have a means of escape from the occasional gray days into magic."

"Is it, as managers say, 'good business' for a man and wife to play together?" I asked the couple that has appeared jointly in twelve plays and is doing its first joint picture in "The Guardsman." "Once managers were afraid it might destroy the illusion."

"I think it is a question of art. If a scene is well played audiences don't care whether those who play it are married to

each other, or someone else, or not at all." This from Lynn of the Lunts.

"I think they can play better together. There are scenes that I can play better with Lynn because we are married." From Alfred of the Lunt partners.

The imps of fun jiggled in her eyes. "Of course it is trying to be married to a temperamental actor. The one who is sitting beside you is a raving madman while he is studying a part. I should like to lock him in his room and throw the key out of the window."

"But she wouldn't be so inhuman. She knows that in the last stages I have to walk the streets until the part has taken its final form. If I can walk the streets and feel that the character is walking with me I know I have it. At least I hope I have. No one is sure. Do you know what studying a part is like? It is as agreeable as falling over a precipice."

"But there is something else that is trying in our ménage. That is the calmness with which my wife goes through the ordeal of study that turns me ninety-nine per cent maniac. Her utter calmness makes me frantic."

"But there are an artist's rights that even a husband must respect." The maid was wheeling the tea cart out of the room. Our talk about life and art and marriage and happiness was nearing the point of termination. "I won't let my husband come into my dressing room until I have my make up for a part. It took one and a half hours to make up Elizabeth at first. Finally I got it down to an hour. Then three-quarters of an hour. When I have gotten it quite right I am glad to have visitors during the process." While playing one of the most difficult performances

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ever seen on the New York stage Miss Fontanne's calm spirit permitted, even invited, visitors to her dressing room while she was "making up." "For it gives me a chance to see my friends and has no effect upon my performance."

That their entrance into filmland together

tre Guild.

"It is a great advantage to be married to the leading man," Lynn Fontanne has often said. "For beside the rehearsals at theatre or studio they go on at home. We help each other. When rehearsals are at the stage of apparent hopelessness and



A newcomer meets a veteran. ZaSu Pitts tips off Lynn Fontanne to a few tricks of the trade between scenes of "The Guardsman," in which Miss Fontanne and her husband are co-starred.

should be made in "The Guardsman" was, like all the choices of the Lunts, dictated by keen judgment. "The Guardsman" was one of their most successful joint performances. "While we were studying the play we were travelling in Europe. We met, at Budapest, a Russian officer. Alfred engaged him to translate the play, from the German into Russian, then into English. We had him at dinner with us for a month so that Alfred might study his characteristics. He gave the character the officer's name *Samozar*."

Neither of these twin stars of the Theatre Guild is without cinema experience. Miss Fontanne acted with Thomas Meighan in the screen drama, "The Man Who Found Himself." Mr. Lunt played for D. W. Griffith in "Sally of the Sawdust" and opposite Bebe Daniels in "Lovers in Quarantine."

After the summer in Hollywood, instead of hiking along English lanes or farming in Wisconsin, they will return to New York to rehearse in Robert E. Sherwood's play, "Reunion in Vienna," for the Thea-

all are sure that the play will fail my husband tells me I can't because I am the finest of all Thespians. I tell him the same. We both believe it long enough to pick up our courage and go on. Then out of the darkness of chaos, when we have determined how we will look and that our lines can't escape us, comes the sudden moment of illumination. That is acting."

Miss Fontanne learned acting from Ellen Terry. The celebrated English actress called her "my most promising pupil." Alfred Lunt went with his mother and stepfather to Finland, steeped his memory in the melancholy beauty of Finnish fields and Helsingfors, and played with Swedish companies.

If he utters strange sounds, accompanied by evidences of impatience, in your presence, be not disturbed. Miss Fontanne isn't.

"When he is disturbed beyond control he swears in Swedish Finnish and nobody understands him," she explains. "It is a great relief to him and everyone else!"

And now you know the Lunts.

The Stage in Review

Continued from page 87

world in my analysis of an enthusiasm for the animated cartoon and its future. This is a new art, one that sets the whole universe and everything in it dancing and singing. It is the *ne plus ultra* of movement. It is the greatest ocular release that the imagination has had.

The French, always clairvoyant, have

gone wild over "Mickey Mouse" and what these creations of Walt Disney may lead to.

A writer in the Paris *Comœdia* says: "It permits the expression of the wildest conceptions without constraint in tangible form. . . . Thus it becomes a complete art, infinitely supple, and awaits only an inno-

vator to discover all its hidden resources."

Another writer in the *Cinéopse* writes: "The animated drawing progresses boldly into the realm of fantasy with a freedom and fancy we admire because it stretches the boundaries of the real world and broadens the imagination."

Walt Disney is the Columbus. But millions of jack are awaiting the Victor Hugo and the Richard Wagner of the humble Mickey Mouse.

Shocked?—O Tush!

The first round oath that I recall on the stage was made by Tully Marshall in Clyde Fitch's "The City" about twenty years or more ago. He played a "dope" and he uttered a compound cuss-word (French for an Englishman) that awed all the men to silent admiration and

caused the ladies to give faint shrieks of happiness—"why, it's just like home when Jack can't find his tux studs and goes on the rampage!"

Now, the folk of the stage swear and fire good vascular Anglo-Saxon epithets over the lights like any Methodist Congressman. The sissified speech of the old-time drama and comedy has gone forever, and the characters are now talking like recognizable human beings.

And as for the off-color thrills of musical comedies and revues, they are positively becoming more refined and subtle, and thus the performances are far less stupid. Fred Stone's shows were as "clean as a whistle," and it was for that reason that he and his shows bored me to death and went boom.

Life is not always "clean." But let's admit it and laugh at it. Let's wise-crack it—it will help.

Are the Stars Freaks?

Continued from page 19



Lita Chevret's exotic coiffure, and a huge piece of jewelry dangling from her shoulder. Freakish, what?

It's all a matter of conjecture and viewpoint. While one set of professors proclaims that genius is tinged with madness, another group declares genius to be the capacity for taking infinite pains.

One gentleman of the films who has been dubbed a genius, is the versatile Douglas Fairbanks. Whatever place Douglas has earned, it has not been by madness—unless spending hour upon hour in gruelling work is a form of madness. Doug is a freak when it comes to devoting most of his day to training. His muscle-agonizing performances at home and in the studio cause many to wonder why he does it. Here's one star who could bask in all the luxury of a country gentleman, yet he insists on

keeping himself ultra-physically fit as if the next day's bread and butter depended on it.

When it comes to taking pains, if that's the way one gains the right to be a genius, then Doug should take a bow. When he was preparing to make "Don Q" he was not satisfied until he had brought an Argentine gaucho to Hollywood to teach him the tricks of whip-cracking. For hours every day, he cracked that black-thonged whip, making reports louder than a cannon. His arm ached—so did the heads of everybody in the studio. At the end of two weeks, Fairbanks had mastered the art of flicking a cigarette from a man's mouth. To prove his adeptness at this trick, he invited one of the studio executives to let him demonstrate it. Before an audience of office workers and technicians, and with all the Fairbanks assurance, he cracked the whip taking the cigarette neatly from the trembling victim's lips. He also learned to tie a man with a double knot with a twist of the wrist and a flick of the whip. This is one of the most difficult tricks known to the Argentine gauchos. No wonder Doug earned his right to be counted a genius *via* the painstaking route!

Charlie Chaplin has no excuse for being a genius—he was born one. He has many idiosyncracies that are freakish. This clown who makes millions laugh will sit in a corner at a Hollywood party with a suffering expression. He is the picture of melancholy—but put him at a table in Henry's of Hollywood with a couple of his cronies and he is up to all sorts of tricks, oblivious to the eyes of the multitude. It's the daily gamble at Henry's whether Charlie will come in *sans* tie and shave or appear in faultless attire. He earned the right to be called a freak early in his film career when he was the only actor in Hollywood to carry a cane while riding on the street cars. Now when he drives in his Rolls-Royce he's never seen with one—you pay if you want to see Chaplin swing a wicked stick.

"I'm mighty glad to be called a freak if it gets me any of that big weekly check!" says Clark Gable, who is the big menace to feminine peace of mind in Hollywood right now. "All joking aside, I'm just wondering what it's all about. Can't say I can lay claim to any freak honors. As for being a genius, I'll pass that up, too." It's a bit early in the game for Clark to develop any freak tendencies.

Somehow or other, perfectly normal people whose talents land them into the limelight often acquire certain tastes and

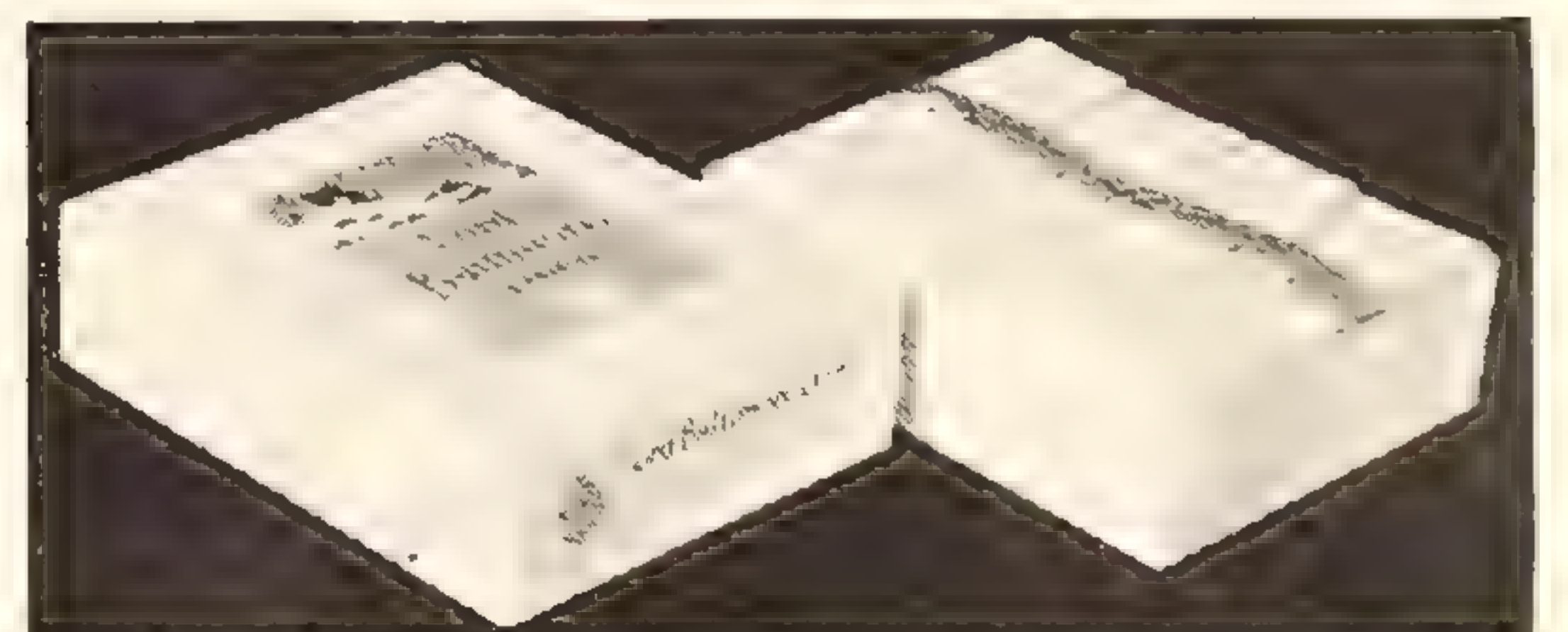
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mannerisms that put them into the freak class. Gloria Swanson, for instance, has kept the world agog with her rapid rise from Sennett comedies to the ranks of a star-producer and has made freakishness a keynote in her career.

Under Cecil B. De Mille's direction, La Swanson became the talk of the film world. No one wore such extreme and freakish creations as this former Sennett beauty. For a while the freakish wave threatened to dim Gloria's glory, but she seemed destined to survive the deluge of ostrich feathers and gee-gaw furbelows. If Gloria is freakish now, it's altogether a different kind of freakishness, for she is featuring an eye-compelling simplicity.

Vicki Baum, who gave "Grand Hotel" to the stage and who is now in Hollywood seeing it safely onto the screen, thinks that one must have abnormal magnetism with which to thrill the more placid and normal beings.

"Artists should be a law unto themselves," says this noted writer. "Genius should be excused for any shortcomings. The artist lives under a heavy strain. Hours of intensive emotional work will often drive a person to certain extremes. Highly-strung nerves which respond readily to dramatic situations must be part of a successful stage or screen personality. We know that these people have to keep vibrating at a high rate. It is almost impossible for them to continue this pace without some let-down. That let-down finds expression in so many different ways—a gay party with discretion thrown to the winds, or a walk in the woods, according to the mood or nature of the individual.

"So far I've found Hollywood parties very formal—almost like a Court affair in Europe. Very impressive, but not exactly amusing." This Vicki confided when I asked her if she thought Hollywood very gay.

"I have not been to any party like we read about, with all kinds of freak goings-on. Perhaps they're just to be read about, not experienced—but I have not been here very long; perhaps I will see one of these parties before I go back to New York.

"It is so strange the way simple actions are made to appear freakish. Look at Garbo—no matter what that poor girl does, people talk so much. If she were just a little country girl she could take all the walks alone she wanted to, and wear any kind of clothes, without the whole world pointing a finger at her and stamping her a freak. Why shouldn't one wear simple clothes and brogues when walking? Why shouldn't one walk alone? It is a great joy. I find much of my happiness in walking alone in the woods, and I'm sure that does not make me a freak," laughed Vicki, shaking her mass of golden hair vigorously.

Vicki Baum didn't look a bit like authors are supposed to look. She had a Peter Pan expression as she sat in a green and yellow flowered chiffon dress, in strange contradiction to the Continental type of philosophy she expounded. Not quite master of the English tongue, she appealed to her secretary to help her find words with which to express herself. If there's anything freakish about Vicki it lies in her delightful lack of ego.

"Who are these scientists to take it on themselves to be the judge of what is or is not freakish in human nature?" asks Ricardo Cortez between scenes in "Twenty Grand."

"Actors are not quite the same in conduct as bankers, for instance, nor are they at all like circus performers, although the layman might consider them in that class. It's all a matter of proportion or the relation to something else. Humanity should be measured in general, not just by our

own personal viewpoint. For instance, I don't think 'Peter the Hermit,' a well-known Hollywood character who goes about barefooted, long-haired, bare-headed and in scanty clothes all year round, is a freak. I think he is merely a good representative of his kind of human being."

Dorothy Lee comes right out and admits she's a freak. "Sure I am—I can't help it," says this diminutive star. "I like to play jokes like handing some dignified person a chunk of ice when I shake hands or something utterly silly like that, just for a laugh—to see the puzzled or astonished looks on those around us. Just a clown! That's me. Bert Wheeler is the same—always doing something that people on the outside call freakish. But don't think all comedians are that way. Bert's partner, Robert Woolsey, is just the opposite. He's the most normal and natural sort of person off the screen."

Pola Negri is stamped a genius by many. Those who know her well prophesy that



Did Tom Mix, with his huge white sombrero and riding clothes, start the freak furore in Hollywood?

she will go down in film history as one of its greatest stars.

Pola is freakish in the fearlessness of her statements. She never stops to weigh her words. You take them or leave them—that's Pola.

When Hedda Hopper was caught in the act of painting her garden fence, she stopped her professional-like stroke long enough to express surprise at being asked if she thought a genius had to be a little mad. "A genius?" she exclaimed, "How should I know? I've never met one. Are there any in Hollywood?" Slightly abashed at the dearth of geniuses in Hedda's experience, I left her to her painting and headed in the direction of Jetta Goudal's place. Jetta was in a happy, cordial mood when I dropped in.

"Freak—why I've been called a freak for years," declared the exotic Goudal. "I've come to the conclusion that it's because I am usually far in advance of the styles. I'm always wearing things that are so different for the reason I cannot keep on wearing things that are now in fashion because they have caught up with me—so I change to something more original. Don't you remember I wore the little hats that are all the rage now, several years ago? People may think I'm freakish but perhaps it is because I have strength of character enough to dare to be different, and the courage of my convictions."

I remember so well the furore Jetta caused at openings with her smart little hats and flowing veils. She is still one of Hollywood's most picturesque stars.

Bela Lugosi is expected to be an authority on freaks. Didn't he amaze the American audiences with his weird and fascinating portrayal of "Dracula"? Since then poor Bela dare not be prosaic.

"Few actors and actresses are what you call 'geniuses'! A genius is as rare in the theatrical world as in any other profession or walk of life. However, players may be a little bit mad. I think it comes from the fact that they may never forget their work, and their work is—playing parts. The actor must always work away from normalcy," says this actor who is one of the most intriguing members of the entire picture colony.

Lilyan Tashman is a fashion freak. She startled an audience when, three years ahead of the mode, she pranced down the aisle at an opening with a backless gown that displayed more vertebrae than Hollywood had seen since the days of the Mack

Sennett bathing beauties. Now she has the whole Malibu Beach settlement chattering about her red and white house. Lil's worn out showing people this extraordinary home. She built it for a nice quiet retreat after strenuous hours at the studio—but there's no rest for her there. All day her friends are bringing *their* friends to see the house that Lil built.

Some people claim that Tom Mix is the man who made freak stunts the trade mark of Hollywood. His huge white felt sombreros, his monogrammed saddles and cars, his gold buttons and priceless silver belt buckles studded with diamonds, his gloves to match every suit—are all calculated to make the passerby stop, look and listen.

Cecil B. De Mille's sartorial eccentricities have caused almost as much talk as his million dollar bedroom scenes.

Corinne Griffith glorified plumbing when she installed solid gold bathroom fixtures in her palatial Beverly Hills mansion.

John Barrymore, whose temperamental outbursts and freakish manner of dressing impressed the world at large, is in danger of becoming a back number in the freak list. He is so interested in his little daughter he is losing his freakishness in a wave of domesticity.

Mary Pickford is the exception to the rule that it takes a certain amount of eccentricity to hold the public interest. This little actress held the highest place ever reached by a star—held it by sheer hard work, a good measure of talent and a personality that endeared her to a nation that claimed her its sweetheart while a world worshipped at her shrine.

Will Rogers is Hollywood's most lovable freak. He's the despair of everyone because he refuses to dress up for even the most important events in filmdom. With his old felt hat cocked on his head and a wad of gum in his cheek, he slouches around the lot looking every inch the hired hand. Don't think Will isn't the smart showman. He knows his freakish make-up is worth a million any old day.

It pays to be a freak in this day and age. One has to do something to attract attention. It's getting to be quite a problem to out-freak the other freaks and still escape the insanity wards.

Genius may be mad and the stars freaks, but that nice fat pay check every week is ample excuse for the wildest action ever chalked up against a motion picture star!

Restless Little Red-Head

Continued from page 34

so Peggy was one of ten people signed to contracts and shipped in a carload to Hollywood. On that train were five girls, two juveniles and three middle-aged character men.

When they arrived in Hollywood they were collectively greeted with a slight sniff of disdain. Just another shipment of hopefuls.

They arrived on a Saturday morning. That doesn't sound important but it is, for at that time Clara Bow was completing rehearsals for "The Secret Call" which was to be her second dramatic starring vehicle, starting production Monday.

"I was excited, eager to get into action and find out what pictures were all about," Peggy confessed. "I hadn't been promised any important parts and the other girls on the trip assured me that none of us would get any for many months, that we'd start in doing bits, maybe, to accumulate experience."

"Hollywood looked interesting and the studio was so large it appalled me. At the studio we were given an idea of what would be expected of us, which apparently was not very much. It consisted mostly of leaving our telephone numbers at the casting office."

"I gave mine later that day when I found an apartment a block from the boulevard. I didn't know a soul in Hollywood."

"On Monday morning I remember reading in the newspaper that Clara Bow was suffering from a nervous breakdown. That poor girl has certainly had a lot of bad breaks and her persecution in Los Angeles was more than she could stand."

"Well, the next day was Tuesday and I was sitting in my apartment reading when the telephone rang for the first time. I was requested to report to Mr. Schulberg's office. They had found me out. I was to be sent back to New York."

"But when I arrived, Mr. Schulberg was smiling and shook hands."

The WOMEN who fascinate MEN



what is their dangerous power?

THE siren type—the woman who fascinates men at will. One woman in a hundred possesses this dangerous power. She is envied, hated, feared—by other women. And she has always been a mystery. You study her—and are amazed, bewildered. For you can truthfully say "I don't understand what men see in her." But you *want* to know the secret—with all your heart. You want the "dangerous power." It is not that you desire to be the siren type. If you could fascinate men at will, you would use your power *within reason*. Well, then, *you may*; for at last the secret is known. Lucille Young, the world's foremost beauty expert, will give you the "dangerous power"—give it to you *free*.

Nature's Greatest Mystery Unveiled

All your unavailing study of fascinating women, your failure to succeed by *like methods* is easily explained. Nature has never desired a race of women, all fascinating. Her plan is for *limited charm*. She has said, "I'll give women just enough attraction to marry, and mate." But to a few women she has said, "I'll give the dangerous power of complete fascination."

You know that this is nature's plan—though you may never have thought of it in just this way. Instead you have been puzzled. You have seen fascinating women possessed of no more than average looks—some that you may have considered homely. You have seen women with poor figures outshine women with perfect figures. You have seen women of refinement cast into the shadow by coarser women. You have heard of "sex appeal," yet you know that thousands of women have resorted to physical charms as the *main reliance*—with inevitable failure.

Strangest of all, you may have known some dangerously fascinating woman as a friend—known that she was willing to give you her secrets. But she could not. For Nature, most cleverly, has made her natural sirens blind to their own methods.

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Amazing, perhaps, but—so far as it is known—Lucille Young is the one woman in all the world who knows the *complete* secret of fascination. A certain amount of beauty is *indispensable*. This beauty Lucille Young gives you through her methods—admittedly the most effective in the world—used by scores of thousands of women.

But more than beauty is *absolutely necessary*. Countless beautiful women are *not* fascinating—hardly attractive—as every woman knows. So Lucille Young gives you *also* the very inmost of Nature's secrets of fascination. These secrets have been disclosed by nearly *twenty years of study*, by gleaning from countless patrons the hidden ways of fascination, by analyzing and *putting together*. The revelations are startling, mysterious, strange—things you would never discover yourself.

Women are thrilled as never before—because they instantly recognize that all the secrets they have longed to know are revealed—that an amazing new life has been opened up to them. No woman who reads will again fear the *siren type*. She will meet her on her own ground—be as irresistible as any woman living. And remember, whatever your present appearance, Lucille Young Methods will give the necessary beauty.

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in 3 months**

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Unlike other salts, Kruschen doesn't reduce by rushing food thru the system—rather it's an ideal combination of 6 separate minerals which help every gland, nerve and body organ to function properly—an unexcelled home reducing treatment which constitutes the same principles as the world famous European Spas.

Mrs. Jerry Gipe of Willow Hill, Pa. writes: "Since taking Kruschen Salts 3 months ago, I have lost 43 lbs. I feel so much better and look so much better, too."

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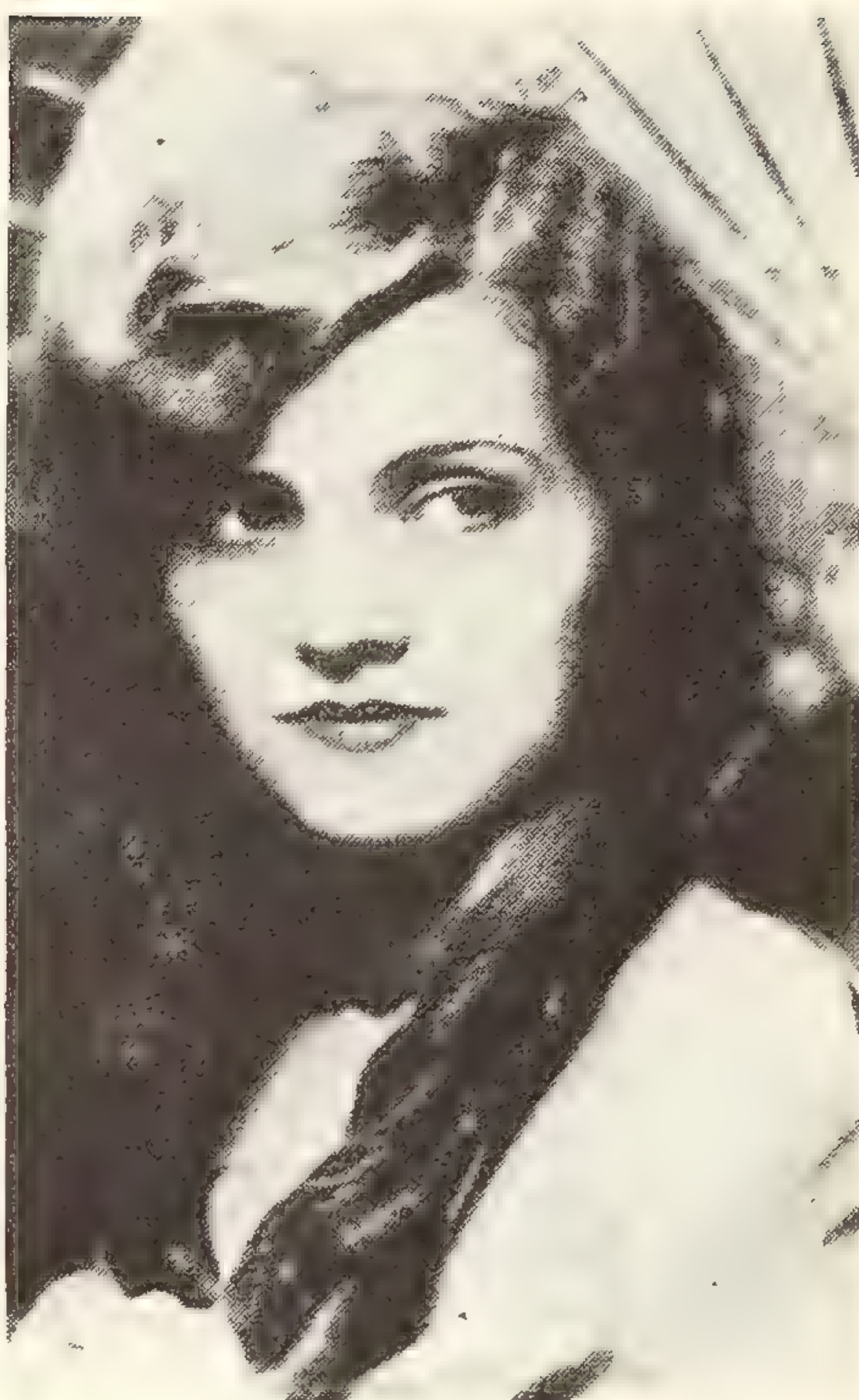
Unloved I once looked like this. Ugly hair on face... unloved... discouraged. Nothing helped. Depilatories, waxes, liquids... even razors failed. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty and love with the secret. My FREE Book, "Getting Rid of All Ugly, Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mile. Annette Lanzette, 109 W. Austin Avenue, Dept. 768, Chicago.

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Here's how Peggy Shannon looked in her first stage part, in the Ziegfeld "Follies." Peggy was only fifteen.

"I have a nice big part for you," he told me. "Do you think you would play the Clara Bow rôle in 'The Secret Call'?" he asked.

Peggy Shannon told him she'd try, and Schulberg replied that he thought she could, for he had had many glowing reports of her work in New York.

Instantly hectic days and nights started which have not let up yet, after three months. Peggy spent the afternoon having a wardrobe fitted. She nibbled a sandwich for dinner while measurements were being taken.

Then a make-up man applied movie grease paint. She studied the script and reported to the set where a screen test was made to see if her make-up was the right shade.

Until after midnight she was in the office of Stuart Walker, the director, going over the dialogue, learning a little about the whole story and a great deal about what was to be filmed in the morning when the picture started.

Production started at nine the next morning and Peggy was on the spot after an exciting night in which thoughts of all sorts raced through her mind and kept sleep away. Not once did it occur to Peggy that she wouldn't be as good as the part permitted. Of course there were lots of things to learn about camera angles and lights, but not much to learn about dialogue, for she had had plenty of training in that.

Without going into too much detail, that first picture was made as a rush job to meet a release date. That meant night work three times a week or more and work on Sunday.

When that picture was finished Peggy was about to take a short vacation when she was assigned to "Silence." That was scheduled to start in two days. More rush for wardrobe and not much rehearsing. Then a day of retakes on the first to be sandwiched in some place.

Peggy was all through the picture. No time off during production. And then two days before "Silence" finished, "The Road to Reno" started and Peggy was cast in that. More rush and overlapping. No rest in sight and another picture already scheduled to overlay "The Road to Reno."

Now you see why the little girl has no boy friend. She hasn't the time. When she

doesn't stay home studying dialogue she tries to catch up on sleep.

"Business before pleasure," says Peggy, and she means it.

"Certainly I expect to fall in love," she said. "Who doesn't? I just haven't had time since I arrived in Hollywood. I've had invitations to parties and shows but I haven't been able to accept a single one."

"The only part of Hollywood I've seen is on the shortest route from my apartment to the studio, except for a two-day location trip to Catalina, which was spent largely in the water."

And where do you suppose this interview took place? Partly on the set, partly in the photograph gallery while she was posing for the picture used to illustrate this article, and partly at lunch.

"Oh, I'll have a chance to run in some social life sooner or later," predicted Peggy optimistically. Right here is a good spot to mention the Shannon smile. You've never seen anything like it. Her teeth are perfect and her blue eyes light up—well, just watch for it yourself!

And her voice is soft and expressive. The microphone certainly goes for it in a big way. It's the delight of the sound monitor.

If Peggy ever has a chance for social life, you know she'll be busy from morning till night. There's already a long line of prospective swains waiting for the first break in her production schedules.

"I'm out to make a success of myself," she said. "I'll never do it if I don't keep my mind on my work when I'm working."

She has no hobbies and collects nothing. Her favorite sport is basketball, but where are you going to find people to play basketball with you in Hollywood? Just the same she was a basketball star on the girls' high school team in Pine Bluff, Arkansas, her home town, and has won the right to wear a PB on her sweater.

"A screen career never occurred to me," Peggy explained. "At no time did I consider my features photographic. But I was mad about the stage. The first show I ever saw was 'The Garden of Allah' and our family drove more than forty miles to see it."

"From then on I wanted to be an actress. I couldn't think of any more glamorous life. But I didn't expect to do anything about it."

"After I graduated from high school my mother took my sister and me to New York for a visit. We stayed in an apartment house and I met the girl next door. She was a secretary for Florenz Ziegfeld and asked me if I would like to go back stage and watch the show. Did I? I was thrilled to a pink peanut."

"I was introduced to the theatre press agent who got me to pose with Ziegfeld. I had never heard of the producer and so wasn't properly impressed by the honor. But the next day my picture was in the papers with the caption, 'Ziegfeld discovers Arkansas beauty.' And work hadn't been mentioned to me! My Irish blood boiled."

"But two days later I was called to the office and put to work in a musical show. There was a dream coming true! But I wanted to be an actress, so I secured a job in stock and played in most of the cities in New York state between Brooklyn and Buffalo. Then I got my second chance on Broadway, this time in dramatic rôles."

Peggy concedes that she's going to like Hollywood a lot, when she gets a chance to look it over. She's not so crazy about the hill-side homes because she likes a yard.

"I'm mad about trees," she proclaimed, "and when this picture is finished I'm going to find a house, a little Spanish one, with lots of shrubs and a fountain that tinkles, and no matter how many trees it has I'm going to put in more!"

"And when I acquire a wire-haired terrier I'll feel that I live in Hollywood and am a part of it."

She Insults the Stars

Continued from page 53



"Ouch! Don't break my arm!" cries Constance Cummings, Sylvia's "victim," as the famous masseuse gives her "the works." Sylvia's reply was picturesque and to the point, but we don't dare print it!

and later calmly taken with her when she left. It's just an old Norwegian custom. I observed a modernistic, miniature tree of green spun glass that stood upon an end table.

"Yes," she said, "I forget where that came from. It's another one of my souvenirs from someone's home. I always return with something."

When asked what she thought of the chances for a successful come-back for Pola Negri, who is taking treatments from her these days, the masseuse said:

"I don't know about Pola. I've never seen her on the stage, so of course I can't tell how she speaks lines. But there is so much more that is required of stars now than was formerly the case. They can't get by just on a grand lot of publicity any more. I doubt that she will ever regain the popularity that she once enjoyed."

"About Mary Pickford? She would be wise to retire. People will adore to remember her as she was. It is sad that stars must give up their careers when they are not old. But the memory of a young Mary, who reigned supreme, is far sweeter than the eventual reality of a Pickford grown up."

"Bebe Daniels," she declared, "is a very nice person. But from that to being a great actress is a long way."

Of Ruth Chatterton, Sylvia said briefly: "Cold as ice, but she has a great technique."

Alice White, who has long been a favor-

ite of the masseuse, occasioned a better deal.

"It is deplorable that she has had such a tough break in pictures. But Alice never squawks—she is like that."

Another who is taking the treatments preparatory to a return to the screen soon, is Dolores Del Rio.

"Dolores should come back. She has something besides good looks to offer."

Constance Cummings is both "a clever actress and a great friend."

Then there is Alice Baker, newly arrived in Hollywood from the London stage.

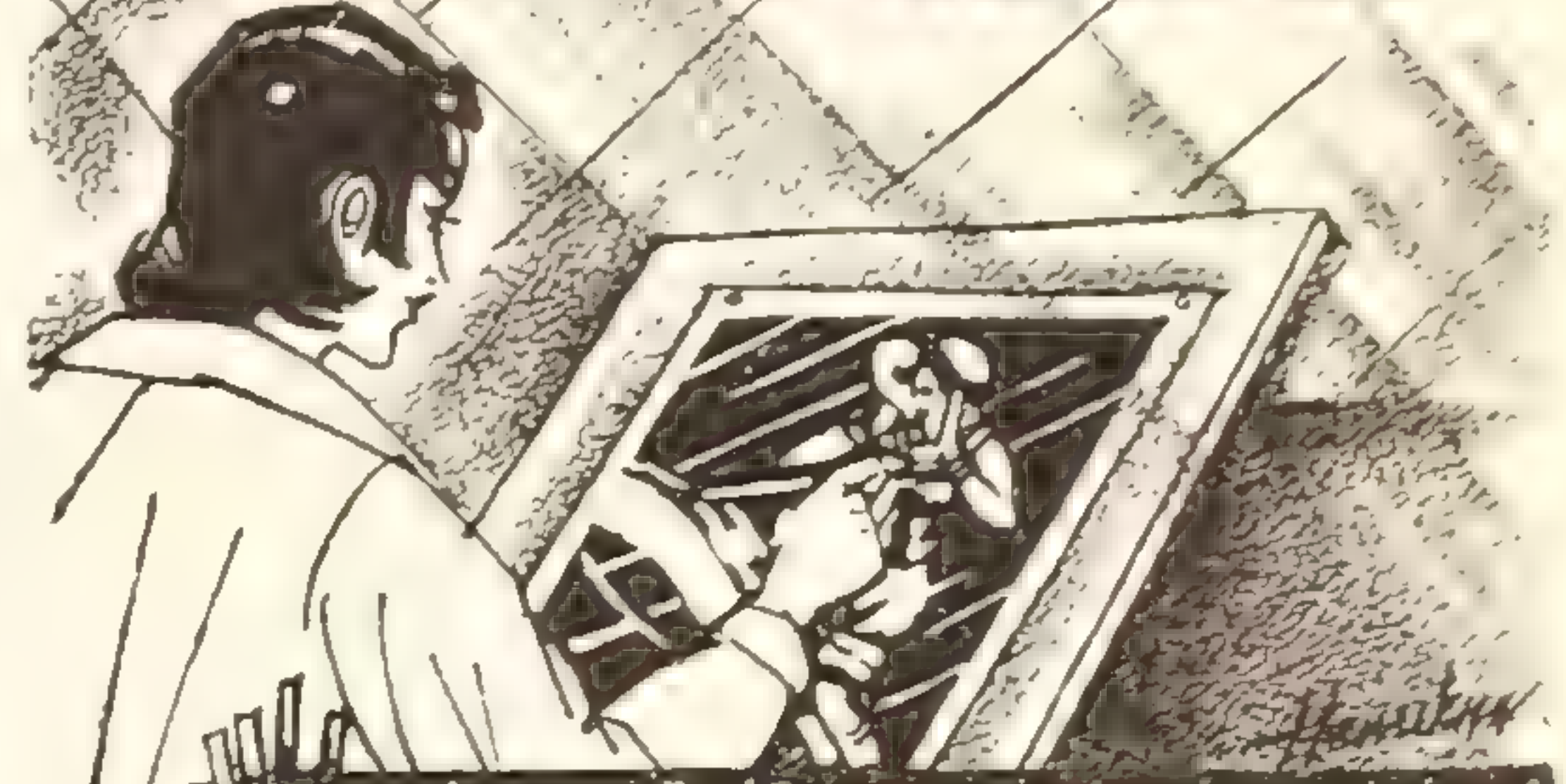
"Alice reminds me of Mary Garden; she has great promise, but she must learn to be a little more sexy."

And so she comments and criticizes as she names over the numerous stars whom she treats, and some who drop in merely for a friendly chat.

But of all Sylvia's collection of photographs, only that of Norma Shearer and the little Irving Thalberg Jr. graces the privacy of her own boudoir. For years they have been friends, Norma and the little masseuse, and to Sylvia the star owes much for her enviable figure that is unaltered after the process of motherhood. From every room, in fact, a picture of Norma in a different pose peeps forth. It was due to Norma's influence and kindness that Sylvia's younger son secured a staff position at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and this, the masseuse never forgets.

Upon the walls of her living room hang

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two water colors done by Roy Rodabaugh—or Richard Cromwell, as he is known since "Tol'able David". It was Sylvia who first saw talent in Richard, and talked to casting directors about him. Most of them smiled at her enthusiasm. Only Harry Cohen, of Columbia Pictures, believed in him and gave Richard his big chance.

By this it may be judged that the part Sylvia plays in the affairs of the film colony is not that of just an ordinary masseuse. Indeed, after ten years of living, working and playing among the stars it was impossible that her analytical mind should not have acquired the ability to read filmland and film players as easily as a children's primer. It is this knowledge of Hollywood that she has committed to paper—what she knows of the intimate lives of the stars. Already this book length story, which she has written, is appearing serially in a popular magazine.

"Perhaps," she laughed, "I may find my

health demands an immediate trip to Siberia when all of the installments have been published. For I have told the truth about Hollywood, in black and white—names and everything. But so far, as a matter of fact, they've liked it. When Marie Dressler read what I'd said about her, she just howled with glee and sent out for a hundred copies to distribute among her friends. She is a peach! Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg just laughed like a couple of kids; they loved it. Carmel Myers thanked me from the bottom of her heart, and Mary Duncan was so tickled she presented me with a gold cigarette lighter!"

No, Hollywood doesn't mind, for the only wrong Sylvia can ever do is to become ordinary and do and say commonplace things. Hollywood shudders only at the thought that she might possibly some day become shy and sycophantic and join in the chorus of "yesses." But not Sylvia—she "noes" her onions!

The Villains Are Coming!

Continued from page 85

this game to stay and you can't stay without B.O. Appeal. (B.O. in this case means Box Office and is *not* a plug for Lifebuoy soap.) He further states that the fellows whom the girls go for in the last reel are the ones who carry said B.O. appeal.

So, hereafter, when you see him come leaping on the scene, don't sit with bated breath waiting for him to start something because most likely he'll only start necking.

Wally Beery is another of these "now-he-is-now-he-isn't" perils. I was so disheartened over the news of Chester's reformation that I went up and stuck my finger in Mr. Beery's eye hoping to get some concrete proof of his *diablerie* but he only murmured something about "bad manners" and went on with his bridge game. I pulled a knife and a poisoned arrow out of my pocket that Duncan Renaldo had brought me back from Africa, hoping to see at least a glimmer of interest. But no. He gazed at them with lack-lustre eyes.

Everything seemed hopelessly dull and peaceful and I was on the point of turning dispiritedly away when he jumped to his feet quivering with rage, upset the bench (bridge table) and shook his first under the astonished nose of Robert Montgomery. "Bob!" he roared, "what the devil do you mean by trumping my ace?"

In silent sympathy I again offered him the knife and poisoned arrow but he threw them in the wrong direction. Bob puckered up his face until he looked more like Stan Laurel than a leading man and pointed an accusing finger at me. "How can I keep my mind on the game when he keeps interrupting? And what actor could think of bridge when you and Chester are getting an interview and all I'm getting is a bawling out?"

I turned to the disgruntled Beery. "If you'll just tell me about the gentle art of villainy I'll clear out."

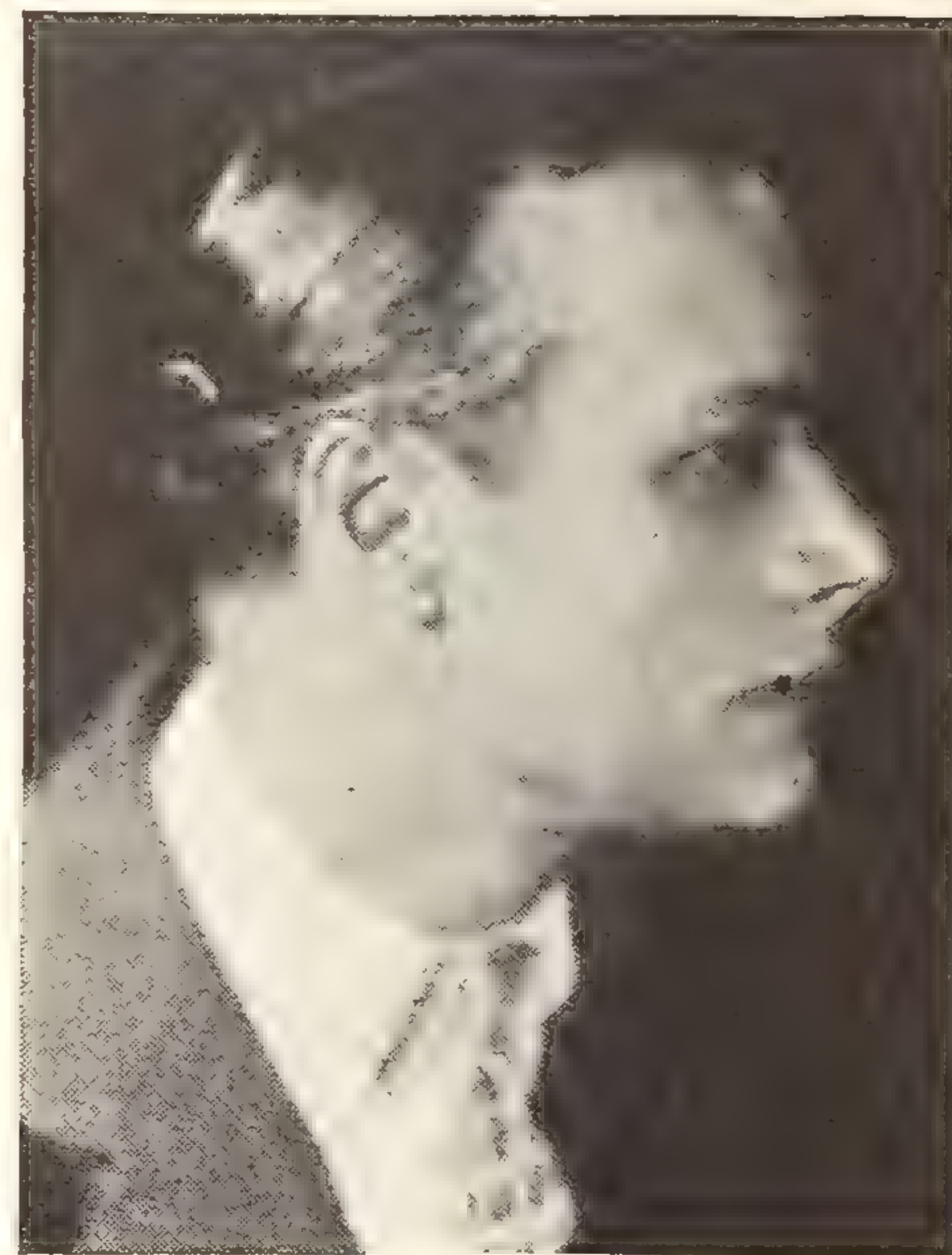
"There's no art to it except the art of collecting your check on Saturday night. The bigger the check is, the artier I get. If they paid me enough and guaranteed to stand the cost of all lawsuits I'd even turn cannibal and feast on fresh interviewers. Does *that* answer you?"

"Just leaving," I murmured. Those birds are certainly touchy.

Mathew Betz is the pleasant gent who amused himself by grinding his heel onto Sue Carol's instep while dancing with her in "Girls Gone Wild," the lovable (?) manager of Richard Barthelmess in "The Patent Leather Kid" and the boy friend who scared William Haines out of his wits in

"Telling the World." And he amused himself by inciting Wallace Beery to head a prison riot in "The Big House."

"I used to play comics on the stage," he volunteered. "And one Christmas I was in Chicago without work and there wasn't any Santa Claus so I went around to the old Essanay Company and got a job menacing Francis X. Bushman. That lasted about a year and then I went back to New York to the stage. And by and by Christie Cabanne got hold of me and turned me into a dirty guy again, and I've continued in my career of crime ever since. I think if you play villains with your tongue in your cheek—well, you get a little different slant on such gents, don'tcha?"



John Davidson is really the nice young man he looks off the screen, despite the iniquitous parts he plays.

He glared at me in a ferocious manner and I immediately started dusting off my choicest "yesses" but I couldn't forget that "tongue-in-cheek" business and bowed myself out thinking that he didn't really mean it after all.

Monday dawned cloudy and gloomy. A perfect day for calling on the last two of the grade A villains: Fred Kohler and Noah Beery. Even this delightful prospect failed to cheer me. I had a premonition of dis-



Mathew Betz is one of the meanest men on the screen—but he does it with his tongue in his cheek.

aster. And well-grounded it was, too. For one thing, Mr. Kohler confused me with one of the studio publicity men and didn't bother to take me to lunch. In the second place—but here! Read it and weep.

"I started with the old Kalem Company in 1909," he boomed in a voice that raised gooseflesh along my susceptible spine. "I went on playing juveniles for years and the pickings were pretty lean. Then I realized there were millions of juveniles in the business but only a few heavies. So I turned villain and things began looking up."

"Do you intend to continue treading the path of iniquity?" I queried.

"Now that they're featuring me, I hope for something a little better." And then it was that my direst forebodings were realized. Then it was that the blood changed to water in my veins and my hair turned suddenly white. For the man who has threatened the virtue of more heroines than

any villain in pictures—the man who has hung like a sword of Damocles over the sterling reputations of all our best heroes—the man who—listen! "When I signed this contract I said to Jack Warner, 'I don't care what kind of parts you give me to play. You can make me out the dirtiest kind of a villain if only at the end you'll—no, I don't want the girl—if only at the end you'll give me a baby to croon to or a horse to love that I can slip a lump of sugar to—'"

I'm sorry, folks, but there's a limit to what even a writer can bear. After all, this isn't a play—and the story just can't go on.

There was only one left. Noah Beery. My heart was in my boots after the Kohler episode and Noah was in the hospital. I made my way thitherward. The sun showed a little through a rift in the clouds and despite myself my spirits rose a trifle. "After all," I reflected, "he's pretty weak after his operation and if he shows signs of reforming I'll just choke him and leave him there in hopes he'll die before they find him."

"What the devil do you want with me here?" Noah snapped when I was ushered into his presence. A promising beginning, certainly.

"Mr. Beery," I began in a wheedling voice, "you're a screen villain, aren't you?"

"I am, sir," he roared, "and by gad I intend to remain one. My one concern over this illness is the fear that I've lost the best part of my entire career. In this new picture I was supposed to stick pins in the baby, cut my father's eyelids off while my mother looked on and in the last reel I cut the heart right out of my wife and then strangle my mother to death for trying to interfere. Now get out!"

Allah be praised. Outside the sun had triumphed over the clouds. Birds were singing. It almost seemed that the balmy breeze wafted the odor of the hibiscus all the way from Florida. And so beneficent was my mood over the discovery of just one dyed-in-the-wool villain—one man with good old red blood in his veins—one who has withstood all assaults on his villainy and all efforts at reformation—that, in a burst of generosity, I mentally forgave Fred Kohler for the oversight regarding lunch!



How do Dancers Manage?

The professional engagements of a dancer make no allowance for the trying time of a woman's monthly sickness. Menstruating must not interfere with her easy, effortless performance.

There was a time when a stage career was closed to any woman whose periods were too severe. But this handicap has now been removed. Women of the stage (and a million others) use Midol.

What is Midol? It isn't some sinister drug. It isn't even a narcotic. In fact, it is as harmless as the aspirin you take for a headache. But one little tablet stops all discomfort five to seven minutes after it is swallowed! And if you anticipate your time and take Midol just before, you won't have even that first twinge of periodic pain.

So, the time of month doesn't bother the dancer who has learned to rely on Midol. She is always in line, on time, on her toes and smiling. This merciful medicine protects her from the possibility of such pain for hours at a stretch. It brings complete comfort, and it does *not* interfere with the natural, normal menstrual process. So, it's folly for any woman to suffer at any stage of her monthly period. Any drugstore has the slim little box that tucks in your purse. Just ask for Midol.

After Success—What?

Continued from page 33

Marie Dressler to embark on a new career of shining glory and reach new tops—via the precious laughter route. If you cannot dazzle them with beauty or awe them with mighty drama, then give them laughter, and the audience adores you still! But the Marys, the Glorias, the Maes, the Normas shudder to see themselves hilariously ridiculous. It's marvellous for Marie, oh, yes—but for them—well, really!

Even when they've slipped a trifle down the other side of the hill, these starry ones always envision themselves in triumphant come-back. But not in the way Marjorie Rambeau did it, rather in the way that Ruth Chatterton achieved it. Ruth is responsible for a lot of hectic ex-starry hopes in Hollywood.

It isn't really any easier for the men. They fret and fuss as much as the women do, when they suddenly realize their heads have bumped against the ceiling and they must begin coming down.

Menjou had a dreadful time and a jolly old persecution complex for months, until Dame Fortune slipped him another chance. There are a hundred men in Hollywood today who envy Menjou with all their souls—Dame Fortune hasn't given them a

second chance. Bill Hart is an excellent example of this. Bill is rich, Bill doesn't need to work, but being out of the game sears his very soul.

We heard a lot about Conway Tearle staging a come-back, but it's a mild, modest little come-back that will never satisfy Conway. Many a male Hollywood star thinks Valentino was lucky to die at the height of his fame, before that dreadful question, "Where, after the top?" came up for him.

Douglas Fairbanks is in a like quandary. So difficult to know where to go from here! And the very fact that a Doug Fairbanks, Jr., has risen to amazing success, makes dad's pride in his son a matter of strange self-communing.

Most of the men talk about becoming directors. If all the actors who expect to become directors when they are through as stars achieve their desire, there will be enough to populate all Hollywood. Richard Dix expects to become a director, for instance. John Gilbert once told me he would probably become a producer when his acting days were over. And they all envy Ramon Novarro, who seems to be achieving what so many of them meant to

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achieve, getting into the directing end before the acting era has passed.

Pola Negri had a time fighting her way back to picture significance. She worked and studied for it, developed a fine voice and almost accentless English, planned, schemed, and finally won her contract with Pathé. Pola is impatient to discover this new top in talking pictures which she is so confident she can reach. But Pola knows that unless her first talking picture is a sensational success, it would have been better to have remained in Europe. A

second-rate success won't do. Newer, younger foreign actresses coming into films now can win success in pictures that would be deemed a failure for Pola. Because so very much is expected from the top.

A cruel and treacherous profession, these pictures, just as treacherous to the starry ones as to the rest, if not more so, because those who have never risen too high maintain their footing so much longer, the journey down is so much shorter.

There isn't anywhere to go after the top, except down!

A Hula Party in Hollywood

Continued from page 61

many others of equal fame and lustre.

Gavin Gordon was talking to Leni Stengel over in a corner, and, not having met her before and catching her name badly, was trying to find out if she was really married, and Leni was enjoying herself hugely, teasing him, until her husband came up and had to be introduced, but Gavin took it big, and all three had a laugh over it.

The Sisters G. somehow hadn't made the grade in pictures, nobody could quite tell why, unless it was their German accent; and they were going back to New York for a new show, they said. The Count had brought them.

Dorothy Mackaill's charming mamma had come with her, and after some coaxing she, too, consented to dance for us! She had once been on the stage herself, she told us; and one could believe it, for there was good technique as well as grace in her dancing.

Then Dorothy revealed how very talented indeed she is, for she played a duet on the piano with Murray Smith, and sang also again.

We found Patsy Ruth Miller unwontedly quiet, and we asked her if she was afraid of our misquoting her, but she said no, she really was that way sometimes, believe it or not.

Sylvia Sidney we found all wrapped up in her picture work. How she will ever have time to fall in love, as all the Hollywood actresses do, we didn't see.

There was a good joke on her when, speaking unwittingly to another guest, a newspaper man, she said, "Well, I'm never going to tell an interviewer the truth!" He went on baiting her, and she said she wasn't ever going to state for publication a single thing she really thought.

Then she went on to state her views on a number of things, and you should have seen her face when she found whom she had been talking to! However, she was a good sport and finally consented to laugh at her own expense.

"Well, anyway, I think a lot of things I haven't told you!" she said.

Laura La Plante was looking lovely in her gold, pink and white beauty, and John Murray Anderson declared that she was so exquisitely white that, when she came into the room, she made everybody else look positively grimy.

We bade Dorothy goodbye and another Honolulu vacation soon, and wished her all the happiness in the world.

"FRANCES STARR," said Patsy, "is giving a tea today, and if you just knew how much more than a mere tea one of Frances's teas is—no, I don't mean refreshments!—you'd be even more anxious than you are to go! You see, you always meet the most interesting people and hear the most interesting talk there at her

house. And what a house!—Marvelous!"

What a house was right! It was a beautiful place, a sort of French mansion, a little old-fashioned if one counts all the new Spanish and Italian houses in Hollywood, but all the more charming for that, set catter-corner across a big lawn, on a corner—a corner that is a hill, with lawns sloping to the street.

Within it is just as picturesque as without, and the garden with its swimming pool is the loveliest place of all.

Miss Starr, whose work in pictures has placed her at once in the front ranks of stars, was looking lovely in a flowered chiffon gown with a wide garden hat. The party was indeed supposed to be a garden party, but somehow the guests found themselves for the most part in little groups in the big drawing room and library.

Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes were among the first people we met, and both had loyally brought their mammas along!

However, "brought" isn't exactly the right word, since both Mary Forbes and Tillie Chatterton—and Ruth calls her Tillie, too!—are ladies of such youthfulness of manner and appearance that they can quite easily be imagined as bringing themselves.

"Mother is much younger than I am," Ruth confided, when her mother was telling us how she loved going up in airplanes.

"Mary Forbes is always a lovely figure," Patsy confided. "She is so straight and graceful, and her gray hair is so becoming."

Jack King and his mother also were present. And there were other mothers there, too, and though all talked of their children, there wasn't a single casualty.

Virginia Hammond and Cissie Loftus were there, too, and both of them are mothers. Miss Hammond's son's name is Hammond Hammond, and he wants to be a director some day. He is in Paris now, in school, but his mother is bringing him home to place him in the same school, over in Catalina, which Hedda Hopper's son attends. Miss Loftus' son's name is Peter, and he is managing a theatre now, though he is very young.

We met Robert Vignola, who told us that he had played the father of Miss Starr in her first amateur performance in Albany, New York. She was only a child, then, but so talented that it was also her last amateur play, inasmuch as the critics were so delighted with her that a Broadway producer came down to see her and signed her for Broadway rôles.

"Most teas have no men," said Grace LaRue, "but I like tea and I like men—no, I don't mean just in that order, either—and so this occasion is quite perfect."

Hale Hamilton, Miss LaRue's husband, was there, too, and Edward G. Robinson and his wife, Gladys Lloyd, Lois Wilson, Martin Flavin, Mr. and Mrs. Rob Wagner, Mervyn LeRoy, and many others.



Frances Starr is new to Hollywood, but already she is one of the most popular hostesses in the film colony.

We sat in a corner and had our tea with Lois Wilson, who told us how generous Leatrice Joy had been to her.

"She wrote me the other day," explained Lois, "offering me a play that she has been cherishing for two or three years for herself, but saying that, as I am going along so nicely now, and as she is rather absorbed in the stage, I am welcome to this good vehicle."

Just as we were leaving, James Rennie came in, handsome as ever. We at least had a chance to say hello to this actor, who is a favorite with everybody who knows him.

THIRTY-ONE years married, and "we're having a party to celebrate!" Mrs. Cawthorn, wife of Joseph Cawthorn, and herself famous professionally as Queenie Vassar, called to me over the telephone.

Patsy and I were delighted to go, the Cawthorns' parties are always so enjoyable.

We didn't find Mr. and Mrs. Cawthorn posing with their arms around each other or anything like that. As Patsy pointed out, the thirty-one years spoke for themselves.

It looked inside the house as though everybody in the world they knew had sent flowers.

"Enough for a wedding or a funeral!" commented Joe, roguishly.

And Joe was as gay as though it had been their first anniversary.

Mrs. Cawthorn, handsome in a blue evening gown, was wearing a diamond pendant, which, when unfolded, became a lorgnette—of course Joe's gift.

Joe hadn't been very well, and as he went hastening from one guest to another, his wife scolded him.

"What are you doing, moving around so much?" she asked.

"Well, I'm a checker player and it's my move!" retorted Joe.

Genevieve Tobin and Phillips Holmes represented the younger generation, and came with their mothers. Genevieve's sister Vivian, by the way, is coming west soon.

P. G. Wodehouse and his wife were there, and other guests included Grace LaRue and Hale Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs.

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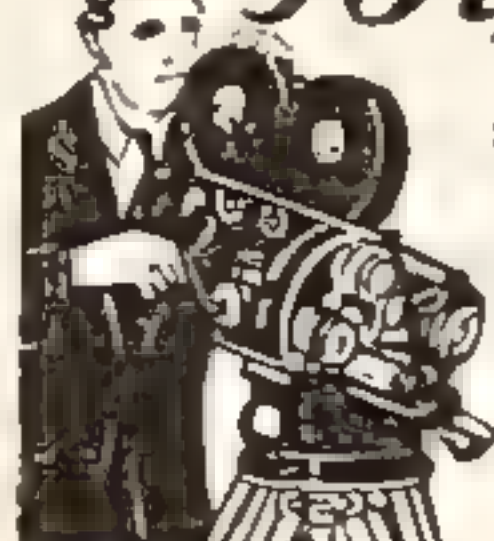
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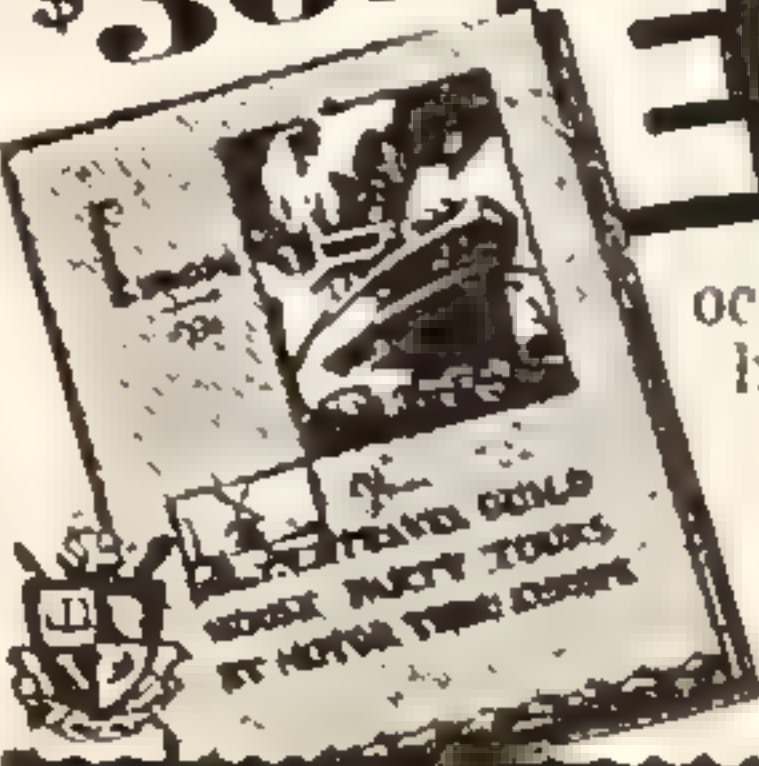
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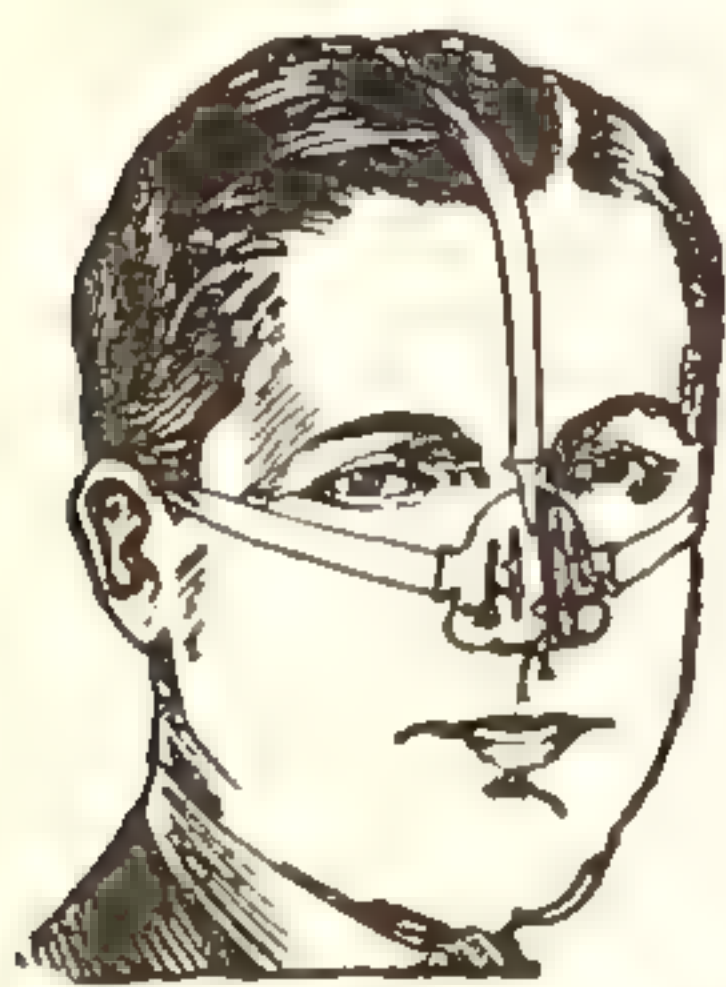
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"I think Mrs. Leslie Carter is one of the most fascinating women in the world," remarked Patsy.

Mrs. Carter was holding court, as she always does, with a dozen people around her.

A rival attraction was Leon Errol, with his stories, which are quite as funny as his professionally tottering legs; and P. G. Wodehouse, too, held us spellbound with his amusing talk.

"Do you know," Mrs. Cawthorn came over to confide to us, "that Grace LaRue made that marvelous evening dress she has on? She is as clever at designing clothes as she is at singing. And she loves to sew!"

The Cawthorns received some lovely gifts, including, from Antonio Moreno and his wife, a unique set of after-dinner coffee cups of porcelain, each with its tiny porcelain tray attached bearing an ashholder.

Tommy Meighan and his wife, Frances Ring, appear more devoted to each other than ever. She is his business adviser, you know, and he never takes any action without her.

Both are bridge fiends, and as soon as the party settled down, Tommy and his wife sought a table, dragging along two other bridge hounds.

Elsie Janis and Louise Dresser, also William LeBaron, sent flowers and regrets. Louise couldn't come because she was just bringing her mother home that day from the sanitarium, but she telephoned happily that it was like a miracle the way her mother had improved—that she could walk now.

Somebody suggested that Louise's mother be sent a wheel chair.

"Oh, she wouldn't look at it!" remarked Mrs. Cawthorn. "She walked out of the sanitarium, said she had been wheeled in, but she proposed to step out on her own two feet!"

Mr. LeBaron's note with his flowers had read: "You deserve all your years of married life!"

"Sounds like a dirty crack to me!" commented Leon Errol.

But Mrs. Cawthorn flew to Mr. LeBaron's defense.

"He's known us for years, and he knows that we have been happy together," she retorted. "And we like that note, don't we, Joe?"

Some of us danced to the music of the radio, after supper, and Joe Cawthorn was coaxed into singing some of his old songs.

Speaking of dancing, we were chatting with Mrs. Cawthorn, and she told us about dancing with a gigolo in Nice a few seasons ago.

"He asked me in half-hearted fashion," she said, "thinking, I suppose, 'Here's just another middle-aged lady for me to drag around.' But presently we were doing the most intricate steps. 'Why,' the gigolo said in surprise, 'you have danced much!' 'Yes,' I told him, 'I have been a dancer nearly all my life!'"

It was such a charming evening, altogether, that we left, wishing our host and hostess, with all our hearts, many happy returns of the day.

"EVERYBODY is staying very late at the beach this year, and more movie people than ever are living there summer and winter," remarked Patsy. "Ernst Lubitsch adores the beach, although, odd to say, he seems to prefer his swimming pool to the ocean."

Patsy and I were on our way to Santa Monica, to a luncheon which Mr. Lubitsch was giving, with Ona Munson and her mother aiding in receiving and entertaining. Everybody is saying that Ona and Mr. Lubitsch are engaged, and they neither admit nor deny it, but they do seem very devoted to each other, and Ona's mother admitted to me that they were.

Ona and her sweet mother greeted us, along with our host, Ona having just dashed out of the water, having been swimming in the pool with Mr. Lubitsch. She had donned some pretty silk print pajamas, and declared that she felt warmer than she had before she went into the water.

"The trouble with the beach is," she said, "that everybody expects you to be ready to dive into the sea at a moment's notice, whereas I love to get my swimming all done up for the day early in the morning."

We met Dorothy Jordan there with Donald Dillaway. He worked in his first picture with her, and they have been great friends ever since.

"Dorothy is a girl of staunch friendships," Patsy confided. "She and Ona have been friends a long time. Ona got her first chance on the stage and her first chance in the movies, and gave her dancing lessons as well. Ona didn't tell me, but Dorothy told me, most gratefully. She is a truly lovely little girl."

Jesse Lasky came over to go swimming and have lunch, and Buster Keaton and Harpo Marx were there, too.

We asked Harpo to do his chest expansion stunt which he does in vaudeville. He expands his chest amazingly, while his abdomen completely disappears. He said that once he overdid the stunt on the stage, and his trousers dropped off!

Frances Starr was among the guests, and of course took a couple of swims during the afternoon.

Vicki Baum, author of "Grand Hotel," was a guest, and declared she thought Hollywood an ideal place for writing.

"But she doesn't know too many people yet," confided Patsy. "Wait until she does, and they call her up and swoop down upon her at all times of day and night, in the informal Hollywood manner. Then we'll see what she says about working here!"

She had come with her husband, Richard Lert, who doesn't speak any English, but Miss Baum and Mr. Lubitsch interpreted for him.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Lukas were guests, and Samson Raphaelson, Edgar Allan Woolf, Nora Gregor, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Vajda, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Straus, and others.

Some of the guests gathered in the house, but most of us preferred the beach lot, surrounded by a fence, in front of Lubitsch's home.

Luncheon was served *à la buffet*, with fruit for dessert. Fruit is much liked by Mr. Lubitsch, who always has a huge plate of it on the living room table.

Ona declared that she never looked at Mr. Lubitsch that he wasn't eating a peach or a plum!

Out in the surf, we found that Lady June Inverclyde, who wore a royal blue bathing suit, which set off her blond beauty nicely, beat everyone else at swimming.

There were ping-pong as well as swimming, and Paul Lukas proved himself champion of the former game.

Dorothy Hall was there, too. She had just opened at the Belasco Theatre in Los Angeles in "The Greeks Had a Word for It," having recently come from New York, and she said she loved the California hospitality.

Mr. Lubitsch is the most retiring and modest of men, but we did manage to corner him for a chat, and found his the-

ories and ideas about picture making just as interesting as we had expected them to be.

When we left his hospitable roof, the sun had begun to sink beyond the sea.

"THIS Week's Attraction, Olsen and Johnson. Next week, Three or Four Marx Brothers!"

That was one of the signs which greeted Billy and Ella Wickersham, Patsy and me, as we entered the driveway leading up to the home of John P. Medbury and his charming wife. Medbury, you know, not only is a journalist, but he writes gags for picture comedies.

"Our host never works with the meter on," remarked Ella Wickersham, who, you know, is the beautiful little invalid girl in the wheel chair, who now broadcasts the parties she attends. "His wit simply overflows at all times, and there is always lots more where that came from."

There were other signs for a laugh on the way up the driveway, and so everybody was in the best possible humor when he arrived.

"Leave them laughing when you say goodbye is all very well," said Jack Oakie, whose car we met on the way up, "but 'get 'em laughing the minute you see them' is even better."

Some of the guests, we found, were in informal garb, even sports clothes, but others wore evening clothes. It is never quite safe to believe your hostess when she says "Informal" in Hollywood, because almost certainly some guests will be wearing evening clothes.

"I suppose," remarked Patsy with a bit of cattiness, "that some girls think they will walk away with the belle-of-the-ball honors by putting one over and wearing ball dresses."

Our hostess herself was looking very chic and pretty in a white silk sports dress.

Just how Mr. and Mrs. Medbury managed to say that genial "hello" of theirs to everybody, I don't know, for there were something like two hundred guests present, but somehow they did, it seemed to me.

Eddie Buzzell was there, and Walter Catlett, Groucho and Zeppo Marx, Edward G. Robinson and Gladys Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. James Gleason, Russell Gleason, Harry Myers and his wife, Rosemary Theby; Judith Woods, Mary Brian, Roscoe Ates and his wife and daughter; William Boyd and Virginia Whiting, Racquel and Rene Torres, Leo Carrillo, James Durante, Ruth Roland, Roscoe Arbuckle, Harold MacGrath, Ivan Lebedeff, George Olsen, Chic Johnson, Claire Whitney, Victor McLaglen, and many others.

That comic, Joe Lewis, was there, too, and of him we heard many interesting stories. One of the most interesting was of his days when he worked in a Chicago café. Across the way was another restaurant which wanted his services as an entertainer, but Joe was faithful to his first employers and wouldn't leave. Whereupon, a gang hired by the other cafe set on him and beat him up unmercifully.

He proved very amusing at the party, as were also Groucho and Zeppo Marx, although the latter two said they couldn't do much without their two brothers.

Ruth Roland was among the guests. She had just returned from New York a few days previously. She said she had been sick in bed most of the time since she returned, due to a terrific sunburn she got while swimming.

"What do you mean, sunburn?" demanded Jack Oakie, "—you, the big girl of the great western outdoors!"

"I guess I just turned tenderfoot during those fourteen months I was away," Ruth smiled.

Ruth said that she had particularly

wanted to see Coney Island, the subway, and a few other New York landmarks.

"Why not Grant's tomb?" we inquired.

"Oh, it would be too noisy there," George Olsen put in.

George and Ruth sat at our table during supper, and reminisced about vaudeville. The table was cleared, and they were left sitting in the middle of the terrace—I forgot to say that supper was served out-of-doors, on the terrace, in the moonlight, overlooking all Hollywood—still talking, long after they had finished eating.

There was some most amusing entertainment by Leo Carrillo, Walter Catlett, Olsen and Johnson, Vernon Rickard, Robert Emmett Keane, and others.

Roscoe Ates did a funny little recitation, getting John Medbury close to him, as he said he felt embarrassed and wanted somebody to talk to. At the end he slapped John's face soundly, and John looked around, exclaiming comically, "And I'm paying for it!"

We didn't see Mary Brian until the party was nearly over. She admitted she had been sitting on the veranda all evening with a nice young man, but she wouldn't say whom. However, we immediately suspected Russell Gleason, that newest of Hollywood sheiks.

A few of the guests remained indoors, but most of us preferred the big, moonlit terrace, with its lovely, dimmed electric lights.

A very amusing feature of the party were questionnaires which our host gave out to everybody. These had questions like the following: "Which of the guests didn't you like?" "Whom would you have preferred?" "How did you like the food?" There was a little note at the end, suggesting that if we could make any suggestions that would help the Medburys to give more uplighting parties, we were to do so. "If you like the party, tell others," the paper read. "If you don't, tell us. Thank you." The answers were very funny indeed.

At the close of the party, when anybody left, he was given a solemnly worded, important-looking certificate, saying that the holder had been a satisfactory guest!

Jimmie Durante arrived very late from another party, but made up for his remissness by singing some of his very best songs in his own entirely distinctive manner.

Just as we were leaving, Jimmie Gleason came over and told us, with a very serious air: "I don't like the looks of this questionnaire business. It looks as though Medbury is getting up a sucker list, and will try to sell us something later on. Don't sign it!"

Which left us laughing as we said goodbye.

"IT IS ostentatious—almost bragging—isn't it," smiled Patsy, "to be holding a sixth wedding anniversary celebration here in Hollywood?"

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Schayer smiled back that it was, and then we had to go into the guest room and look at the beautiful silver cutlery set which Mr. Schayer had given to his wife as an anniversary present.

Mr. Schayer is a film editor, you know, and he and his wife live in a very beautiful home in Hollywood. Mrs. Schayer was looking lovely in a red gown. Later, though, she went and changed to evening pajamas, as she said skirts irked her these days. In both she looked equally pretty.

Lupita Tovar was one of the first guests we met. She had come with Paul Kohner, who is very devoted to her these days.

"Paul is certainly a one-woman man, isn't he?" whispered Patsy. "You remember how long he was faithful to Mary Philbin."

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Lupita was going down to Mexico to play in a Mexican picture, backed by American money. She has been rather homesick, she admitted, and it is of course an added thrill to go back to the city which she left as an unknown school girl and to which she returns as a film celebrity.

Josephine Dunn was there, too. She said that she guessed she was just fated to remain too thin—no matter how hard she tried to put on weight, first one thing and then another caused her to lose. She said at any rate if she was destined to get thinner and thinner, it would be a most refined death just to fade away from everybody's sight!

We found that her husband—it is her divorce worries that have caused her to get thin this time—had been trying to get her to return to him. She said that all the trouble was his mother.

Then she gave a little humorous moue: "When my husband left me the last time, he took my private telephone book with him, and now I have to go walking down Hollywood Boulevard," she said, "in order to meet people I know, to tell them where I am living."

Josephine, we found to our surprise, had been married once before. Her husband was a well-known architect, but she lived with him only a few days. Hers was one of those tragic child marriages. She was wed very young—just too young in all her thoughts and feelings for marriage. He had never married, she said.

Whereupon the romantic Patsy had to exclaim that perhaps now she would marry him all over again!

Our old friend, Doraldina, the dancer, was there with her handsome husband, George Saunders. Dorey was looking handsome, but says she does not dance any more, which does seem a pity, seeing that she was once the rage, and there was never any one quite like her.

We met Thelma Hill, too. She entreated

us—we were in the drawing room at the time—to come out into the garden "and look for excitement!"

It was a perfect dream garden, with a huge marquee over its flowers, trees, shrubs and fountain, and all lighted with electrics, which light, to my mind, always lends flowers and grass an unearthly beauty and magic.

Out there we found dozens of guests, including Linda Watkins, Jack Oakie, Yola D'Avril, Charles Judels, Leo Berensky, who wrote "Variety," the picture which was such a sensation, you remember, and many others.

John Huston, son of Walter Huston, was a guest, and Mr. Schayer told us that John had written one of the finest treatments of a story he had ever seen, although he had had little experience.

Eph and Lillian Asher were among the guests. Eph is a producer, you know. He told us, as we sat at supper in the garden at the little tables provided for the purpose, about taking a crowd of so-called bathing beauties east from the Mack Sennett studios.

"It was in the old days," said Mr. Asher, "when all the theatrical managers innocently believed that bathing girls actually bathed! When we arrived in Detroit, we found that the managers had planned a swimming contest, and only two of our girls could swim. What an awful time we had getting out of it!"

One of the girls, by the way, was Irene Wiley, who afterward married Cliff Edwards.

I forgot to say that a negro orchestra played indoors for us to dance, and while we were at supper a negro singer with a sweet voice serenaded the guests at the different tables.

We went home very late, wishing our host and hostess many happy returns of the day, and ourselves many happy returns to the Schayer home.

Body and Solo

Continued from page 26

All may be."

"Come, now," I urged soothingly, "why not begin at the beginning, if any, and tell Grandpa how you entered the spirit world?"

"Well," Miss MacDonald complied, "it seems there were a couple of foreigners. One of them was a Prince of the blood—don't ask me what blood. The other was a lady, not his wife. They happened to be motoring in Belgium one night and both got badly damaged when the Prince's car hit something."

"When something hit the Prince's car," I corrected her with my best *noblesse oblige* inflection.

"Uh-huh. When the Prince's car hit something. The two were taken to a hospital for repairs, but after a couple of nights they suddenly disappeared. Well, it seems the Prince a short time before had pronounced me his favorite movie actress; and presently the story was going around that the lady in the case was none other than Jeanette—and you can take the word of practically the entire European press for it, if you're inclined to be that foolish."

"The truth is that during all this time I had been hard at work in Hollywood—in fact, I'd never been in Europe at all—but a sensation is a sensation, and who were the European journalists to spoil a fairly zippy story just because it didn't happen to be true? So the story stuck. And all over the continent Dame Rumor still has it—

and she can keep it, darn her!—that Jeanette MacDonald was smashed up in that motor accident with the Prince!"

"But how about that little suicide business?" I asked her, beginning to feel a bit less spooky.

"Wait a minute—I've hardly got started on my European escapades yet. After the first stories came out, the scandalmongers started to dress it up, rearrange it, edit it and improve it. You know how an artist steps back and looks lovingly at his handiwork, then fondly adds a little embellishing touch here and a dab there? Well, that was the way of it. Pretty soon they had lugged in the sportive Prince's spouse in the rôle of the avenging woman. One version of this episode was that the Princess took a pot shot at me, the bullet entering and destroying one of my eyes. But then someone thought of vitriol (how silly of them to leave it out in the first place!) so the revised edition had the predatory Princess sprinkling my features with vitriol. And in both cases the result was so horrible that I committed suicide!"

"You look so natural," I murmured.

"But there had to be love letters too, of course, so the story went that my suicide attempt wasn't immediately fatal, and I languished for a couple of days on my deathbed. Then—enter Charlie Chaplin! Oh, yes. I don't know whether they thought it was time for a little comedy relief or just what the idea was; but any-



Jeanette MacDonald, the singing actress, squares off to a lyric in one of the light comedies that are her great specialty.

way, the legend has it that I called for Charlie, and when he came to my bedside I entrusted to his fond care the love letters the dear Prince had written me. And Charlie—perhaps it's the Continental notion

of gallantry—promptly turned around and delivered them to the King of Belgium, for which heroic act he received his decoration from the Crown. Well, Charlie *was* decorated by the Belgian Government, wasn't he, so doesn't that prove it all, I ask you?"

So there it is—a sort of modernized version of "The Perils of Pauline" (or perhaps "The Jitters of Jeanette"?), which, at the comparatively safe distance of some 6,000 miles away from its subject, was treated unquestioningly, nay eagerly, as straight news. And in so treating it, some dozens of writers, editors and publishers have laid themselves wide open to punitive treatment via the libel laws. In fact, the bizarre bundle of fantasy has even found its way into a book written by a self-appointed biographer of Miss MacDonald named Maurice Privat. "My Privat Life," she affectionately calls the volume.

Miss MacDonald hasn't yet decided whether to take any legal steps to curb the romantic pens of European journalists and authors; but one of the purposes of her current tour of European cities is to demonstrate in person that the young lady whom they have been seeing and hearing on the screen really is Jeanette, very much alive and in the flesh, and not her sister, her double or her ectoplasm.

That job done, and the rumors finally laid in their well-earned graves, Miss MacDonald expects to return to Hollywood to resume her screen work. Just what the pictures will be, and under whose auspices, are so far undetermined—but if she has her way, no time will be lost in making "The Merry Widow."

Discovering Hollywood's Real Sophisticate—Ann Harding!

Continued from page 23

that of any person I have ever known," Joan told me. "Just to be with her makes one happy, forces one to realize how insignificant all the petty things which annoy us are. She is so supremely happy and radiant. All you have to do is look into her eyes to find what a beautiful soul she has. There isn't an ounce of falseness or pretense in her. Ann Harding is my idea of the perfect woman, as well as the perfect actress!"

That's the way all of Ann's friends feel about her. *They admire her for being herself!*

"When I was in high school I was a wall-flower," Ann admits. "I only had one beau, because I thought petting was silly. He thought so, too. But he was captain of the football team, and I figured it was better to have a little quality than mere quantity!"

"In the senior play at East Orange High School, New Jersey, I was chosen for the lead. Garett Ford, who is now one of Pathé's foremost scenarists, was in my class and he wrote the show. It was a direct steal from two of the current Broadway hits!" Ann chuckled. "The leading lady was supposed to be a Theda Bara type, and when I got the part Garett quit the show entirely, claiming I'd make the world's worst vamp."

"I was only sixteen, had a baby face, and very little notion of sex. I'd seen Theda Bara and the other movie vamps, so I wrapped myself up in tight-fitting velvet and proceeded to give a perfect imitation of them. I'm afraid it was almost an indecent performance! Picture me innocently giving all the gestures of a love-tossed lady. After the show, when I stepped off the stage, I was met by all the

social boys of the school. They had never given me a tumble before, so I waited until I got a bid to every fraternity dance. Then turned them all down. I'd proved that I *could* be a vamp! Now, if I had been a Websterian, yesteryear sophisticate, I would have changed my ways right at that point, thinking that at last I'd found the secret of popularity.

"But I stuck to my own likes and dislikes, and soon had plenty of proposals of marriage. The boys would start weeping on my shoulder about their troubles with other girls, and end up by wanting to marry me! That's why I never could see any sense to that argument about a girl having to be wild to get the masculine approval. The kind of attention a vamp gets isn't the kind I, at least, wanted."

Ann looked particularly nice in a green ensemble the day we lunched in her dressing-room. She is not the artificial Hollywood blonde type. Mascara and bleach are conspicuous by their absence. She really doesn't care much for clothes, although she has a large wardrobe. When she is in the mood to attend a premiere she looks beautiful in gowns designed especially for her.

"I don't see why one should make clothes a fetish," she says. "Of course, I like pretty dresses, but I'm afraid I'm more interested in where I'm going than what I'm going to wear. If clothes are clean, comfortable, and decent they suit me. The greatest advantage to having money is that it enables you to look like the devil if you want to do so. Only the poor and the climbing have to dress up to impress. I judge a person by himself, not by what he has on."

"I suppose there's no use repeating that my hair is its own natural shade. Every

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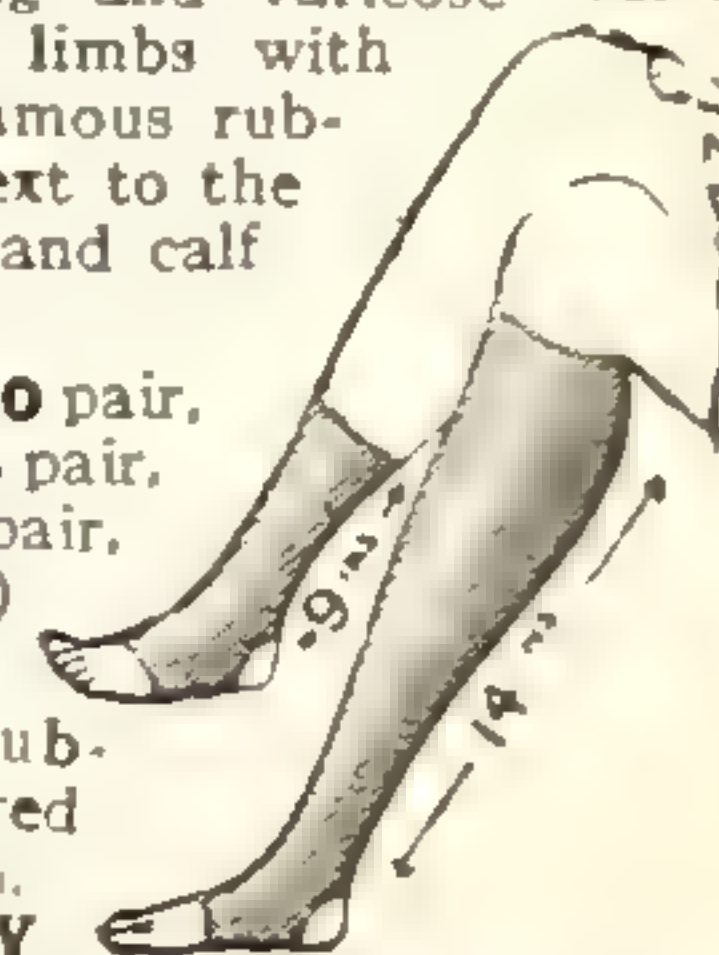
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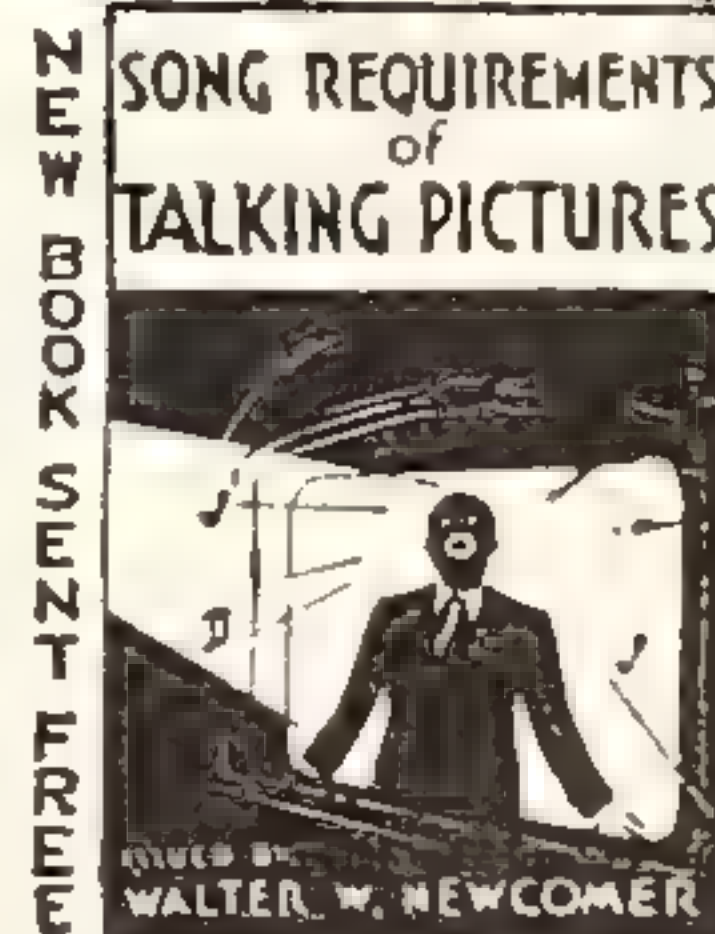
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blonde, from Hollywood to the Far East, claims that distinction. Anyway, I have never found a hair-dresser who said he could bleach it—even if I wanted it touched up. It's too long. Right now it's in several colors, due to the sun hitting the top and missing the underneath!

"And speaking of clothes," Ann continued, "why do you men allow yourselves to be herded into such awful garb? It's sheer stupidity. Why wear so much and dress so drab? I wish men would return to colors and lovely fabrics again. There's nothing effeminate about looking your best. Every man I know hates to wear a tux. Why do they do it, then? Why not wear pajamas for evening formals if pajamas are more comfortable?"

I couldn't think of a come-back to that question. Whatever Ann says in that marvelous voice of hers sounds like gospel to her listeners. Which reminds me of her own remark about the spell of a fine voice.

"They used to say that the eyes were the most important organ of expression, but

now the voice has become the character interpreter. People are realizing that a voice carries to an audience of one just as effectively as to a crowd. One should have a well-modulated speaking apparatus, even for private life. If you aren't born blessed, then you ought to do as I had to when I lost my voice entirely by talking in a strained, too-high pitch. I went to an expert voice teacher and he put me right."

Don't you think that it's going to be a lot more fun, being sophisticated in the modern, Ann Harding manner? No more trying to convince people that you are something you know deep in your heart you aren't and don't want to be. No more blindly following the crowd. No more artful campaigns to appear mysterious, involved, and subtle.

Directness, simplicity, naturalness are the watchwords for the new vogue. Ann has proved that, when cultivated, these qualities are irresistible. Now all the world is going Harding! That is, everyone who wants to be classed as a *real* sophisticate!

Revuettes

Continued from page 6

Class B:

SILENCE. *Paramount.* Absorbing drama about a man who takes the rap to save his daughter. Clive Brook's best performance. Peggy Shannon plays the daughter.*

SON OF THE PLAINS. *Syndicate.* Nice western hard riding, fist fights, grand scenery and Bob Custer.

SPORTING BLOOD. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Horses, horses, horses! A nice, sentimental tale about a thoroughbred. Clark Gable and Madge Evans supply the romance.*

THE BRAT. *Fox.* A tale with a Cinderella theme and Sally O'Neil providing the laughs in the title rôle.*

THE GREAT LOVER. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Adolphe Menjou in a rôle that fits him like the proverbial glove. Menjou plays the "great lover" who gallantly gives up the girl he loves, Irene Dunne, to Neil Hamilton. A pleasant picture.*

THE MAGNIFICENT LIE. *Paramount.* A mediocre production with Ruth Chatterton as the only bright spot. Ralph Bellamy and Stuart Erwin are able support.*

THE MIRACLE WOMAN. *Columbia.* A powerful story about a girl evangelist with Barbara Stanwyck giving a crack performance.*

THE PUBLIC DEFENDER. *Radio.* If you can forget Richard Dix's splendid performance in the powerful "Cimarron" you'll enjoy this picture. Shirley Grey, blonde and pretty, is his inspiration.*

THE RECKLESS HOUR. *First National.* An everyday girl—a millionaire playboy and a nice artist—who wins? Dorothy Mackaill, Conrad Nagel and Walter Byron present the triangle.

THE RUNAROUND. *Radio.* A lively comedy about two choruses trying to land a millionaire. Mary Brian and Marie Prevost are the gold-diggers.

THE STAR WITNESS. *Warner Brothers.* Thrilling drama with a new theme. Walter Huston, Frances Starr, Dickie Moore, Chic Sale and Grant Mitchell do fine work.*

TOO MANY COOKS. *Radio.* A domestic comedy of errors. The laughs are few and far between. Bert Wheeler, Dorothy Lee and Roscoe Ates supply the humor.

TRAVELING HUSBANDS. *Radio.* Sophisticated film about philandering husbands. Evelyn Brent scores as a hard-boiled female.*

WATERLOO BRIDGE. *Universal.* The war serves as a background for a tender touching romance. Mae Clark and Kent Douglass are superb as the lovers.*

WILD HORSE. *M. H. Hoffman.* Strong action western film with Hoot Gibson doing some fancy riding. Alberta Vaughn is the girl.

Short Features.

AFRICA SQUAWKS. *Tiffany.* A very amusing travesty on the "Trader Horn" theme with the chimps as the actors.

A LAND THAT TIME FORGOT. *Epics.* A quaint village in Italy. Frank Ormston lectures about this unknown corner of Italy. The photography is poor.

BEAR HUNTING IN THE CARPATHIANS. *Ufa.* A German dialogue film. The scenery and costumes are picturesque but it isn't as exciting as it might be.

CHRIS-CROSSED. *Columbia.* Eddie Buzzell burlesques Christopher Columbus and the discovery of America. Offers plenty of mirth.

COLD TURKEY. *Vitaphone.* Helen Broderick provides laughs from beginning to end. Good gags.

CRASHING RENO. *Pathé.* A burlesque on the Reno divorce mill. Daphne Pollard and Eddie Gribbon are the laugh getters.

CRIMES SQUARE. *Vitaphone.* An underworld skit—nothing original. Good performance by Pat O'Brien.

FAINTING LOVER. *Educational.* Snappy comedy featuring Andy Clyde, Wade Boteler and Vernon Dent. A domestic mix-up.

FIRST TO FIGHT. *Universal.* Slim Summerville and Eddie Gribbon make a play for the same girl. Good fun.

GENTS OF LEISURE. *Paramount.* This is a waste of film. However, Chester Conklin's characterization as a bum stands out.

LOVE TAILS OF MOROCCO. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* This is a canine laughie. It shows the dogs as members of the Foreign Legion. Exceptionally good short.

MAIL. *Amkino.* First animated cartoon from Russia. It has novel treatment. The dialogue is in Russian, so brush up.

TENNIS TECHNIQUE. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Tennis lessons from an expert. Bill Tilden shows proper grips and holds and the correct way to volley and serve.

THE VANISHING LEGION. *Mascot.* A thriller for youngsters and a good bet for adults. Harry Carey, Edwina Booth and Frankie Darro head the cast.

VIA EXPRESS. *Paramount.* A sure-fire short because of Tom Howard's clever work.

WHIPPET RACING. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* A first-class short feature showing the dogs racing—nice comedy, too.

December
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Casts of Current Films

Continued from page 95

"SILENCE." Paramount. From the play by Max Marcin. Directed by Louis Gasnier and Max Marcin. The cast: *Jim Warren*, Clive Brook; *Molly Burke*, Marjorie Rambeau; *Mrs. Powers*, Norma Powers; *Peggy Shannon*, Arthur Lawrence; *Charles Starrett*, *Harry Silvers*, John Wray; *Phil Powers*, Willard Robertson.*

"SON OF INDIA." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. From the book "Mr. Isaacs" by F. Marion Crawford. Directed by Jacques Feyder. The cast: *Karim*, Ramon Novarro; *William Darsay*, Conrad Nagel; *Mrs. Darsay*, Marjorie Rambeau; *Janice*, Madge Evans; *Dr. Wallace*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Hamid*, Mitchell Lewis; *Juggat*, John Miljan; *Roa Rama*, Nigel De Brulier.

"SPORTING BLOOD." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Based on "Horseflesh" by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan. Directed by Charles Brabin. The cast: *Rid Riddell*, Clark Gable; *Jim Rellence*, Ernest Torrence; *Ruby*, Madge Evans; *Tip Scanlon*, Lew Cody; *Angela*, Marie Prevost; *Hartwick*, Harry Holman; *Ludeking*, Hallam Cooley; *MacGuire*, J. Farrell McDonald; *Uncle Ben*, John Larkin; *Sammy*, Eugene Jackson; *Tommy Boy*, By Himself.*

"STREET SCENE." United Artists. From the play by Elmer Rice. Directed by King Vidor. The cast: *Rose*, Sylvia Sydney; *Sam*, William Collier, Jr.; *Abe Kaplan*, Max Montor; *Mr. Maurrant*, David Landau; *Mrs. Maurrant*, Estelle Taylor; *Sankey*, Russell Hopton; *Easter*, Louis Natheaux; *Mae Jones*, Greta Granstedt; *Emma Jones*, Beulah Bondi; *George Jones*, T. H. Manning; *Vincent Jones*, Matthew Hughes; *Olga Olsen*, Adele Watson; *Karl Olsen*, John M. Qualen; *Shirley Kaplan*, Anna Kostant; *Alice Simpson*, Nora Cecil; *Willie Maurrant*, Lambert Rogers; *Dick McGann*, Allan Fox.*

"THE BRAT." Fox. From the play by Maude Fulton. Adapted by Sonya Levien and S. N. Behrman. Directed by John Ford. The cast: *The Brat*, Sally O'Neil; *MacMillan Forester*, Allan Dinehart; *Stephen Forester*, Frank Albertson; *Angela*, Virginia Cherrill; *Jane*, June Collyer; *Timson*, Farrell Macdonald; *Mrs. Forester*, Mary Forbes; *The Bishop*, Albert Gran; *Lena*, Louise Mackintosh; *Judge*, William Collier, Sr.; *Housekeeper*, Margaret Mann.*

"THE COMMON LAW." RKO-Pathé. From the story by Robert W. Chambers. Adapted by John Farrow. Directed by Paul L. Stein. The cast: *Valerie*, Constance Bennett; *Neville*, Joel McCrea; *Cardemon*, Lew Cody; *Sam*, Robert Williams; *Mrs. Clare Collis*, Hedda Hopper; *Stephanie*, Marion Shilling; *Querido*, Paul Ellis; *John Neville*, Sr., Walter Walker.

"THE GREAT LOVER." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. From the play by Leo Dietrichstein and Frederick and Fanny Hatton. Continuity by Gene Markey and Edgar Allan Woolf. Directed by Harry Beaumont. The cast: *Paurel*, Adolphe Menjou; *Diana*, Irene Dunne; *Sos*, Ernest Torrence; *Carlo*, Neil Hamilton; *Potter*, Baclanova; *Finny*, Cliff Edwards; *Stapleton*, Hale Hamilton; *Rosco*, Roscoe Ates; *Losseck*, Herman Bing; *Mme. Neumann Baumbach*, Else Janssen.*

"THE LAST FLIGHT." First National. Based on the novel "Single Lady" by John Monk Saunders. Directed by Wilhelm Dieterle. The cast: *Cary Lockwood*, Richard Barthelmess; *Bill Talbot*, John Mack Brown; *Nikki*, Helen Chandler; *The Outsider*, Frink; *Walter Byron*; *Francis*, Elliott Nugent; *Shep Lambert*, David Manners.*

"THE MAGNIFICENT LIE." Paramount. Based on Leonard Merrick's novel, "Laurels and The Lady." Screen play by Samson Raphaelson. Directed by Berthold Viertel. The cast: *Poll*, Ruth Chatterton; *Bill*, Ralph Bellamy; *Elmer*, Stuart Erwin; *Rosa Duchene*, Francoise Rosay; *Jacques*, Charles Boyer; *Larry*, Sam Hardy; *Pierre*, Tyler Brooke; *Clarence*, Tyrrell Davis.

"THE MAN IN POSSESSION." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. From the play by H. M. Harwood. Directed by Sam Wood. The cast: *Raymond Dabney*, Robert Montgomery; *Clara*, Charlotte Greenwood; *Crystal Wetherby*, Irene Purcell; *Mr. Dabney*, C. Aubrey

Smith; *Mrs. Dabney*, Beryl Mercer; *Claude Dabney*, Reginald Owen; *Sir Charles Cartwright*, Alan Mowbray; *Esther*, Maude Eburne; *A Bailiff*, Forrester Harvey; *A Butcher*, Yorke Sherwood.

"THE MIRACLE WOMAN." Columbia. From the play "Bless You, Sister" by John Meehan and Robert Riskin. Directed by Frank Capra. The cast: *Florence "Faith" Fallon*, Barbara Stanwyck; *John Carson*, David Manners; *Hornsby*, Sam Hardy; *Mrs. Higgins*, Beryl Mercer; *Wexford*, Russell Hopton; *Simpson*, Charles Middleton; *Collins*, Eddie Boland; *Gussie*, Thelma Hill; *Violet*, Aileen Carlyle; *Brown*, Al Stewart; *Briggs*, Harry Todd.*

"THE PUBLIC DEFENDER." Radio. From the novel by George Goodchild. Screen play and dialogue by Bernard Schubert. Directed by J. Walter Ruben. The cast: *Pike Winslow*, Richard Dix; *Barbara Gerry*, Shirley Grey; *Wells*, Edmund Breese; *Doctor*, Paul Hurst; *John Burns*, Purnell Pratt; *Inspector O'Neil*, Alan Roscoe; *Professor*, Boris Karloff; *Rose*, Ruth Weston; *Aunt Matilda*, Nella Walker; *Auctioneer*, William Halligan; *Charles Harmer*, Frank Sheridan; *Cyrus Pringle*, Carl Gerrard.*

"THE RUN-AROUND." Radio. Based on the story by Zandah Owen. Adapted by Alfred Jackson. Directed by William J. Craft. The cast: *Fred*, Geoffrey Kerr; *Evelyn*, Mary Brian; *Howard*, Johnny Hines; *Margy*, Marie Prevost; *Lou*, Joseph Cawthorn.

"THE SQUAW MAN." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. From the play by Edwin Milton Royle. Directed by Cecil B. De Mille. The cast: *Captain James Wynnegan*, Jim Carston; *Warner Baxter*; *Natchurich*, Lupe Velez; *Diana*, Eleanor Boardman; *Cash Hawkins*, Charles Bickford; *Sir John Applegate*, Roland Young; *Henry*, Paul Cavanaugh; *Shorty*, Raymond Hatton; *Sheriff*, DeWitt Jennings; *Big Bill*, Farrell McDonald; *Hal*, Dickie Moore; *Tabywanna*, Mitchell Lewis.

"THE STAR WITNESS." Warner Brothers. From a story by Lucien Hubbard. Directed by William A. Wellman. The cast: *Grandpa*, Chic Sale; *District Attorney*, Walter Huston; *Ma Leeds*, Frances Starr; *Pa Leeds*, Grant Mitchell; *Sue Leeds*, Sally Blane; *Jack Leeds*, Eddie Nugent; *Campo*, Ralph Ince; *Brown*, Tom Dugan; *Williams*, Robert Elliott; *Horan*, Noel Madison; *Ned Leeds*, George Ernest; *Donny Leeds*, Dickie Moore.*

"THIS MODERN AGE." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Based on the story "Girls Together" by Mildred Cram. Adapted by Sylvia Thalberg and Frank Butler. Directed by Nicholas Grinde. The cast: *Valentine*, Joan Crawford; *Diane*, Pauline Frederick; *Bob*, Neil Hamilton; *Tony*, Monroe Owlsey; *Mr. Blake*, Hobart Bosworth; *Mrs. Blake*, Emma Dunn.*

"TOO MANY COOKS." Radio. From an original stage play by Frank Craven. Adapted by Jane Murnin. Directed by William A. Seiter. The cast: *Al Bennett*, Bert Wheeler; *Alice Cook*, Dorothy Lee; *Wilson*, Roscoe Ates; *Frank Andrews*, Hallam Cooley; *Ella Mayer*, Sharon Lynn; *Uncle George*, Robert McWade; *Mr. Cook*, Clifford Dempsey; *Cousin Ned*, George Chandler.

"TRANSATLANTIC." Fox. From the story by Guy Bolton. Directed by William K. Howard. The cast: *Monty Greer*, Edmund Lowe; *Judy Kramer*, Lois Moran; *Henry Graham*, John Halliday; *Sigrid Carline*, Greta Nissen; *Rudolph Kramer*, Jean Hersholt; *Kay Graham*, Myrna Loy; *Handsome*, Earle Foxe; *Hudgins*, Billy Bevan; *Burbank*, Ruth Donnelly; *Peters*, Goodee Montgomery; *Buyer*, Jesse De Vorka; *The Bride*, Rosalie Roy; *Captain*, Claude King; *First Officer*, Crawford Kent; *Gambler*, Henry Sedley; *Bob Montgomery*, and *Louis Natheaux*.*

"WATERLOO BRIDGE." Universal. From the play by Robert E. Sherwood. Screen play by Benn Levy. Directed by James Whale. The cast: *Myra*, Mae Clark; *Roy*, Kent Douglass; *Kitty*, Doris Lloyd; *Mrs. Hobley*, Ethel Griffies; *Mrs. Wetherby*, Enid Bennett; *Mr. Wetherby*, Frederic R. Kerr; *Old Woman*, Rita Carlisle.*

Addresses of the Stars

Continued from page 10

Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

Frank Albertson	Donald Dillaway	Cecilia Loftus	Greta Nissen
Hardie Albright	Fifi Dorsay	Edmund Lowe	George O'Brien
Luana Alcaniz	Sally Eilers	Myrna Loy	Sally O'Neil
Robert Ames	Charles Farrell	Sharon Lynn	Maureen O'Sullivan
Warner Baxter	John Garrick	Jeanette MacDonald	Will Rogers
Rex Bell	Janet Gaynor	Kenneth MacKenna	David Rollins
Joan Bennett	Warren Hymer	Mona Maris	Rosalie Roy
Humphrey Bogart	Richard Keane	Victor McLaglen	Lee Tracy
El Brendel	J. M. Kerrigan	Thomas Meighan	Spencer Tracy
Marguerite Churchill	Elissa Landi	Conchita Montenegro	John Wayne
Joyce Compton	Marion Lessing	Lois Moran	Marjorie White

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Stutters delightfully when excited or sparring for time. And laughs at herself. Thinks "Little Old New York" her best picture and would like to make it a talkie. And—well, read about Marion Davies in this thumbnail sketch.

Close-Up of a Comedienne

By
Ralph Wheeler

PETER PAN from Brooklyn. Oh, yeah? Taffy blonde with bluest of blue eyes and peaches-and-cream complexion. The kind of a girl Technicolor men never forget. Educated in a convent and the Ziegfeld Follies. Wants to slide down the banisters in Buckingham Palace. Hates to go to bed or get up early.

You can't work in her company if you don't play contract bridge. Powder blue her favorite hue. One of four sisters. Family name Douras. Irish? Look at that tilted nose. And Killarney schoolgirl freckles. Father retired New York judge. A grand old chap. She gets every new phonograph record made. Except operas. Tomboy prankster. Wears sailor togs on way to and home from studio. Plays fast tennis. Shy of horses. Never been in an airplane. Always shopping but never has a thing to wear for a party—like any woman in Pickwick, Kansas, or Amityville, L. I.

Superstitious. Wouldn't have thirteen at the table if she had to invite the butler. No whistling in dressing rooms. Or camel-backed trunks. Or shoes on tables. Eight-minute ducks and hot dogs her culinary delights. Also corned beef and cabbage. And caviar. A Lady Bountiful in fact. Runs own hospital and clinic in Sawtelle, California, for children of the poor and disabled veterans. Distributes toys and foods to thousands at Christmas. Shuns organized charity. Gives without humbling. Acts while others talk. The idol of World War vets. Invited 3,500 to her Armistice ball. Five thousand showed up and all were fed. Living symbol of Kipling's "If." Might find her sitting on curb talking to street cleaner while on way to meet a queen.

Stutters delightfully when excited or sparring for time. And laughs at herself. Likes to wear rolled socks. And sports clothes. And low-heeled shoes. Hollywood's social ruler. But wearies of ostentation and poseurs. Biggest steam-heated swimming pool outside of Gulf Stream. Grows orchids. Shrewd business woman.

Signs all own checks. Directs extensive real estate and investment operations as well as philanthropies. Rents four houses. Never drives an automobile. Lives at seaside but seldom goes in ocean.

Chews gum in quantities to gladden the heart of Mr. Wrigley. Pet bulldog, "Buddy," has special dispensation from Pullman company. Owns and reads remarkable collection of English history and biographies. Has no use for sulkers. Chocolate ice cream her favorite dessert. Dislikes openings. Scared of motor cops. Tight toque hats her millinery weakness. Chased fire engines in Brooklyn and still thrills at hook-and-ladders skidding around corners. Wild about roller coasters and chute-the-chutes. Never forgets old friends or tries to ignore her chorus girl days. Harbors no ambition to play *Juliet*. Wants to make comedies at any expense of personal dignity. Never uses doubles for falls or slapstick scenes. Says she doesn't care who makes audiences weep as long as she can supply the laughs. Thinks "Little Old New York" her best picture and would like to make it a talkie.

A born mimic and clown. Her companies like picnics. Knows all the workers and their family histories with uncanny completeness. Same property man, Jimmy Sweeney, for eleven years. Would rather get a drink of water herself than ask for it. Has bungalow-on-wheels for mobile dressing room. World's champion telephone talker. Spurns advertising endorsements unless benefiting benevolences. Never been ill in her life but fears every known malady. Answers correspondence in striking, bold, handwriting.

Dreads travel but jaunts back and forth to New York like subway shuttle. Knows more people throughout the world than a Cook's Tour guide. Started work as a dress model when fifteen. George Lederer, stage producer, got her in films with Selznick after her Follies success. Side-tracked her ambitions to be school teacher.

Temperament? She can have anything she might ask for. But doesn't. Works like a trojan and jumps from one picture to another. A good listener. Has all the wit of her Celt ancestry. Utterly devoid of conceit. Loves a joke but not at another's expense. A born match-maker. Enjoys dancing. Doesn't mind a shiny nose. Sees at least one picture every night in her home projection room. Her favorite? Mickey Mouse!

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bewitching beauty...

By Patricia Gordon

ROUGE that appears artificial defeats the very purpose for which you use rouge. Choose, then, the *one rouge* of which it may truly be said, "the color actually seems to come from within the skin." This one rouge is *Princess Pat* — because *none other* possesses the almost magical secret of the famous duo-tone blend.

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Only the "Duo-Tone" Secret can give this "More Than Natural Beauty"

"Duo-Tone" means that Princess Pat rouge is composed of two distinct tones, perfectly blended into one by an *exclusive*, secret process. Thus each shade of Princess Pat rouge possesses a *mystical underglow* to harmonize with the skin, and an *overtone* to give forth vibrant color. Too, Princess Pat rouge changes on the skin, adjusting its intensity to *individual need*.

A Marvelous Advantage in Selection of Shades. You Use Any or All

With *usual* rouge you are restricted to *just one shade*—the one that "matches your skin." That *must* be so of "one tone rouge." With Princess Pat rouge, all eight shades *match every skin*. Thus



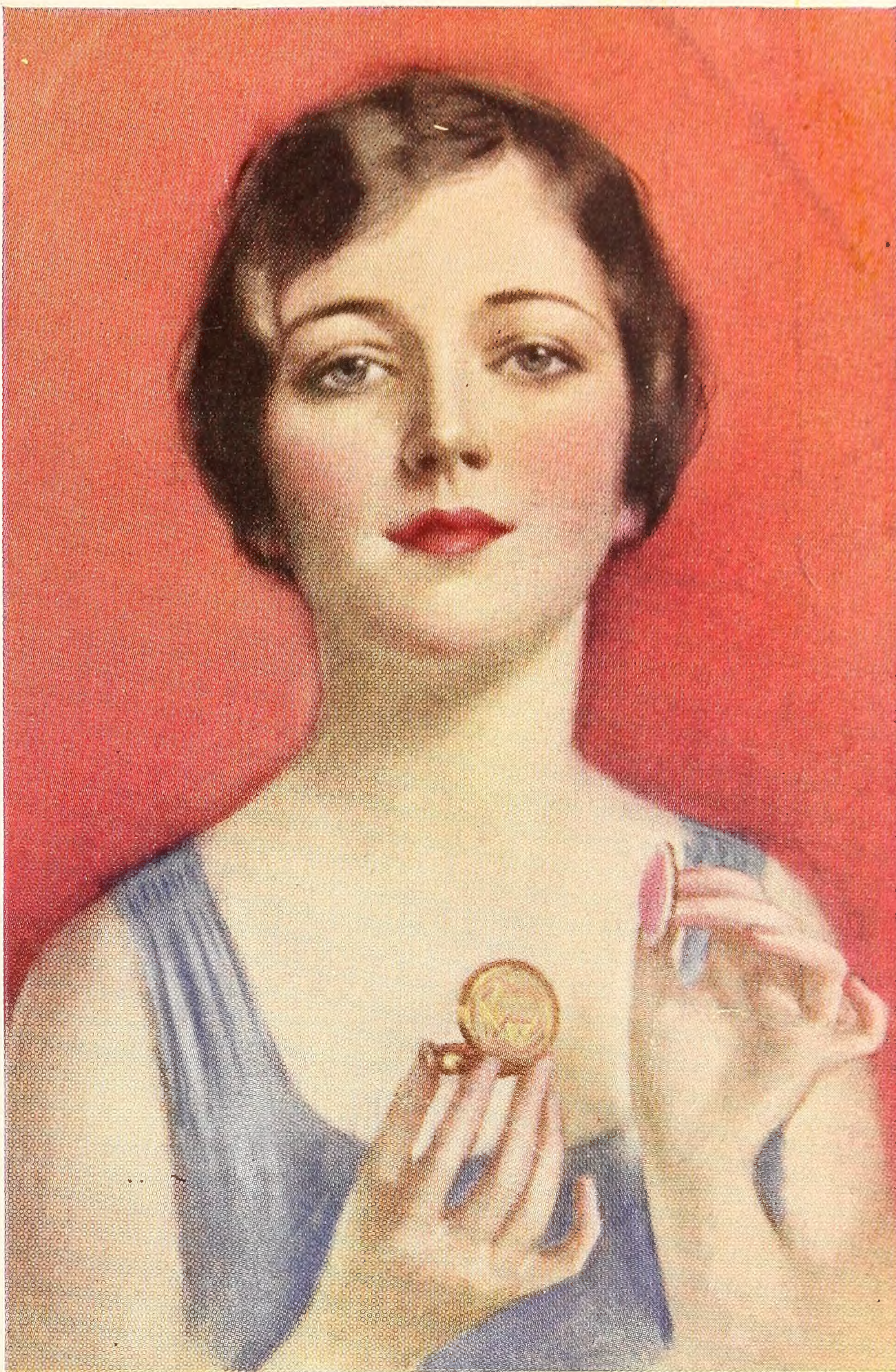
you select Princess Pat shades at will—to harmonize with your gown—to be brilliant or demure—to be fashionably different.

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